THE BRAINERD DISPATCH.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 6. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA FRIDAY. JANUARY 4, 1889 INGERSOLL & WIELAND, PUBLISHERS

What To Buy, and What Not To Buy?

That is the Question.

It will not be difficult to determine when you look over our stock.

We take pleasure in showing our fine goods. We have **EVERYTHING** from a silver thimble to diamond encrusted watches. Among the leading articles which make fine

Holiday Presents!

ARE

14 K. SOLID GOLD WATCHES FOR GENTLEMEN, Full Engraved or plain

To Suit the Purchaser.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, of the most dainty and artistic construction. Set with DIAMONDS, RUBIES, OPALS and all other precious stones.

SOLID GOLD CHAINS, FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Also SOLID GOLD SLEEVE BUTTONS, COLLAR BUTTONS, SOLID GOLD CHARMS, NECK CHAINS, BRACKETS, DIAMOND, OPAL EMERALD and PEARL RINGS; Also a large stock of

14 and 18 Karat Plain Gold Rings,

Of all sizes and weights. Guaranteed to be as we represent them. You have only to examine our stock to be thoroughly convinced that finer goods cannot be found in the city. Everything is selected with the greatest care. We have the newest, cleanest and finest stock which can be found. O

Solid Sterling Silverware

comprises Napkin Rings, Butter Knives, Berry, Tea, Table and Sugar Spoons, Table Dorks, both plain and engraved. You cannot miss getting what you need in solid silver, and as for Roger Bros. and Reed & Barton old reliable Warranted Tripple Plate Silverware, you will find our store to be headquarters for the finest in the land. To sec is to be convinced.

We also have a variety of novelties which are not usually carried in Brainerd, among which are the elegant

Potpourri or Rose Jars,

In Gold and Siller Plate, Oxidized Silver, Royal Worcester China, Etc., besides a thousand and more other articles not especially mentioned. By all means look at our goods before you make you selection.

ENGRAVING DONE FREE,

On any article that can be engraved. We thank our citizens for the liberal patronage which they have already bestowed upon us. We cordially invite you all, We expect to keep up with the times, and depend upon it, you will never find us lagging behind.

Yours Truly,

DRESSKELL & SHEDD.

THE DRUG STORE,

36 FRONT STREET,

Keeps constantly on hand a full and complete line of

Pure Drugs,

Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. Physician's Prescriptions Compounded with care. Night Bell promptly responded to.

N. McFADDEN, Prop.

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

COR. LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

F. A. BRADBURY, Proprietor.

We Aim to Keep a First-lass Stockof

ChoiceFamily Groceries,

And to please our customers in all matters. Our stock is always replete with the best the market affords. Free delivery.

A Large and Select Stock of FLOUR and FEED on Hand.

SUNDBERG

Has a splendid line of

Silverware AND Holiday GOODS,

For bargains call at the store, Sixth street, next door to Lumbermen's Bank.

HARNESS SHOP

CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

Keep on hand an assortment of everything in one line.

Harness, Nets Whips, Curbs

BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLLARS.

D. W. WHITFORD.

Fine Outfits Made a Specialty

THE man who swore off on New Year's day is probably in the soup 'ere this.

THE St. Cloud Tribune has been forced to suspend on account of financial troubles.

ST. PAUL'S ice palace has been abandoned. The Northwest is getting too much October weather this winter to admit of ice palaces.

L. ED. DAVISON, editor of the Perham Bulletin, was bound over for trial for sending obscene and indecent printed matter through the mails at Detroit on Monday.

IN rendering an opinion on a divorce case recently a New York Judge said: "It is incovenient for a man to have two wives at onetime." It is claimed that the opinion of the judge is sound.

EVERY child in the state between the ages of eight and sixteen years is required to attend the public school twelve weeks in the year, at least six of which shall be consecutive. School boards failing to enforce this law are liable to a fine of $50 each.

MINNEAPOLIS wants the capitol removed and St. Paul won't listen to it. In the event of its removal, in order to please all parties, it should be brought as near the center of the state as possible and we are seriously thinking of having it brought to Brainerd.

New Collection Method.

The Crookston Times takes the following method of collecting back subscriptions:

There are a number of delinquent subscribers to this paper, who are now living with their second wives, although they have not paid the funeral expenses of their first ones. We will give these gentlemen just one week to pay up, and if, at the end of that time their accounts are not liquidated we will publish their names.

Take the Official Paper.

As will be seen by the proceedings of the county commissioners in another column, the DISPATCH was selected as the official paper for the coming year. The DISPATCH has been the official paper of this county for five years and the continuance of such is not more pleasing to the proprietors than to our many subscribers.

If you do not receive the DISPATCH call in and leave $1.50 and get the paper that publishes officially all proceedings of county matters, the tax list, the financial statement, besides all the news of the bustling city of Brainerd.

On the Upper Mississippi.

From Minneapolis Lumberman.]

Chas. Seele is getting out cedar near his place at the Big Logan.

The weather is excellent for skidding and most of camps have a good start in that direction.

Sydney McDonald is banking 800,000 for H. A. Smith on Bass brook about eight miles below the rapids.

H. A. Smith went into camp on the 16th. He operates two camps, one on Swan lake and one on O'Brien brook.

Mr. Leighton, of Leighton & Martin, have gone into camp with their hauling teams. They have two camps on Swan lake, and will put in 6,000,000.

Thos. Foley, proprietor of the Douglas House, in Aitkin, expects to put in 5,000,000 this season. He has camps on Moose and Willow and Swan lake.

Still no snow, and it is causing the lumbermen considerable trouble in getting supplies and teams into camp. Most of them are using wagons, although some take their sleighs and small loads. Between Aitkin and Grand Rapids, the middle road is best for those having sleighs and the state road for wagons.

Fenwick & Griffin, of Minneapolis, have put in a camp on Swan lake, and will bank 2,000,000. They brought their teams through from Minneapolis by wagon road. It took two weeks to make the trip. Thirty-one years ago Mr. Fenwick logged at what is called Big Lagan, about four miles below Grand Rapids on the Mississippi. He says stumpage was very cheap in those days, and the logs would go two and one-half to the thousand. Supplies were brought from Minneapolis in flat boats.

what a City Homestead Means.

Judge Young filed a decision today, says the Star, which has an important bearing on the limit of the homestead in cities. The case was the appeal of Daniel Chase from the decree of distribution in the matter of the estate of Henry B. Chase, deceased. The heirs of the latter are his widow, Hulda Chase, and his father, Daniel Chase, the appellant. The property was amicably distributed with the exception of the residence of the deceased with the land upon which it stood at the corner of Seventeenth street and Portland avenue. The lot is of extraordinary size, unplatted, and the question was how much of it the widow could claim as the homestead of her deceased husband. The law states that in cities of 5,000 people the homestead shall be limited to one lot. The probate court held that Mrs. Chase was entitled to such a portion of the land in question, as homestead, as would equal in extent the ordinary city lot, and to the widow's third of the remainder. Judge Young, however, holds that the whole lot, having been occupied by the deceased during his lifetime, was his homestead, and as such goes to the widow upon his death. The decision gives Mrs. Chase the title to the whole property during her life, at her death to go to Daniel Chase or his heirs.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company. For sale in 50 cts and $1.00 bottles by N. McFadden, Druggist. 44-1y

Now is the time to get your cutters and sleighs repainted and varnished at Congdon's paint shop.

COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners Held Tuesday, January 1st, 1889.

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners, regular meeting held January 1st, 1889.

All members of the board were present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved as read.

The following bills were allowed:

T. McMaster, oils, etc. furnished court house	$ 4 65
M. Hagberg, oils, etc, furnished county jail	2 80
M. Hagberg, groceries furnished poor farm	34 76
Brainerd Dispatch, printing commissioners proceedings and stationery	28 30
T. J. Nary, medical aid, drugs and groceries furnished Mrs. Gendreau, Cass county	62 00
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	12 27
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	97
Campbell & Smith, blankets for county jail	16 50
Louis Tache, expressage and postage	2 10
John Cameron, threshing at poor farm 3 days	6 00
Clark Dinwiddie, house rent election day at Mille Lacs.	5 00
K. W. Sundstrum, board and care of John Errickson, pauper	21 40
F. A. B. King & Co., 3 home door checks court house	13 85
D. M. Clark & Co., goods furnished court house	34 30
D. M. Clark & Co., stoves for poor farm	19 00
G. A. McDonald, custodian Mississippi river bridge, December	15 00
C. H. Paine & Co., meat furnished poor farm	8 92
Brainerd Water Co., water rent quarter ending April 1, 1889	50 00
M. McFadden, office furniture register of deeds office	45 00
P. G. Fogelstrom, attending 3 commissioners meetings	9 30
P. G. Fogelstrom, taking John Errickson, pauper, to hospital	3 00
J. M. Martin, attending two commissioners meetings	10 80

The following resolution was on motion adopted:

RESOLVED, That the contract for county printing, for ensuing year, be awarded to the Brainerd Dispatch, they being the only bidders.

On motion the following report of auditing board was accepted:

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners:

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, board of auditors, respectfully submit to your honorable body the following report:

That on the 28th day of December, 1888, we examined the books and accounts of the auditor and treasurer, and found the following to be a true and correct statement of finances, viz:

Balance on hand December 1st, 1888	$ 7,895.77
Tax Collections	1,312.06
Fine paid by M. L. Young	250.00
	$ 9,457.83

Accounted for by the treasurer as

Currency on hand	$ 283.42
Checks	423.97
Orders redeemed	1,738.03
Credit of State treasurer	374.19
Amount in Bank	6,638.22
	$ 9,457.83

We further certify that the different fund accounts between the treasurer and auditor were carefully examined by us and found to be correct.

LOUIS TACHE,
S. F. ALDERMAN,
J. S. GARDNER.
Auditing Board.

On motion, properly carried, the sum of $1,968.59 was borrowed from bond interest fund, and transferred in general county fund, to be refunded in the month of June.

Board adjourned until Monday, January the 7th, 1889.

LOUIS TACHE,
County Auditor.

The True Source of the Mississippi.

EDITORS DISPATCH:—Having been identified with the Glazier expedition in 1881, to the headwaters of the Mississippi, I ask the favor to be permitted to say a few words on the question of the true source of that river—a subject that has been lately discussed in some Minnesota papers. A Mr. J. V. Brower, during the past fall, appeared to have made a journey to Lake Itasca and reported that he found a lake to the west of the Glazier lake which he assumes to be the source of the great river. In the map that accompanied his article in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, this alleged lake—which is little more than a mud puddle—is shown to be NORTHWARD of the large lake fixed upon by Captain Glazier as the true source of the river. Those who assert that there is any body of water to the south of Lake Glazier, falling into the latter or into Lake Itasca, know but little of what they are saying. Since Captain Glazier's visit in 1881, there have been several candidates for fame or notoriety who have managed to get as far as he did, and jealous of his success in locating the beautiful lake beyond Itasca as the true head, have perversely fixed upon sundry puddles in its vicinity and published their crude convictions to the world in contradiction of his account. Mr. J. V. Brower is the latest of these redoubtable gentlemen, and will gain nothing by his effort to dispossess Captain Glazier of the honor conferred upon him by public opinion. Nine-tenths of the geography, educational publishers and map makers of the country have accepted his account, while hundreds of the most prominent citizens of Minnesota and elsewhere, have borne written testimony to the truth of his statements. Despite Mr. Brower, I unhesitatingly assert that no other water exists that can, with any show of reason or plausibility, be called the source of the Mississippi but the fine body of water which now bears the name of Lake Glazier.

Mr. Brower's map in the Pioneer Press of Dec. 1st, is an unmeaning jumble utterly beyond comprehension—except, as I have said above, that it confirms the Glazier account by placing the Brower source in a relative position to Lake Glazier that, in itself, refutes the theory of his pond being the source of the river. His article in the Pioneer Press is evasive and exposes the animus of the writer, whose object is clearly a desire to propagate an untruth and by so doing, deprive a worthy man of the credit it accorded him by his fellow-countrymen. No two of the parties who have visited the region since Captain Glazier, agree as to the true source, but they make one thing clear, and that is this, that the large heart-shaped lake to the south of Itasca, is the only body of water wider and deeper than Itasca, that is worthy of recognition as the fountain-head; all the other ponds and lakelets referred to being little more than mud-puddles with no clearly defined outlets, and all together undeserving of the slightest consideration. Mr. Brower's "true source" is one of those frog-ponds and his so-called "accurate map" is accurate only in this, that it places Lake Glazier in its right position, namely, atthe head of the Mississippi.

Respectfully,
PEARCE GILES.

New York, Jan. 1st, 1889.

A Warning.

Mrs. Chasks has a baby,
Fart - baby, part nappoose;
In the night time Chorks, mebbe,
Will go hunting oil of goose.

And will oint the little Fellow—
Cora Fellow's son, you know;
While the little one will bellow
In the gripe of colic's throe.

—Press.

Additional Locals.

Look over the elegant line of hosiery at Rosenblatt's.

E. M. Westfall held the ticket that drew the music-box at Dresskell & Shedd's.

The school board met last evening but there was not a quorum present and no business was transacted.

At the Baptist church Mr. C. E. Lyon, a lay worker is conducting meetings with a good interest. Good congregations have attended the meetings. Mr. Lyon will continue the meetings through the coming week every evening and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Death of Morris Ludwig.

LUDWIG—In this city on Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, 1889, of lung fever, Morris Ludwig, aged 35 years.

The deceased was taken ill at Minneapolis a week ago last Monday, and on his return to Brainerd he was worse and finally died at his residence in East Brainerd on Wednesday. He had resided in this city some six years, during which time he was employed by the Northern Pacific as a locomotive engineer. He was a member of Brainerd Division No. 44, B. of L. E. The funeral services will be held tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at two o'clock from the Methodist church. Deceased leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

Annual Report of Relief Society.

The object of the society is to give temporary relief to suffering humanity, chiefly to those not considered county charges. Committees are appointed for each ward and every family helped, is visited by one or two ladies, so there is not much room for imposition.

Through the kindness of the common council in donating to the society the surplus of the money raised for the cyclone sufferers, we have been enabled to get along very nicely, and still have a balance on hand. And should anyone wish to take the trouble to inquire into details, we feel assured they would not think their confidence misplaced.

The following is a tabulated statement of the disbursements for the year, which includes nineteenth families that have been helped:

Groceries	$143 97
Dry Goods	27 24
Shoes	23 45
Nursing	21 00
Meat	17 78
Wood	16 60
Medicine	11 00
Transportation	9 00
Stoves	14 20
Total	$284 24

The office of Chas. S. Hazen, at the N. P. Refrigerator buildings, will be open every evening from 7:30 to 9 p. m. CHAS. S. HAZEN, Fuel Agent.

DENIS BROS.,

PROPRIETORS

BRAINERD Machine Shops.

WE DO

Blacksmithing and Wagon Work,

On short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

Seventh St., Between Front & Laurel

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits, and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggists, Brainerd, Minn.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power, in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggist Sale Agents, Brainerd, Minn.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing, } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, Dec. 14th, 1888.

In the matter of the estate of James Meagher, deceased:

On reading and filing the petition of Elizabeth Meagher, of Brainerd in said county, representing among other things, that James Meagher, late of Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1888, at Brainerd in said county, died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John Kennedy granted.

It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Saturday, the 5th day of January, A. D. 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the office of the Judge of Probate, at Brainerd in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said county.

Dated at Brainerd, the 14th day of December, A. D, 1888. By the Court,
W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS, Default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Benjamin Shontell and Mary J. Shontell, mortgagors, to Daniel D. Smith, mortgagee, dated the Second day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Crow Wing, in the state of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1887, at nine (9) o'clock a. m., in book E of Mortgages, on page 136 on which there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the amount of Two hundred and ninety-two dollars and forty-six cents, ($292.46.), and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW, NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be forclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Brainerd, in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, on Monday, the 28th day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the amount which shall then be due on said mortgage, with the interest thereon, and costs and expenses of sale, and Twenty five ($25) Dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

The premises described in said mortgage, and so to be sold, are the lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, and known and described as follows, to-wit:

The West one half (W½) of the South East quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section two (2), in Township forty-four (44), of Range thirty-one (31).

DANIEL D. SMITH,
Mortgagee.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Mortgage, Brainerd, Minn.
Dated December 14th, 1888

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby Given, That by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered and now in my hands, issued out of the District Court in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said Court in favor of Werner Hemstead, as plaintiff and against Badgero Peterson, as defendant, I have levied upon the following described real property of said defendant, to-wit:

Twenty-five (25) feet off westend of lots ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12), and the west twenty-five (25) feet of the east fifty (50) feet off lots thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), all in Block sixty-nine (69), of the town, (now city), of Brainerd, according to the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in said Crow Wing county.

And that I shall, on Saturday, the 9th day of February, A. D. 1889, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the front door of the County Court House, in the City of Brainerd, in said County and State, proceed to sell the above described property, to satisfy said judgment and costs, amounting to eighty-five dollars and eighty-four cents, together with all accruing costs of sale, and interests on the same from the 5th day of December, 1888, at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

HENRY SPALDING,
Sheriff of Crow Wing County.

LEON E. LUM,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Dated Brainerd, Minn., December 20th, 1888.

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Be it known, that on the fifteenth day of March one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight (1878) William Wiek and Anna Wick, his wife, of Brainerd, Minnesota, made, executed and delivered unto the Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank, of Minneapolis, their certain mortgage; That said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1878, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Book A of mortgages, on pages 79 to 81; That said mortgage conveyed the hereinafter described premises to secure the payment of Two Hundred (200) Dollars, in six months from its date, and the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per centum, per annum, payable annually; That default has been made in the payment of said principal sum and interest thereon; That there is hereby claimed to be due on said mortgage debt the sum of Two Hundred and twenty-nine (229) Dollars, and the further sums paid for taxes on said premises of five and fifteen hundredths (5.15) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1887; two and twelve hundredths (2.12) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1886; and seven dollars and fifty-six hundredths ($7.56) paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1887, with interest on said respective sums from the dates of such payments; That no action or proceeding, has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; That said mortgaged premises are situate in Crow Wing county, Minnesota, and are described as follows, viz: South-west quarter of the north-west quarter (sw¼ of nw¼), and the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter (se¼ of ne¼) of section seven (7) in township forty-four (44) and range thirty (30).

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, That by reason of said default in the conditions of said mortgage, and by virtue of the power of sale therein contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said described mortgaged premises, which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Crow Wing county, at the Front Door of the court house, in the city of Brainerd, in said County and state, on the fourth day of February, A. D. 1889, at 12 o'clock in the noon of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt, interest and taxes, and twenty-five Dollars, attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said Mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption as provided by law.

Dated Minneapolis, Dec. 14th, A. D. 1888.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, OF MINNEAPOLIS, Mortgagee.

EDWARD M. JOHNSON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing. } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, January 4, 1889.

In the matter of the estate of Chauncey B. Sleeper, deceased.

Whereas, An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Chauncey B. Sleeper deceased, late of said County, has been delivered to this Court:

And Whereas, Sarah L. Sleeper, John Lindsay Smith and Edward Hazen, have filed therewith their petition, representing, among other things, that said Chauncey B. Sleeper died in said County on the 31st day of December, 1888, testate, and that said petitioners are the executrix and executors named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to them issued thereon;

It is Ordered, That the proofs of said instrument, and that said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in said County, on the Twenty sixth day of January, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument;

And it is Further Ordered, That public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said County.

By the Court.

W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Petitioners
Dated January 4th, 1889.

Bargains in Real Estate.

A. P. RIGGS,

Room 11, Bank Block.

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION!

A Word to Young Men and Women Who are Starting in Life.

The CURTISS COMMERCIAL COLLEGES of Minneapolis and St. Paul are among the most celebrated and efficient in the country.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen contemplating a full Commercial Course, or only desirous of learning Penmanship, Type-writing and short-hand, should

C. C. CURTISS,
Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.

Please state in your letter where you saw this notice.

WE TAKE THE LEAD.

In Groceries & Provisions

We carry the choicest and most select goods the market affords; canned goods, staple and fancy groceries, flour and feed. Our immense stock speaks for itself. Look it over.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an elegant line of ladies and gents underwear, hosiery and mittens, lumbermens goods, overshirts; We cannot fail to please our customers in clothing.

WE HAVE HOLIDAY Goods Galore!

Our line of toys is one of the most complete in the northwest. We can please the most fastidious in the matter of Christmas goods. Look our stock over before you purchase.

J. E. IRELAND, FRONT ST.

Professional Cards.

A. E. VEON,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND PENSION ATTORNEY,
No. 19, 5th Street.
Will attend to any business in either line.

L. M. ROBERTS,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence—Room No. 3, Hartley Block, Front Street, over W. A. Smith's Store.

DR. H. RIBBEL,
DENTIST
Rooms 3 and 4 over Bank Block
BRAINERD..... MINN.

P. S. WHITELY,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Office, Room 11, Bank Block,
BRAINERD..... MINN.

M. McFADDEN,
Register of Deeds and Insurance Agent
Represents none but first-class companies.
OFFICE—WITH REGISTER OF DEEDS AT COURT HOUSE,
BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

G. FERNALD,
(Successor to Frater & Fernald,)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rooms 1 and 2 - - Sleeper Block

W. A. FLEMING, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Room 8.
SLEEPER BLOCK, - - - BRAINERD

Werner Hemstead, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Cor. Front and 7th Streets, Brainerd.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NOTES from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has the unqualified endorsement of all;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has to-day the most popular line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE, and CHICAGO;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized PULLMAN line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO;

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Brainerd Dispatch

INGERSOLL & WIELAND, Publishers.

BRAINERD, - MINNESOTA.

Prof. Huxley has returned to London benefitted, but not completely restored to his health by his journey on the continent.

One of the promised sensations of the Paris exhibition will be given by a man who will make daily baloon ascensions mounted on a horse.

There will be but four farmers in the next Missouri State Senate and one merchant, while the lawyers number twenty-two.

There are fourteen different towns and cities in the United States named Augusta, and there is never a day that freight and mail matter is not going wrong.

The losses of the French people on the Lesseps canal must make them feel somewhat as they did when Bismarck fixed the price of their escape from German authority.

The largest sum ever collected at a charity dinner was $260,000 received at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls, recently held at the Albert Hall London.

According to the gossip of the bar the Parnell commission costs precisely three guineas a minute. This calculation includes the whole expenditure of all the parties concerned, the state included.

Graining seems to be going out of style. Very few high salaried journeymen in this line of business are now employed in the various shops, and one is now very willing to fill in his unemployed time at plain journeyman painter's work and wages.

Misses Dora and Edna Gambel are artists in Los Angeles, Cal., who after spending the past year on their ranch in the Antelope Valley have opened a studio in the city, and show among other mountain studies more than a hundred different varities of wild flowers.

In thirty years, Count Tolstoi says, private property in land will be a thing of the past. England, America and Russia will be the first to solve the problem. If Count Tolstoi really said this he ought to make a trip to this continent some time before he passes away in his ignorance and see what he has yet to learn.

Labrador is said to possess a waterfall that makes Niagara Falls insignificant in comparison. R. F. Holm, who recently made a tour of Labrador, locates this fall on the Grand river, which is 1,500 feet wide at the fall, and the height of the fall is estimated to be nearly 2,000 feet.

Four Brothers married to four sisters by the same minister was the record finished at Louisville, Ky., on the 21st when George Rothemberger was married to Louisa Wieglieb. The parties are all German Lutherans, and the two families represented have been neighbors for thirty years on farms about ten miles from the city.

Two young men operating under the names of Hughes & Taylor have swindled farmers and others in the southern counties of New York State out of $15,000 and left for parts unknown. They represented themselves as commission merchants, and thus succeeded in having consignments of farm produce forwarded to them. They pocketed the proceeds and decamped.

At a family dinner given not long ago by Valentine Winter, a venerable banker of Dayton, Ohio, under the plates were found envelopes containing deeds, stocks, bonds, etc., aggregating nearly $500,000, as presents to his children and grand-children. In like manner he divided $400,000 between them in 1882, and it is not an uncommon thing for his children to find $1,000 checks under their plates.

The editor of a territorial weekly received a number of letters from his subscribers urging him to publish his paper bi-weekly. He did so, but when they found that this meant only once in every too weeks they looked in their dictionaries and decided that a semi-weekly was what they wanted, It is an interesting fact that while "bi-weekly" means once in two weeks, "tri-weekly" means three times a week.

An employe of Jay Gould recently remarked: "George Gould and his father love each other as much as any father and son I ever saw, and the same is the case with the other boys, who conseqently are always glad to go home to their parents. Gould has imparted to his sons skill enough to take care of themselves. One of his boys is a good telegraph operator, another is a good stenographer. The old man can go all over this land and dictate his dispatches to one boy and the other one can send them by wire."

One September evening in Mittineague, a village two miles west of Springfield, Mass., the good people gathered to the Congregational Church vestry for regular prayer meeting service. The young minister, recently ordained, has been appointed to lead the services, but though the congregation waited he failed to appear. Finally concern at his non appearance caused a message to be sent to his house, and the messenger returned with the answer that the dominie was ill and could not lead on that occasion. It finally transpired that the clergyman had started faithfully for the meeting that evening, but on the way had committed the time-honored error of attempting to pet a strange cat, which quickly proved its innocence of domestic felicity, and while his flock sang "Sweet By and By" he was engaged in the unpleasant interment by lantern light of a gladly relinquished suit of clothes.

THE NEWS RESUME.

The Cream of the News Gleaned From the Latest Associated Press Telegrams.

The Casualty Calendar.

W. J. Borrer, aged twenty two, while engaged in his father's sawmill at Rock Chapel, Ontario, slipped and fell on a large circular saw, and his body was cut almost in two, causing death a few hours later.

A search for Gus Smith, a boy who had been missing since Christmas, was rewarded at Eau Claire, Wis., in finding the body under the ice in the river with a cut on the forehead. An inquest was held and the jury decided it a case of accidental drowning.

A small grocery store on South State street in Chicago was destroyed by an incendiary fire one morning, and an unknown man, supposed to have been a burglar, was burned to death. A barrel of oil in the front part of the store exploded during the fire, and a man named Frank Pollo, who was standing outside the door, was fatally burned.

The entire business portion of Auburn, a small town seven miles north of Grafton, Dakota, was destroyed by fire. The fire was started in the Arlington house, owned by William MacKenzie, and burned eleven buildings. The losses will fully aggregate $40,000; insurance, $20,000. Four families are homeless. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Amelie Thurin, seventeen years of age, who was employed as a domestic in a private family, upon retiring at Chicago blew out the gas and was found dead in bed next morning. The girl came from Sweden three weeks ago and had been at work for the family only five days. Three nights in succession her employer had turned out the gas in the girl's room to show her how it was done, but she failed to learn.

Two freights on the Rock Island, running twenty miles an hour, colided in a deep cut near Tiptop Colorado, completely demolishing both engines and trains and instantly killing Fireman Harding and crushing the skull and otherwise injuring engineer Hoge. Engineer Case received severe injuries on the head. Fireman Houtz suffered a fractured hip, injured shoulder and severe wounds on the head, which may prove fatal. The other train hands were only slightly bruised.

An accident occurred at Denver which resulted in the instant death of at least four men and mortally wounding of two others. The Denver Gas company had 100 men employed in excavating a ditch, six feet deep along the side of and underneath the track of the cable car line, when suddenly the track for an entire block fell, crushing the life out of and imprisoning the men underneath. The men were immediately set to work removing the fallen track and four dead and two badly wounded have been removed. The other men escaped with more or less bruises. It is not yet known whether any more are underneath the track or not. The names of the dead and wounded have not been ascertained.

Talk About People.

The fact that Congressman Moffat of Pennsylvania is confined in a private asylum, the result of over work and excitement incident to the recent campaign, has called attention to the fact that over half a dozen congressman who were defeated for either renomination or re-election have thus far this season not appeared in the house. In several instances, they are reported as suffering from melancholia incident to their defeat.

Petty Criminalities.

Six prisoners escaped from jail at Butte, Montana. All of them had been convicted at the present term of court and all were under sentence to the penitentiary for two years.

W. H. Webb, who murdered his wife at Brandon on Sept. 1 was hanged at Winnipeg. He met his doom without flinching, and professed to have received religion. Death was instantaneous.

On a farm near North Loup, Nebraska, Sheriff Nicholl arrested a man answering the description of the supposed murderer of Miss Mehitable White of Concord, Mass. A large reward had been offered for him. He denies his guilt.

Prado, the murderer of Marie Aigutant, his mistress, was guillotined at Paris in the Place de la Roquette. He perserved a firm pemeanor to the last. He refused to make a confession, and also declined the services of the chaplain. The death was witnessed by some 200 artists, newspaper men, lawyers and politicians, who possessed influence suffcient to obtain admission within the sentry lines to the Place de la Roquette. He died with much the same bravado as Pranzini, his former chum and counterpart.

A gambler named Jack Galvin got into a dispute with another man in Helena, Mont. Jack Harris, a well known gambler and athlete, interfered and took the stranger's part, when another quarrel ensued between Galvin and Harris, the latter knocking the former down. Galvin secured a dagger and followed Harris to Dell Dick's saloon to fight Harris. A scuffle followed, both men falling to the floor, when Galvin pulled his dirk and stabbed Harris in the left side, the blade cutting through a rib. The wounded man now lives at the hospital in a critical condition. Galvin is in jail. Sympathy seems to be with Galvin, as Harris is regarded as a bully, and shot a man at Great Falls last year.

In front of the guillotine a board stood upright to a height of five feet. Four burley men dressed in blouses of blue and white, striped stockings, sprang forward, seized the condemned man, hurled him onward against the upright, flung themselves upon him, and by their weight bore the struggling victim, face downward, to the top of the low platform. That board worked on a swivel and ran on rollers. In an instant it had been wheeled forward until the neck was under the glistening knife, upon which the morning light had begun to gleam. Then the knife was sprung, and the keen steel struck the neck as it might have collided with a rubber car spring. It went through, and the head of Prado lay among the shavings beyond.

One of the boldest robberies ever committed in St. Louis, occurred on Olive street, near Sixth, the busiest part of the city. Henry Ashoff, with Roseuhelm, Lewis & Co., wholesale millinery, had drawn $1,300 from the Bank of Commerce. He had the money in three packages—one of $1,000 and two of $150 each. At George Neil's hat store, 625 Olive street, he was jostled by three well-dressed men and found $300 of his money missing. He gave the alarm and one man was arrested. The prisoner gave the name of C. W. Ward, but afterward admitted his name was Clifford W. Ely, and stated that he traveled for Price, the collar and cuff dealer, Chicago. The money was not found on the prisoner.

James Green, of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., who cut his wife's throat after hitting her on the head with a hammer, and then cut a frightful gash in his own neck, succeeded in escaping from his watchers and getting possession of a razor, inflicted another deep cut on the opposite side of his neck from the first, and died in a few moments. He had made frequent attempts during the day to tear open the first wound, but was held on the bed by two attendants. Mrs. Green will probably die. When asked why he attempted to kill his wife, Green would only reply: "Because I wanted to." Green's son, a young man, says his father was jealous without cause, and that women gossips are to blame for the trouble. There is great excitement in the village over the tragedy.

Judge Robert A. Johnston committed suicide at his residence in Avondale near Cincinnati. About two months ago, his estimable wife, daughter of the late Judge Ewing, died after a long and painful illness. Since then, Judge Johnston has been known to be broken with grief, though he has attended nearly as usual to his duties. He resided with his married daughter, Mrs. Harries Hurlbert, and after dinner visited the grave of his wife at Spring Grove cemetery. In the morning, he rose, and, without dressing himself, took a revolver which he had in his room, and deliberately fired a ball through his head, causing instantaneous death. He was well established gnancially, happy in all his domestic relations and has no known cause for this act, except for his overwhelming grief at the loss of his lifelong companion. He was between 55 and 60 years old.

An unknown man entered the saloon of C. Kalmbach, in the suburbs of Omaha, as he was closing up, and, flashing a revolver in his face, ordered him to throw up his hands. Kalmbach seized the man, when the latter fired, the ball striking Kalmbach just above the temple. The saloon keeper threw his assailant to the floor when a second man rushed in and began beating Kalmbach over the head with a revolver. The saloonkeeper's dog here seized the second man, and Kalmbach succeeded in throwing the first man out of the window. The second burglar then broke away from the dog and fled. Kalmbach staggered to the house of a neighbor. The bullet was found about an eighth of an inch from the temple and a half inch from the point where it entered. There were 14 bad scalp wounds. His recovery is considered doubtful. The assailants are still at large.

At a country church in Coffey county, Georgia, a few days since, a man who was disturbing public workship was killed by the preacher in charge of the church. For some time trouble has existed in the church, one faction favoring the retention of the present pastor, and the other favoring his dismissal. The faction fight grew very bitter, and the trouble reached a climax recently, when the pastor's friends voted him for another year. One of the members most bitterly opposed to the pastor, approached the pulpit where the reverend gentleman was sitting, and engaged in conversation with him. This became much excited, and finally the membe raised his hand and dealt the preacher a sharp blow on the cheek. The pastor remonstrated with his assailant, but he struck the preacher again and again, accompanying the blows with a profusion of vile epithets, and also spitting in the minister's face. The minister drew his knife and stabbed his assailant repeatedly. Women screamed, and the men looked on aghast, while the unfortunate man fell down in the pulpit and died.

Foreign Gleanings

It is rumored that the Czar is disposed to become reconciled to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, late Prince of Bulgaria, and the report is construed that Russia will advocate his resumption of the Bulgarian throne.

Brussels, in Belgium, has been thrown into a ferment of excitement by the reception by prominent people of cards and telegrams announcing the advent in the quaint old city of the famous "Jack the Ripper," of Whitechapel notoriety. King Leopold, the perfect of police and the court ministers are among the recipients of this mysterious being's delicate attention.

The steamer Leo went into Prince Frederick sound Alaska, and anchored, and when the tide receded and the storm abated the Leo was left high and dry on the ledge of Table Rock. The vessel settled down ten feet, striking her stern on rocky boulders, completely demolishing the keel. The tide fell twenty-four feet. The crew landed on the beach half a mile distant and saved all the vessels gear, while the cargo was lost. A boat with five men was sent to Juneau for assistance, and the rest of the crew remained on the beach for twenty-two days. Capt. Whitford and the cook remained at the scene of the disaster, guarding what material was saved until the same can be taken to Sitka.

Other News Jottings.

The ducking tub and hanging by the wrists, modes of punishment long in vogue at the Ohio penitentiary, have been abolished by Warden Coffin as too severe and inhuman, and the dark dungeon will be substitu'ed for them.

A section of iron pipe, 6 inches long and 2½ inches in diameter, containing three heavy dynamite catridges, and with a fuse attached, was found under a stairway on the tenement 311 East Thirty-eighth street, New York The police is trying to find out who placed it there.

Another $25,000 libel suit against the Chicago Times, growing out of its recent infanticide investigations, was begun in the circuit court by Dr. Walter F. Knoll. The alleged libelous article printed under a heading which announced that the doctor was a physician who would perform a criminal operation "out of sympathy." Dr. Knoll claims that the interview with him did not bear out the allegations of the headline, but that he was mis-represented most grossly.

Father F. C. Jean, about ten years ago was removed from the pastorate of St. Iraneus' Catholic church at Lyons, Iowa, by Bishop Hennessy. He has brought several suits to recover damages from the bishop on the ground that the removal was illegal, in all of which suits Jean was defeated. He filed with the clerk of the district court a petition asking damages from Bishop Hennessy, W. J. Knight and W. J. Cantillion, jointly, in the sum of $300,000. The question of property ownership is involved, Father Jean claiming that his personal funds were invested in property which the church has deprived him of.

The work on the Panama canal continues, although on some sections labor has been reduced. Altogether some 2,000 men have been discharged during the past two months, owing to disputes between the canal company and contractors. It is not expected that any more workmen will be dispensed with. The highest authorities consider a total suspension of work as very improbable. Such a suspension could only be occasioned by the complete failure of the reorganization scheme now under consideration in Paris. There are now about 9,000 laborers actually engaged on the works. There is no foundation for the reports recently circulated that 75 per cent of the men now in the employ of the company would be discharged at end of one year.

The legislature of Idaho Territory, now in session, is considering measures looking to the overthrow of the influence of the Mormon church in territorial politics. The present election law requires voters when casting their ballots to take oath that they are not members of the Mormon church. The object of this law was evaded at the late election by Mormons permitting themselves to be excommunicated from the church with the understanding that they would be reinstated after the election. It is now proposed to pass a law requiring each voter to make affidavit that he has not been a member of the Mormon church within two years preceding the election.

There was a sad sequel at Chicago to a case resembling that of lost Charlie Ross. The missing child in this instance was little Tessie Redmond, the pretty golden-haired four-year-old daughter of sturdy looking John Redmond, a blacksmith. The father, driven crazy by the worry and anxiety of his little one's disappearance and his fruitless effort to recover her, was at last adjudged insane in the county court and committed to a private asylum. May 22, last, Tessie was playing in front of her father's house on State Street. That was the last ever seen of her. Her disappearance was as complete as it was mysterious. Rewards were offered, but all that the strictest inquiry ever revealed was the testimony of some playmates who said that they saw a woman in black approach Tessie and proffer her sweetmeats. When they turned around again the mysterious woman and her supposed victim had gone.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Flour firm and unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat, 99¼@99¾c; No. 3 spring wheat, 84@92c; No. 2 red, 99½@99¾c; No. 2 corn, 33⅞@34c; No. 2 oats, 25c; No. 2 rye, 50c; No. 2 barley, 75c, o. t.; No. 1 flax seed, $1.60½; prime timothy seed, $1.50; mess pork, per bbl, $12.90; lard, per 100 lbs. $8.22½@8.25; short ribs side (loose). $6.80; dry salted shoulders (boxed), $6.75@6.87½; short clear sides (boxed), $7.12½@7.25; whisky, distillers' finished goods, per gal., $1.20; sugars cut loaf, 8@8⅝c; granulated, 7½c; standard "A," 7⅛c; eggs 18@19.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat, No. 1, hard, Dec. $1.16; Jan. $1.17, May, $1.22; No. 1, northern Dec. $1.06, Jan. $1.07, May $1.10⅝; No. 2, northern, Dec. 95c., Jan. 96c., May $1.02. Flour Patents, sacks to local dealers; $6.35@6.50; patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $6.15@6.30; in barrels, $6.35@6.50; delivered at New England points, $7@7.15; delivered at New York points, $9.90@7.05; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $6.85@7; bakers' here, $4.20@5.30; superfine, $3@4.35, red dog, sacks, $1.60@1.65, red dog. bbls, $1.80@1.85. Corn, 28@30c.; Oats, 22@30c.; Barley, No. 3, 40@62c.; Fax, $1.54½; Hay choice, $6, fair to good, $4.50@5.50.

ST. PAUL.

Wheat—No. 1 hard. $1.14 bid; No. 1 Northern, $1.06 bid; No. 2, Northern, 95c bid. Corn—No. 2, old, 32½c bid; December, 32½c bid; No. 2, new, 30½c bid. Oats—No. 2, mixed, 25½c bid, 26½c asked; December, 25½c bid. 26½c asked; No. 2, white, 27c bid; No. 3, 25@26c asked. Rye—No. 2, 54c asked. Ground Feed—$13 asked. Corn Meal—Unbolted, $13 asked. Bran—Bulk, $11.50 asked. Hay—No. 1, upland prairie, $5.25 bid, $6 asked; No. 1, $4 bid, $4.50@5 asked; timothy, $8@9 asked. Dressed Hogs—$5.50 bid. Flax Seed—$1.52 bid. Timothy Seed—$1.35 bid. Clover Seed—$4.20 bid. Eggs—21c bid, 22c asked; ice house, 18@20c asked. Flour—Patents, $6.50@6.75; straight, $5.75@6; bakers', $4.75@5; rye flour, $3.25@3.75; buckwheat, $3.50.

MILWAUKEE.

Wheat firm; cash, 93c; January, 93⅛c; May, 99⅝c. Corn steady; No. 3.30@31c. Oats dull; No. 2, white, 27@28c. Rye easy; No. 1, 49½c. Barley quiet, No. 2, 67c. Provisions steady. Pork, $12.80. Lard, $7.72½. Butter firm; dairy, 20@22c. Eggs firm; fresh, 20c. Cheese steady; cheddars, 10@10½c.

No Cause For a Quarrel.

It is learned at the department of state at Washington that the case of the brig Josefa against the Spanish government, for indignities, etc., alleged to have been imposed by the customs officers at Port Rico, Jamaica, has been under investigation since July, 1887, and since that time the state department has been endeavoring to secure a remittance of the fine that had been placed on the vessel. The Spanish laws against smuggling contain a provision that if a vessel comes into a Spanish port with less cargo on board than her manifest shows, she will be liable to a fine of $200 for every package missing. This ship's manifest mentioned twenty packages of corn starch that could not be found, and a fine of $4,000 was accordingly levied on her. It is a custom to remit the fine if a reasonable excuse can be given, but in this case the packages could not by any explanation be accounted for. One defense was advanced that the goods had been put by mistake on the bark Josephus, which lay next to the Josefa in New York, but the department, upon investigating the case, learned that the Josephus had no corn starch on board on that trip, and did not lay next to the Josefa in loading. In the correspondence, the officers of the Josefa admitted that the mistake may have been caused by careless receipting for the goods. In view of the failure of the ship to explain the absence of the packages, the department could see no ground on which to base a quarrel with the Spanish custom office, and the case has been dropped.

Trouble of Saloon Keepers.

In the district court at Grand Forks D. T Judge Templeton gave the liquor men a ver black eye when he decided that a saloon keeper could not claim the protection of the law until his license was issued, even though he had filed bonds and paid the license money. This affects a number of cases. The county commissioners, after the local option law was passed, granted license for the balance of the year at $125. Quite a number of saloon men paid their money to the treasurer and filed bonds, commencing to sell liquor at once and before the bonds had been acted upon by the commissioners. Indictments were found against some on this ground and they have put up money in the shape of fines. John Sanden, of McKinock, was found guilty of selling liquor to minors. He plead guilty to the second charge of the same character and to a third charge of unlawful selling. The court imposed a fine of $150 on charge or to go to jail and work out the fine at the rate of $2 per day. Judgement was reserved on the other counts. Sanden went to jail. James Rich, of Manuel, was found guilty of unlawfully selling liquor during local option times and was sentenced to jail for fifteen days without the option of a fine. George Swenson, who refused to heed a subpœna to appear before the grand jury, was sent to jail for seven days for contempt of the court.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Rev. Dr Talmage, finds a subject for his Christmas sermon in Barn-Like Birthplaces.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached, taking for his subject "Barnlike Birthplaces." His text was: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."—Luke ii, 12, 13.

At midnight, from one of the galleries of the sky, a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such things often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Cæsar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir. No, madam. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and, as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born (I.) encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they were His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the medieval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty He rose until to-day. He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest today in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. For whom could 100,000,000 souls be marshaled ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depth of poverty to what height of renown? And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barn-like birth places. Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford on Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home at Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliveries, nine out of ten of the world's messiahs—the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence were born in want.

I suppose that when Henschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars that he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose that when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor millwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh, what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up!

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night, about 1,888 years ago, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

II. Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high Heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was a sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war ship Constellation, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland; hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your law suits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary. "God will to men."

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christain, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

"Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into our hearts this Christmas hour, I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleighride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

III. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only skepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical skepticism which said; "Why would God out of the heavens and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe, have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievements of His only begotten Son when He might had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my skepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroungings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and that when one weeps, and when one sings they all sing.

From that supernatural grouping in the cloudbanks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentent souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of our eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by the angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angels stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen sent in by some motherly villaager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless plannet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

4. Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages.

Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild-flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here."

"Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulchre, and His one business was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God.

I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission All erased, all washed away, all scoured out all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet, and youthful voice, and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael, and Rubens and Titian, and Giotte, and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louises of France. or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out of that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a complete song, but only the singing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh! heaven, heaven, heaven. I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out today through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordon, through the wide open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crepe on the door bell may have said, "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my service he said, "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only 15 months old we loved her so mueh." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom we used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven. Silver-haired old father young again, and mother, who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes, well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine today, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me;
Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have had to interests in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft in mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven.

Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions. "Who art Thou? and Whence?" and He says: "I am captain of salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreathe all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Electricty vs Hanging.

On January 1, 1889, the law requiring electrical execution in New York went into effect, but until a few days ago, when experiments were made at Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, relates the New York Times, the amount and character of current required to make death certain and instantaneous had not been determined. The experiments were conducted by Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer, and two calves and a horse were shocked to death. The first victim—a calf, weighing 124½ pounds, was cut on the forehead and on the spine behind the forehead, and sponge-covered plates, moistened in a solution of sulphate of zinc, were fastened in place. "The resistance of the animal was 3,200 ohms. An alternating current of 700 volts was applied for thirty seconds, and the animal was killed instantly. It was at once dissected by Drs. Ingram and Bleyer, but the brain, heart, and lungs were found to be in normal condition, and the meat was pronounced fit for food. One metal plate carrying the current touched the hair of the forehead and slightly burned it, but otherwise there were no external indications of injury. The second calf weighed 155 pounds, and had a resistance of 1,300 ohms. The deadly alternating current at 700 volts pressure was applied for five seconds and produced instant death. A horse weighing 1,230 pounds was next killed by passing the alternate current at 700 volts from one foreleg to the other. The resistance of this animal was 11,000 ohms. The experiments proved the alternating current to be the most deadly force known to science, and that less than half the pressure used in New York city for electric lightning by this system is sufficent to cause instant death."

A Comedy of Errors.

The likeness between Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the great show man, is daily becoming more striking, and has now reached the ludicrous. On a recent occasion Mr. Forepaugh went to see Mr Depew in regard to transportation for his show over some distant line. Every door in the Grand Central building opened before Mr. Forepaugh, who was mistaken for President Depew. Mr. Forepaugh penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, where a near sighted clerk received him with the most unctuous politeness.

"Can I see Mr. Depew?" asked the arch showman.

The near sighted clerk thought this a great joke on the part of the jaunty Chauncey, and grnned from ear to ear.

"Is Mr. Depew here?" queried the showman.

The near sighted clerk grinned again. Mr. Forepaugh began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere, and said, "I am Adam Forepaugh."

The near sighted clerk waxed indignant, and was for turning the showman out. A few minutes after Mr. Forepaugh departed the genuine Simon pure entered the office.

"Has Mr. Forepaugh been here?" inquired Chauncey M. The near sighted clerk was now irritated, and still imagining it was the showman, exclaimed:

"Get out of here. I have no time for your asinine jokes; keep them for your show."—The Epoch.

MINNESOTA IN BRIEF.

A son of John McMichael had his skull fratured while coasting at Owatonna.

Red Wing people will not witness any dramatic entertainments this winter. The opera-house manager says that the house will remain closed unless the council grants a free license, and it has refused to do so.

John Fultare, who has been confined in the insane asylum at Rochester for some time past, escaped and reached St. Cloud his former home. He was immediately placed under arrest and will be returned to Rochester.

A marriage license was issued at Chicago to Mrs. Eliza Berdelman, aged seventy-two, of West Concord, Minn. The prospective groom is Rev. John Marshall, sixty-seven years of age. He is a Presbyterian minister of Knoxville, Tenn.

Philip Sheridan Sullivan, convicted at the November term of one year at hard labor in the state prison, has been pardoned by Gov. McGill. This is somewhat of a surprise to the people of Washburn county and particularly to the residents of Mazeppa, the scene of Sullivan's late adventures.

Johannes Peterson, a farmer fifty-eight years of age, living in Vasa, was found dead near Featherstone, his body lying under the contents of his wagon. It is believed that he was crushed to death through his wagon upsetting.

The mayor of Brainerd has issued an order stopping all gambling in the city. The mandate has fallen like a wet blanket on the professionals, as they have been allowed full sway during the last six months, and the city has been overrun with men of that class.

After being out thirty-six hours the jury in the Erickson murder trial at Buffalo brought in a verdict of guilty of assault in the third degree. The indictment was brought for murder in the third degree. Judge Rea fined the defendant $100, which he paid.

Senator G. W. Wood while driving at Faribault was thrown from his buggy, and quite seriously injured. At first he thought his leg was broken, but upon examination it is said to be a bad sprain of the knee. It is thought the only injury of a serious nature which he received was the knee.

Mrs. Caroline Peck, one of the first settlers in Goodhue county, aged seventy-four years, died. She was married fifty years ago last November to Julius Peck, who at the age of eighty-one survives her. She gave two sons to her country, one of whom died at Gettysburg, and the other at New Ulm.

James Stewart, engineer on the Milaca branch of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, was run over and instantly killed by an eastbound Northern Pacific passenger train. He had boarded the train to see a friend off, and fell beneath the cars in attempting to alight. He was unmarried. His family lives at St. Cloud. He was one of the most popular railroad men in St. Cloud, and leaves a mother and aunt, whose sole support he was. His body was taken to St. Cloud, and was met by a committee of his fellow employes.

Howard L., the thirteen-year-old son of H. L. McKinstry, M. D. died at Zumbrota. A few days ago he swallowed a screw one inch in length, but, as none of the symptoms that attend the lodgment of a foreign substance in the windpipe or bronchial tubes followed, it was thought that it had passed into the stomach. But the next day inflamation of the lungs set in. A council of physicians decided that an operation to remove the screw was advisable, and it was performed, but was not successful. After death the screw was taken from the right lung.

When the men employed on Fish's railroad contract left camp before Christmas, the cook, George L. Stafford, remained in charge. On their return at night they found Stafford in a sitting posture outside of the camp bereft of life, he having died during the day from excessive drinking. He was about thirty-five years of age and a jeweler by trade. It is believed he lived at Hamline. The coroner made an investigation, but decided that no inquest was necessary. He found two watches, $50 in money and a trunk belonging to the deceased, who will be buried at Zumbrota.

At Carleton college observatory regular work in astronomical photography is now being done. Pictures taken in the focus of the 8½ inch Clark equatorial telescope enlarge to a diameter of five inches, showing, in the case of the moon, good definition and a great variety of detail. Spots, faculæ and even the best pictures of the sun, which are also five inches in diameter. An accurate measure of the time of exposure to the sun of the sensitive plate will soon be made by a novel method which has been employed elsewhere with success in measuring fractional parts of a second as a hundredth part.

Protracted.

Heavy dining and deep drinking are no longer as fashionable in England as they used to be among lords of high degree in that land. The time has passed when a banquet may be concluded by the disappearance of guests beneath the dinning-room table.

But the Scotch, says the author of "Men and Measures of Half a Century," have not improved in this respect as fast as their southern neighbors. The heaviest eating and drinking and most protracted dinners are still popular in the "land of cakes."

Lord John Lawrence, governor-general of India, used to tell the story of a friend of his who, when in Scotland, called upon an acquaintance between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning.

"He is at dinner, sir," announced the servant who met him at the door.

"At dinner! You don't mean that he is dining at this hour of the day?"

"Yes, he is, sir, but it's his yesterday's dinner!"

James Curran, the opium smuggler, was held in $8,000 bond, and, failing to respond, went to jail to stay until the grand jury acts upon the case. His attorney made application at Bismarck, D. T., to Judge Rose for a writ of habeas corpus. Action was postponed until Jan. 16.

Brig-Gen. D. S. Stanley, commanding the department of Texas, announcing that he was placed under arrest by the local legal authorities of Austin, Texas., for having attempted to eject J. M. Snyder from government property that had been donated to the school board of Austin for the erection of a school house. Capt. Rambaugh, Gen. Stanley's aide, was also arrested. They were committed to jail by Justice Stuart in default of $250 bonds, which they refused to give, but the sheriff would not receive them from the constable and they were released.

THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes.

At least two varieties of grain should be given to young stock.

If an animal is worth keeping over winter he is surely worth protecting from the cold. If he is worth any feed at all, he is worth keeping on liberal rations.

Animals to be slaughtered in early winter will lay on two pounds of fat before cold pinches than one pound after that condition comes; besides, when fat, cold will not pinch.

Make pets of your colts. Make friends of your horses. Treat them kindly and you will not be troubled with unsafe and unruly horses. It is but the humane way to treat them anyway.

It is a good plan to feed some of the bone and muscle forming foods, during the fattening process, whatever the system of swine husbandry may be, says the Western Rural. Some people think that feeding this class of food is wasting it. That is an error. If the food makes muscle it increases the weight and what is more it makes the valuable part of the hog.

There is no doubt that hogs can be fattened quicker and with less food if provided with good warm houses, and the food given in troughs. Use liberally of salt and wood ashes, cinders, refuse coal, slacked lime, brimstone and charcoal about once a week, each in small quantities. Above all things see that your hogs have unfailing appetites and are in good condition physically. —Swine Breeders' Journal.

Get the cow that gives milk all the year round as far as possible. It is a great loss to "dry up" cows when it is not necessary. It takes two-thirds of all the good cow eats to keep her alive and without loss of flesh, and the other third of ordinary good rations to enable her to yield milk. The expense of two-thirds of the money-earning rations has to be incurred when the cow is earning nothing.—Live Stock Indicator.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer takes great pains to give his cattle all the open air exercise they require throughout the winter on warm sunny days. Sunlight and exercise are two of the greatest factors in promoting health. Shut up human beings in a cotton, oil cloth or shoe factory, month after mouth, carrying them their food and allowing them no exercise at all, and how long before consumption will seize upon them? It is silly to think that cotton seed meal or any other highly concentrated food will originate tuberculosis or pleuro-pneumonia.

A Montana sheep breeder offers to rent ewes at fifty cents a year, the man taking them to have the wool and increase, but bound to return the full number at the end of the specified time. As the sheep are worth perhaps $2.50 each, the capitalist makes twenty per cent, for his money and risk. This seems large, but in the Territories farmers often pay higher rates than this. Two per cent. a month is a frequent price for the use of money there. This is twenty-four per cent. a year, and as it is often compounded several times in twelve months, it amounts to considerably more than this.

To Keep Fresh Meat.

In the Winter season it is often desirable to keep pieces of fresh meat, especially pork, sparerib, etc., as long as possible. Without a refrigerator or ice-house, it may be accomplished very satisfactorily by allowing the meat to freeze hard and then packing tightly in a barrel with snow when it can be obtained, and placing the barrel in a cold place. In this way meat can be kept for months, and so lengthen out the period of home-made fresh meat. Care must be exercised and close watch kept when the snow begins to thaw that the meat does not get uncovered, as it will in a little time become tainted.

The Value of a Pedigree.

The male animal, ram or bull, or male of whatever other class of farm stock, needs improvement, must be himself good, from good parents, and the further back the continuous lines of excellent progenitors stretch the stronger reason we have for confidence that good results will follow his introduction. The lines may so stretch back without a break in the inheritance of excellence, although we may not have the means of blood racing them—in other words, the descent and the blood may be right, yet unrecorded. Our knowledge can not make any difference in the power or lack of power. Still, knowledge of the particulars of descent is worth having. It may prove very useful sometimes. Let us then, by all means, place the true value upon that knowledge, and have the pedigrees of our stock, if possible, and take pains to preserve records of descent for our own information and the information of those who may succeed us. I hold that pedigree, the longer the better, is a thing to be desired, accompaning merit granted. —London Live Stock Journal.

Feathers and Geese.

It is printed that the annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes is estimated to amount to 3,000,000 pounds. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers in a year. The geese furnishing these downy pillows and beds of ease are to be found mainly in Southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The climate is cold enough to cause the feathers to be fine and soft, and not to cold to make their care a matter of unprofitable labor to farmers. Below this territory the feathers are quilly and free from down; above, the cold Winters make geese-farming unprofitable, for when the goose can't find food for herself, because of frozen land and water, she has to be fed, and she'll eat as much corn as a sheep. Speaking of feathers, here is the way to pick dead geese: After killing the goose immerse it in scalding water and then wrap it in a thick cloth for five minutes. All the pin-feathers and down will then come off easily. In marketing geese they may be scalded after all the dry, clean feathers have been removed, but care must be taken not to break the skin. After removing the feathers immerse the carcass in cold water for a hour.

A young married couple started housekeeping, and hired a young woman of Hibernian extraction to attend to the 'general housework.' She was a gem—the acme of neatness, Bspatch and culinary proficiency. dut she broke her young mistress' heart on the second day by climbing the stairs to the parlor during the call of a social acquaintance, and in a voice about as melodious as a fish-horn, inquiring; "Say, Boss, what time does Frank come home to dinner?"

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

On Christmas day, the legends say,
Ere earth's glad bells are rung,
At Christ's command, by Peter's hand,
Wide heaven's gates are swung.
And angels robed in radiant white
With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

II.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear
Upon the charmed air
The golden song the winged throng
Uplift as on they fare—
The golden song they sang the morn
That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born.

III.

The soul that's white may see a light—
O, Christ! that I might see!
The glory of the heavens above
Drift down on earth and sea!
The splendor of ten thousand suns
Bring they to earth, the holy ones.

IV.

They enter in where death has been,
And hearts bowed down with pain
Are lifted up; the blessed cup
Of peace once more they drain.
The tempest of their grief is stilled
And all their souls with gladness filled.

V.

The mother pale who doth bewail
Her infant torn away
Feels in her heart the joy-springs start—
Unfed for many a day.
Her soul unlifts a song to bless
God's mercy and His graciousness.

VI.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared
Soul beat by storms of sin,
Bringing the balm of heavenly calm
The gentle ones steal in.
It hears a mother's prayer again—
Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

VII.

But must they love to bend above
The children motherless;
And they who weep are soothed to sleep
With heavenly caress.
The bright ones touch the sleeper's eyes
And lo! they dream of paradise.

W. W. GAY.

The Angel of the Dakotas.

I

The sun radiant with crimson, gradually sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of farewell anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest agony.

"Wildbird, my weak heart grows faint!"

"Alas! so does mine, dear sister; but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The Black-gown told us he could deliver us from every ill: He is the Master of life and death. May He not save us from the Blackeet's enmity?"

'Dread of the morrow's awful sacrifice makes me shiver, and my hope wavers as I look around upon the preperations.—How father and mother would have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes sent up when we were led into their camp!"

"Sister, repeat the story of Sebastain, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and, better yet, let us think of the Sorrowing Mother and the agony of Him who died to save us."

"Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin martyr. It will beguile the time and inspire us with holy courage."

Thus conversed, in subdued tones, two maidens captured from a tribe of the Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foot with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a large pine-tree.

Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied themselves with preparations for the morrow's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen, and pennyroyal, mingling them with twigs of birch, spice-bush, and sassafras, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, never deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on their helpless young victims. Confiding them to the care of two old men of their tribe, they walked away, humming the refrain of one of their death-songs, which was suggested by the feast that awaited them.

The vigilant guardians smoked, and chatted of their feats in the chase and on the battlefield, ever and anon casting angry glances toward the gentle captives. At length, thinking the maidens asleep, they gave themselves up to profound repose. The prisoners, after hours of fervent prayer, and by recalling the lessons of faith they had learned from the Blackrobe, had succeeded in resigning themselves to their awful fate.

"Our death may convert our father," suggested Snowflake.

"And if Redfeather learns the Blackrobe's prayer and is baptized, our whole nation will embrace the Christian Faith. The Afflicted Mother stood at the foot of the Cross: we are her children, and must try to imitate her," answered Wildbird.

With words like these the two prisoners encouraged each other, and though often startled as a bat or an owl cleft the midnight air, or terrified when a dead branch fell to the ground, they watched patiently for the first beam of the sun that would witness their trial.

That same night the Fathers at the Jesuit mission were awakened by loud shouts of the chief of Dakotas, intermingled with those of some friendly Cress who accompanied him, and a small detachment of his own braves.

"What seek ye?" inquired Father de Smet.

"Great chief of the Blackrobe's," answered Redfeather," my daughters, on whose heads you poured the water, are captives of our enemies the Blackfeet. Thou knowest, therefore, what fate awaits them."

"What! the two angels of our mission school? How did it happen?"

"Father, we attacked the Blackfeet lying in ambush, but did not conquer them. Then they fell upon our camp, and we repulsed them. But a party of skulking braves captured my two children."

"O chief, thou art not baptized! Thy wife and daughters know and love the great God, but neither thou nor thy warriors have accepted the Christian law. What wilt thou therefore of the Blackrobe?"

"Father, the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes is all powerful: ask Him to restore to me my beloved daughters."

"Redfather, what thou sayest is true: the Great Spirit is all-powerful, full of mercy too; but He is also just. He loves not hatred, pillage, and murder. It was to gratify thy hate thou didst attack thy brothers the Blackfeet. Thou would'st slay their warriors, and they have captured thy children. Reproach only thyself, for thy punishment is just."

"Thy words are like arrows, wise teacher. I have done wrong."

"Then must thou crave pardon."

"Blackrobe, I do implore forgiveness. Ask the Great Spirit to give me back my Snowflake and my Wild-bird, and I promise that I will receive thy Baptism."

"That is not enough. In a few hours I shall celebrate the august Sacrifice of Atonement before the Great Spirit; thou must promise to speak to the chiefs of thy nation, that all may come and learn the true prayer from the Fathers."

I promise with my whole heart. What say ye, braves?"

"We accept the will of the Black-gown—we will be Christians."

"And that is not enough," urged the priest. "Thou must promise that in future thou wilt not attack the neighboring tribes without cause, and—"

"Father the Crows and Blackfeet do us all the harm they can."

"It matters not. Thou mayest defend thyself, but never attack. Still more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the Spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication if thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart."

"Father, I believe, and we swear to abide by thy words."

"Chief, I trust thou art sincere—that no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition!"

II

In the gray of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the altar, but before beginning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission. He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true Faith. Then all present renewed their fervent prayers that God would show His power, and promote his own greater glory by delivering the captives.

Meantime the two maidens were a prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. Again and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe had told them. Suddenly they beheld a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he spoke. "I come to deliver you," he said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound them to the pine tree. His voice was sweet and low, and he added, "Follow me."

Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

"He must be an angel," whispered Wild-bird "for I feel weary no lonerg, nor is my heart fearful."

"Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels? She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. "Glory be to Jesus and Mary!" she added; and Wildbird replied, "Amen."

On, on their silent conductor led them, through dim, deep woods, by crystal lakes, over flowery meadows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of Dakotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or purple centaury bend its corollas. The birds were singing a joyous chorus to the Creator—echo of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the trio attained an eminence, and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the campfires of the Dakotas.

"Rest here a while," said their guide; and when they turned to thank him for his kindness, lo! he had disappeared.

As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their prisoners. "They and their mother too worship the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murmured. "He has delivered them; our Great Manitou is not powerful enough." At length, after searching once more the environs of their camp for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt.

Redfeather, on withdrawing from the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before sending on official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were suddenly interupted by long and prolonged shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before sunrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray-of-Morning. Snowflake and Wildbird were soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of the Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank the Great Spirit.

Before the end of the moon of August the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and precepts of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their enemies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature, whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's is all-sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring Feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of Baptism.

A New "Chestnut."

Joseph Jefferson is responsible for the latest explanation of the word "chestnut." He attributes the introduction of the word in its slang sense to Mr. William Warren, the veteran comedian of Boston.

"There is a melodrama," Mr. Jefferson said to a reporter, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it: One a Captain, Xavier, and the other a comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says: 'I entered the woods of Collaway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words: A chestnut, Captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the Captain; 'booby, I say a cork tree.'

" 'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard the tale these twenty-seven time.'

"William Warren who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a 'stag' dinner two years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play; 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And that," concluded Mr. Jefferson, "is what I really believe to be the orgin of the word 'chestnut.'"

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market-square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbor an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older, the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment must have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornish man hath an excellent relish. On this spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping-post, the cage, and the stocks. The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotels, for after the Cornish Pilgrimage of Grace the King's Commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the Portreve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market-square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visted the town in 1699, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market-square—that the occupants could wish each other good morning from the windows.

In the days of George II. Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowder ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbors, but fast friends. There was perhaps, something in the similarity of the circumstance of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome strapping fellow of three-and-twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody—least of all the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interest of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisible.

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love-story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine-master in the neighboring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favor of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school in the wrestling bouts at "Feastentide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurling." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything, short of murder, to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene, he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the Government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the Navy. If the King's ships could not be manned by other means, the press-gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely—and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the State, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the Navy, provided always he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp" or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

It was Christmas Eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merry-making. After dark a band of mummers entered the market-square, and stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and windows of the house most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish Knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the King's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and the cries of "The Press! the Press!" "The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel, who was standing at her father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd, crying, "Down with the Press-gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boat with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop-of-war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Captain Trenwith, a retired officer of the Navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Mathews, ropemaker and Mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position, was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Captain Trenwith and the Mayor thought little less than reasonable. John Tackbird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press-gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—a tyranical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed that we were a nation of down-trodden slaves, writhing under the iron heel of despotism.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper he held in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt Government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of Kings and their unscrupulous Ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot wheels of a bloodthirsty oligarchy? How long"——

"Tut, tut!" interposed Captain Trenwith with warmth. "Stop the palaver, John Tackabird. The King must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Captian Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the King get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colors, and not run away as some of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Captain Trenwith, who could endure no slur on ths British Navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The Captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d——d chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

"Nay, nay, Cap'n," cried Will Nance; "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the Admiral."

"Yes," said Captain Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came —"yes; and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yard-arm—and so should some others that I got of!" here he looked hard at the ci-devant smuggler.

"Well, but"—resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the Captain—"touching this matter of the press-gang"——

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Captain Trenwith; "'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best—and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea-dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honor of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now included Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch-ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press-gang was too common an occurance in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Captain Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would refuse to drink. The King of England had declared was against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbors, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged to propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas Eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honor of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heart into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It has been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as Commander-in-Chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish Main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."

"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

With an ominous glance at the last speaker, Captain Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on't—but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

"There is much amiss, Captain Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore.

What! my son taken by the press-gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "'Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Captain Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are afoot. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the punch."

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as another."

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate the bell-rope."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why their whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily.

The Captain interposed. "Come, Come," said he, "no more cross words on Christmas Eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr, Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning so let me jog homewards."

The Mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, Sir—happy to 't'nd you," and the Mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Captain Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying his lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgement that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will make his name famous, aud then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all appeared in their usual places at the church on Christmas Day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expression of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, and said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it could be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overturns rather softened the hearts of the two fathers; but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. She turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favorable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary; but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighborhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press-gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival. In the meantime, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on, and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table; but Captain Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time, Will Nance stirred the fire, and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the Mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring back? But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumored Portobello is taken."

"'Tis true," said John Renowden; "my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court, and engaged in the fight."

"What? Dick Hexel hath smels gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen!" cried Captain Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of the Daily Post, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the Admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, after cleaning his throat, commenced:—

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about two o'clock, we came up with Portobello Harbour, where the Spainards had hoisted upon the Iron Castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretopmast; and a fourth, passing through the arning within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricado of our quarter-deck very near the Admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows"——

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives"——

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Captain Trenwith; "twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, Captain," said Peter Hexel. "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the Captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden; and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"—as Captain Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the Mayor and the Captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted as usual by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The Mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Captain Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Kenowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away; and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer; and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas Eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch-bowl on the board, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

"'Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Captain Trentwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the Captain and his companions as they hurried to the door; and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Captain Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden. "I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize-money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy"——

"D—n your hard words!" cried Captain Trenwith; "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honour."

This sentiment of the good old Captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives, and Captain Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlor of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.

M. J.

An Enterprising Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch them and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder dolefully. I tried that 'ere scheme o' yourn, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and planted it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; there was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."—Atlanta Journal.

Antelopes and Cold Weather.

Among the novel sights along the Union Pacific through Wyoming is that of great herds of antelope. One band, which had been about Rock Springs, is supposed to number over 10,000. A party went out from that town one day and returned in two hours with seventeen, which were all they wanted, but they could have killed many more. Another party went from Bryan and bagged thirty-six before they got tired of the sport, and were glutted with meat. So it is all along the rood, from Laramie to Carter. Old railway men say that the bunching of antelope is a good indication that the winter is to be a severe one. They refer to the Fall of 1871, when the antelope gathered in great herds and remained together during the winter, which was the worst ever experienced on the road. The same was the case several other winters which proved very severe. But they say they never saw them in such large herds before. Not only antelope, but all other kinds of game; appear to be more abundant in the west than for many years.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Wedded an Heiress, Drives a Mule.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A few weeks ago the Chicago papers contained accounts of the elopement of Miss Roach, the nineteen-year old daughter of a millionaire capitalist of that city, with a young clerk named Cunningham. The young lady, it seems, was a social belle, and the marraige created the usual nine days' gossip in a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After marriage the young couple came to Kansas City and for a few days boarded at a leading hotel. Their money running out and no remittances coming from the wealthy but irate father, Cunningham was forced to seek work. All the work he could find to do was as a street-car driver, and he is now swinging the whip over a pair of metropolitan mules, and his little wife is keeping house in a humble little home on Charlotte street. When she becomes of age in two years she will have a fortune in her own right. It seems that the irate father is beginning to relent, for the other day he sent the young woman a check for $50, wlth a promise of more on Christmas.

A NIGHT IN A SNAKE.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's ax and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated on the river.

It was some ten days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We eat of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliciously happy, Murilla bursting out into the Portugese doggerel with a boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger-tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing, by nodding my head in rythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank.

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence so assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body, crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears; and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mould at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up —I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed

IN THE THROAT OF A MONSTER BOA.

This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me.

Now, I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction-pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribable sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course, as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise, stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing, and holds me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy. As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose, would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within.

From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thought now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla were anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swallow me.

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which if distilled and applied in moderation, might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came and added terror to the situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity event amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself!

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a maniac or a blubbering idiot seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the guttapercha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were

THREE FULL INCHES HIGHER.

up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence, but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but I was to far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for a while in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murrilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He was awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lenghts among the debris of decaying forest fungus.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp, Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in the body caused by my feet and legs before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and vension, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of 90—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally overrode the effects of my terrible experience, and left me in possession of my usually excellent health.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Pelts in a Legal Tender.

It is not a generally known historical fact that from 1774 to 1784 the Territory now know as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their Government, organized a State Government under the name of "Franklin," which was maintained for some years. The State afterward disbanded and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Franklin. We copy it as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency of 1838:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that from the first day of January, 1789, the salaries of the officers of the Commonwealth be as follows:

His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

His Honor the Chief Justice, per annum, 500 deer skins.

The Secretary to his excellency the Governor, per annum, 400 raccoon skins.

The Treasury to the State, 450 raccoon skins.

Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

Clerk of House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

Members of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

Justices' fees for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.

To the Constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

Enacted into the law the 18th day of October, 1786, under the great seal of the State.

Mrs. Swarthout, a photographer, has been arrested at Reed City, Mich., for maltreating her niece. She is charged with having tied the girl's legs with a stout cord and then putting in a stick and turning the cord until the child would become almost unconscious with pain. She would also cord her tongue in the same manner until the skin bursted. Mrs Swarthout has been bound over to the text term of court, and in default of $1,000 bail languishes in jail.

Two young ladies by the name of Smith were drowned at Hillsville, four miles from East Brady, Pa. They, in company with another girl and two young men, were crossing the stream in a skiff and it sank with them. The bodies have not been recovered. The others of the party were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Pure gold always has its base imitation. It is so with Salvation Oil, which is worth its weight in gold to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuraliga, or gout. See that you get the genuine. 25 cents.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

Fred Hansen of Gilman, Pierce county, Wis., while at work in the woods near Woodville, was struck by the falling limb of a tree and killed. He was twenty-two years of age.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchical Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

A house in the eastern part of Rockington county, Va., in which a number of colored people were holding a party, was blown up by dynamite, and several of the inmates, it is said, fatally wounded.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to many to learn that Allen's Lung Balsam, that standard family medicine for coughs, croup, and all lung diseases, can now be procured at 25c., 50., and $1.00 a bottle at any drug store.

Haffield, who murdered his wife at Norquay, Montana on Christmas day, was brought into Winnipeg by the police. A pitchfork handle, covered with blood, was found near the dead body of the woman. Haffield says he only struck her with his hand.

The old question—where shall I get my seed this year—presents itself again to thousands of our readers at this season of the year. If you will turn to our advertising columns you will find the announcement of John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis., who makes a specialty of Northern Grown Seeds. These are early, productive and full of life, and will increase every yield.

Timothy Sullivan, aged ninety, and his son Eugene were found in their room in Milwaukee insensible, having been asphyxiated by gas from a coal stove. Sullivan senior is dead, and the young man is not expected to live.

Clark—"Well, I will declare! Smithers, how you have picked up lately." Smithers—" Yes, yes; things were bad enough with me a little while back, but I happened to run across the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co, Richmond, Va., and they put me in a position to make money right along. If you know of anybody else needing employment, here is their name and address."

The New York Daily Graphic has changed hands and also changed politics. It announced that hereafter it would be Republican in politics, and strongly in favor of a protective tariff.

"Consumption can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung diseases, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine.

James Green, a prominent citizen of Wolcott, N. Y., cut his wife's throat and then went to his barn and cut his own. He then returned to the house and gashed his throat again. Neighbors found the bodies near together. Both will die. Domestic troubles was the cause.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.
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ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.
At Druggists and Dealers.
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER
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HEALTH THE KEYSTONE TO HAPPINESS
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
SOLD EVERYWHERE
CURES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION

NEW EVIDENCE--Read the Following

ADDISON, PA., April 7, 1883.
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs so much so, that I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM was recommended to me as a good remedy I took it and am now sound and well. Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, PA., April, 1883.
A. J. COLBOM, Esq., Editor of the Somerset Herald, writes: "I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as being the best remedy for colds and coughs I ever used."

ASTORIA, ILLS., April 6, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which I have sold for the past fifteen years, sells better than any cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here. Yours truly, H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

LAFAYETT, R. I., October 12, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to say that, after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a bad attack of bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that those afflicted may be benefited. Yours respectfully, BURRILL H. DAVIS.

It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, who read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is sold by all druggists.

Directions accompany each bottle.

As an expectorant, it has no Equal.

It is Harmless to the Most Delicate Child.

It contains no Opium in any form.

The Russian mission to the Vatican has obtained various concessions from the pope His holiness sanctions the deportations of the bishop of Vilna to Siberia, accepts the Russian government's candidates for the dioceses of Dublin and Ploki and consents to the introduction of the Russian language in all Catholic churches, except in the liturgy, an innovation that will completely destroy the Polish element. It is certain that French influence had much to do with the granting of these concessions.

Farmers and Stockmen.

The only remedy that cures galls, cuts and wounds on horses and cattle, and always grows the hair in its original color, is Veterinary Carbolisalve. 50c and $1, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.



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THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

36 colors; 10 cents each.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS.
Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Tutt's Pills
CURE
Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.
They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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It is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in use for NEARLY A CENTURY. For all external inflamation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy, and is unequalled in removing inflamation of the eyes, at the commencement, and in curing chronic cases. We invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all Druggists.
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The most Elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. The first Bitters containing Iron ever advertised in America. J. P. ALLEN, Druggist & Chemist, St. Paul, Minn.

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N. W. N. U. 1889 No. 1.

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NORTHERN SEED POTATOES 600 BU PER A. Do you want the finest Flowers, Vegetables and Make $250 per acre on Early Cabbage, Potatoes, Peas, Etc., and get rousing farm crops! If so, plant SALZER'S SEEDS. 26 Packages EARLIEST Vegetable Novelties, postpaid, $1.00. Tremendous Stock of grass LUCERNE CLOVER WHITE WONDER OAT (213 bu. per a.) and my Grain Samples and get finest Catalog published in America. BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS JOHN A. SALZER, Seed Grower, La Crosse, Wis.

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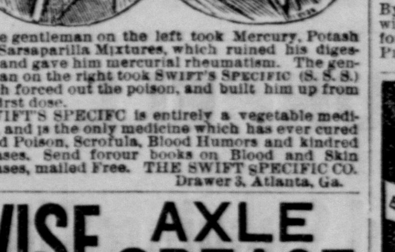
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Good Tidings, or Sailor Boy's Christmas. By Rosabel. 25 cts. $2.40 a doz.
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The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed Free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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LONG ENGAGED IN Chronic, Nervous and Skin Diseases
CURES WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

THIS MEANS YOU!—Write the old reliable Doctor, who has had many years' experience and has successfully treated thousands of the following described cases: Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor, Seminal Losses, Weak Memory, Despondency, etc., due to excesses or abuse.

YOUNG MEN, BEWARE!—Do not let false modesty prevent your seeking relief, if you are suffering from any of the above diseases. Young men suffering from the results of youthful follies or indiscretions, should avail themselves of Dr. Brinley's long experience and reliable advice.

CONFIDE IN HIM AND HE WILL HELP YOU.

The blasting effects of Venereal Diseases—the terrible poison of Syphilis and all Blood and Skin Diseases—whether recent or of long standing—all who are troubled with Kidney and Bladder difficulties, Weak Back, Wasting of Sexual Strength, etc., cured and restored to a healthy vigor, SAFELY, PRIVATELY, SPEEDILY.

Difficult and Surgical Cases a Specialty.

WOMEN—Who suffer from diseases peculiar to their sex, Nervous Headache, Spinal Weakness, Urinary Troubles, Painful or Irregular Sickness, are rapidly and permanently cured. Write or call. Every known application is resorted to and the proven good remedies of all ages and countries are used. No EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE.

SEND 50 CENTS for the "Private Councillor and Guide to Marriage," containing pen pictures of health and disease, sent by mail, safely covered, on receipt of price.

FREE.—Pamphlet and Chart of Questions sent free to your address. Persons unable to call in person may be treated at their homes by correspondence. Medicines and instructions sent free from observation, by mail or express.

ALL CONSULTATIONS, either by mail or verbal, are regarded as strictly confidential and are given sacred privacy. DR. BRINLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year. It is an encyclopedia of useful information for all who purchase the luxuries or the necessities of life. We can clothe you and furnish you with all the necessary and unnecessary appliances to ride, walk, dance, sleep, eat, fish, hunt, work, go to church, or stay at home, and in various sizes, styles and quantities. Just figure out what is required to do all these things COMFORTABLY, and you can make a fair estimate of the value of the BUYERS' GUIDE, which will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents to pay postage. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 111-114 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

50 CENTS.

The Weekly Pioneer Press will be sent to any address SIX MONTHS FOR 50 CENTS.

The Celebrated Picture "The Horse Fair,"

By Rosa Bonheur. 34 inches long by 20 inches wide sent free to every person sending 50 cents for 6 months subscription to the weekly Pioneer Press. Address the Pioneer Press Co., St. Paul.



MEDICATED ELECTRICITY!
Cures Catarrh, Neuralgia, Deafness, Headache, Colds, Etc. Instant Relief. Electric Battery in every bottle. 500 BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY! to introduce it. Send 25 cts. in stamps to pay postage and packing for a bottle that sells for 50 cts. Circulars FREE. Sells in every family. Agents are making over $100 a month. AGENT WANTED. Address BREWSTER & CO., HOLLY, MICH.

33 1/3 PER CENT REDUCTION!

IN

CLOAKS AND WRAPS!

This is the deepest cut we have ever attempted, and brings many of our cloaks BELOW ACTUAL COST We are satisfied to let them go at cost.

We reserve Plush Cloaks from this reduction. This sale includes CHILDRENS' CLOAKS, LADIES' WRAPS, and ULSTERS and NEW MARKETS, etc., etc.

Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and we deduct exactly ONE-THIRD from the price. Just try us if you need a cloak and want to save money.

COHEN BROS.

SEE--THE

Boys High Top Shoes at the

BIG 9 Nine

Before buying your fall shoes.

Also a full line of gents' shoes. Custom work and repairing carefully done.

R. F. WALTERS,

1882. 1888.

REAL ESTATE,

Loan and Collecting Agency,

Fire Insurance a Specialty.

Real Estate bought and sold. Houses, Lots and Farm property for sale on Easy Terms. Rents collected for non-residents. Taxes paid. Investments made and interest guaranteed.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

J. L. SMITH,

Brainerd, Minn. Room 2, Sleeper Block.

Brainerd Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

MOULDINGS, ETC.

Contractors and Builders,

Stair Work, Scroll Sawing and Turning a Specialty.

Correspondence Solicited,

Office and Mill at foot of Oak Street.

L. W. BURRELL,

Can now be found at his

Blacksmith and Shoeing Shop

No. 18, Laurel Street,

Where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and many new ones. All work in our line will be warranted and we are in as good shape to do good work as before the fire. Remember the place, Laurel street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Brainerd Dispatch.

Official Paper of Crow Wing County,
Also Cass and Itasca.

N. H. Ingersoll, F. W. Wieland, } Editors and Proprietors.

Issued every Friday morning at Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, from rooms 5 and 7, Sleeper block. Terms $1.50 per year. Finest job printing office in the city.

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota as second class matter.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 1 arrives from the South at 9:35 p. m. Departs going West at 9:45 p. m.
No. 2 arrives from the West at 12:50 a. m. Departs going South at 1:00 p. m.

These are through trains between St. Paul and the Pacific coast, and stop only at principal stations between St. Paul and Pasco, and run daily

No. 3 arrived from the South at 1:30 a. m. Departs going West at 1:45 a. m.
No. 4 arrives from the West at 1:45 a. m. Departs going South at 1:55 a. m.

These trains run daily through to the Pacific and haul emigrant sleepers.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1:55 p. m. Departs going West at 2:20 p. m.
No. 6 arrives from the West at 1:35 p. m. Departs going South at 1:55 p. m.
No. 7 arrives from Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 9:05 p. m., daily.
No. 8 departs for Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 2:00 a. m daily.

Nos. 1 and 2 are through trains. Nos. 5 and 6 have emigrant sleepers, and Nos. 3 and 4 run only to Fargo.

No. 18 freight goes south 6:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 20 " " east 9:30 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 22 " " " 10:00 p. m. daily.
No. 39 " " " 7:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.

These freight trains carry passengers who are provided with tickets, but may not be relied upon for regularity of movement, as they are liable to be cancelled without notice.

No. 17 freight arrives from South 7:10 p. m.
No. 19 " " east 7:00 p. m.
No. 21 " " " 4:25 a. m.
No. 30 " " " west 4:15 p. m.

Local News Notes.

Visit Rosenblett's for bargains.

The city schools will open again on Monday.

The shops are now running nine hours a day.

G. W. Vanderslice returned from Philadelphia today.

C. N. Parker, of the N. P. foundry, has gone to Chicago.

Mrs. A. J. Halsted has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. R. B. Coffin, of Deerwood, was in the city on Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Mautor has returned from a sojourn in Iowa.

Nine prisoners are boarding at Sheriff Spalding's hostlery.

Hon. J. C. Flynn transacted business in the city on Wednesday.

The new county officers elect will take their seats on Tuesday next.

The store of G. W. Clark, at Aitkin, was closed by the sheriff Saturday.

White Cross Lodge, K. of P., installed their officers Tuesday evening.

Wm. Dake, of this city, recently drew $400 in the Louisana State Lottery.

E. W. Kaley was up from Como to spend New Years with his Brainerd friends.

Did you notice the eclipse, or were you under an eclipse yourself on New Year's day?

Pauline Bell is boarding at the city's expense five days for being captured in a bawdy house.

"Crazy John" was run in by Officer Lewis and received a seven day's sentence yesterday morning.

F. J. Smith, who has been confined to the house for nearly five weeks, was out for the first time Tuesday.

A. Mahlum will appoint R. H. Capistrant, of Mooersville, as his deputy in the register of deeds office.

Ole Lawson has returned to this city after spending two or three years on a Western division of the N. P. road.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Bergstrom are greatly elated over a nice girl baby who arrived at their house on Sunday last.

On Monday sixteen frail creatures paid $281 into the city treasury, their monthly tax for occupying houses of prostitution.

Judge Thorp and Editor Reynolds, of Wadena, were in the city Wednesday to attend the funeral of the late Judge Sleeper.

S. H. Relf left on Saturday evening for Livingston where he will be for the next two months surveying a branch line for the Northern Pacific.

By a fire at Wadena on Saturday last Mrs. R. Smithling, of East Brainerd, lost a dwelling house valued at $600. There was $250 insurance on it.

Thos. Zimmerman, of Odessa, Henry Zimmerman, of Ortionville, and Leander Laufle, of Austin, are in the city to attend the funeral of their relative, Morris Ludwig.

Mrs. Fred Parker is enjoying a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albion Emerson, of St. Paul. They came up on Mouday and will spend a couple of weeks in Brainerd.

Charlie Kunow, of Smith & Cochran's tonsorial parlors, has had a smile for all his friends since Sunday morning. Mrs. Kunow presented him with a fine girl baby on that day.

A. A. Nevers brought in a large gray wolf's head on Tuesday and received his $5 bounty. He killed the animal some thirty miles north of this city while driving along the road on a tote team.

Hon. W. A. Fleming will leave for St. Paul Monday noon at which time he will file his resignation as municipal judge with the city clerk. The city council will probably name his successor at their regular session on Monday evening.

The city council will meet on Monday evening next at which time it is expected that they will elect a new city clerk to take the place of A. Mahlum, and if indications are not deceiving H. S. Totton will be selected to fill out the balance of the term.

New Year's day was as bright and balmy as a September afternoon. The usual sleigh ride was superseded by loads of young people in wagons and carriages who enjoyed the mildness of the weather and made merry during the afternoon and even-

Ft. Ripley Items.

J. L. Berg was in the Twin cities last week.

C. Estey is running a feed mill at his saw mill at the mouth of Big Nokay river.

Jim Dixon was sent to the county jail last week for stealing from Chas. Tedford's store.

Fred Hovey and family arrived from Iowa on New Years morning.

Frank Cook and Joe Adams have bought a feed mill that grinds the cob with the corn.

Will Appear in Brainerd.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's dramatization of his novel, Mr. Barnes of New York, will be a popular success. The play is strong and original in conception, swift in movement. It is the work of a man of strong dramatic instinct. The audience was enthusiastic, not to say ecstatic, and the play was launched in brief in a way to gratify the author's proudest hopes.—N. Y. Graphic, Oct. 16.

Sleeper opera house, Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th.

Lost.

A small neck chain with a gold ring and peach nut basket attached. Also a breast pin with Rhine stone set. Articles were lost between Baptist church and First Avenue, East Brainerd. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning articles to No. 92, north Ninth street, or to

ASHLEY FORD,
Brainerd, Minn.

A Thirteen Club Dined.

The Thirteen Club dined at the Hotel Delmonico on New Year's day, and as it was the first New Year's dinner the club had had the pleasure of enjoying every effort was made to add enjoyment to the occasion. The meal was served at 1:13, and all members of the club were present with the exception of two or three who were out of the city. The menu on the bill of fare read as follows:

Oyster soup, boiled Superior trout with sauce, fried oysters. Roast beef, roast chicken, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. Mashed potatoes, string beans, mashed turnips, celery. Plumb pudding, brandy sauce, mince pie, apple pie, oranges, apples. Ladies' cake, cocoanut cake, jelly tarts, wine jelly, tea, coffee. Beverages—champagne, port wine, claret wine, sherry wine. Cigars.

Speeches were made and a general good time enjoyed.

December School Report.

Report of the Brainerd schools for the month of December, 1888, by departments:

Number of teachers employed.... 20
Number of pupils enrolled.....860

[First column of figures indicates average attendance and second column number cases tardiness.]

FOURTH WARD.

High school,	A. B. Gould, Prin..	34 9
Sixth room,	Mrs. Davenport....	43 7
Fifth room,	Miss Elvira Clark..	50 12
Fourth room,	" Clara Porter..	49 14
Third room,	" Maggie Somers	48 4
Second room,	" Minnie Merritt.	46 1
First room,	" Lorane Youker.	39 4

FIRST WARD.

Fifth room,	Miss Fasching.....	35 5
Fourth room,	" Amy Lowey..	39 10
Third room,	" Veva Paine...	33 2
Second room,	" BessieMulrine	31 1
First room,	" Laura Walker	30 3

SECOND WARD.

No reports,

THIRD WARD.

Fourth room,	Miss E. Murphy..	34 12
Third room,	" Anna Murphy	31 6
Second room,	" Bessie Small.	32 7
First room,	" Jennie Welch.	20 6
West side,	" May Gleason.	15 5

J. A. WILSON,
Supt. City Schools.

Mr. Barnes, of New York.

To make a drama out of a novel that is familiar to the prospective audience, is always a hazardous undertaking. At the Broadway Theatre, last evening, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter submitted a dramatization of his Mr. Barnes, of New York, to the test of a public performance, and he encountered exceptional success, for the stage version was quite as peculiar and powerful as the original work.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 16.

This company will appear at Sleeper opera house Wednesday evening,

The New Year was ushered in with great ado in this city. There were some people who thought Gabriel had sounded his triumpet.

Lawyer Donaldson, who for some time has resided on his farm in Oak Lawn, has rented a house in the city and will move his family here the first of the week.

S. G. Whitman, of Verndale, to whom Bulow offered the Frank Eck team as security for money, has been in this section, looking after the $100 reward said to be offered for Bulow's arrest.—Little Falls Democrat.

Miss Sadie Clute, a 10 year old daughter of Charles Clute, of Mooersville, died yesterday of typhoid fever. We are informed that four other members of the family, the mother and three children, are also suffering from the same disease.

N. McFadden will open an insurance and real estate office in the bank block as soon as he retires from the register of deeds office. Mr. McFadden represents a large list of old line companies and will immediately enjoy a lucrative and pleasant business.

The Brainerd write-up in the Pioneer Press appeared on Saturday, together with a map showing Brainerd to be the central city of Minnesota as regards to commercial interests, railroads, etc. The article was exhaustive and will undoubtedly be of great value to our growing metropolis.

W. M. Fuller, of the Little Falls Transcript, has been granted franchises for electric lights and street railways in that bustling city. Bro. Fuller is noted for his large heart and would not refuse the earth if it was offered him. We congratulate him upon his success.

C. B Clous is an aspirant for the Ft. Ripley postmastership, and is circulating a petition for the appointment as soon as there is a vacancy, either by resignation or otherwise. Mr. Clouse is a young man of business capacity, a staunch republican, and will undoubtedly succeed in capturing the prize when a vacancy occurs.

The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Corcoran was held from the Catholic church in this city on Tuesday, the Rev. Father Watry officiating. The deceased was a highly respected Christian lady and her sudden death, which occurred in Minneapolis on Sunday, was a severe shock to her relatives and acquaintances in Brainerd. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved husband and parents.

The solar eclipse on New Year's day was a subject of much discussion and considerable interest in this city and from 3:30 until 5 p. m. people could be seen on housetops and elevated places obtaining a view of it through smoked glass, etc. It was the first time in 200 years that a solar eclipse has occurred on New Year's day and it will be 300 years before it will occur again and those who failed to witness the phenomenon missed a sight which will excite the interest of their grandchildren in generations to come.

Mr. Clark, of Brainerd, was in the village Christmas, visiting his friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Berk.—Sauk Rapids Sentenel.

Will Seelye, of Brainerd, was in the village the first of the week and looked as hale and hearty as ever.—Anoka Herald.

From the Aitkin Age.

Miss Ida McCray, who has been in Brainerd for the past few weeks, returned Thursday morning.

Mrs. Hattie Crowley, accompanied by her little daughter, went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

George Rice went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

J. M. Hartley went to Brainerd Wednesday evening.

A New Year's Wedding.

The wedding of Jerome Kelleher, of this city to Miss Mary Nelson, of Detroit, took place at the Episcopal church in this city on Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1889, the Rev. G. H. Davis officiating. The parties are well known to our citizens and since the event took place congratulations have been pouring in from all sides. J. C. Burrel and Miss Johnson assisted at the ceremony as groomsman and bridesmade. Many beautiful presents were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher, among which was an elegant silk plush rocker from Hope Hose company, of which the groom is a member. The newly married couple went immediately to housekeeping in Mr. Kelleher's new residence on Front street over his place of business.

Slashed With an Axe.

On Saturday afternoon Ferdinand Nahring, a workman in a wood camp some six miles us the river came into town to receive medical aid for a wound he had received from an axe in the hands of Gustaf Keil, a fellow laborer. The two men were working side by side when a dispute arose over some trivial matter and Nahring pushed Keil away from him, whereupon the latter raised his double-bitted axe and struck him in the face with it, cutting him on the forehead, the edge of the axe going just through his skull, and split his face down to his nose. The only wonder is that he was not killed on the spot, but he is able to walk around and was sent out to the poor farm by the commissioners on Monday. Keil was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Gunn on Sunday afternoon at the camp. At the preliminary examination Thursday Keil was held to the grand jury in the sum of $200.

They had a Nice Time.

The people who had the pleasure of attending the dance given at Al. Kimball's on Eagle lake, last Thursday evening, enjoyed a rare treat. Mr. Kimball had arranged for quite a crowd and had taken the partition out of his house giving the dancers plenty of room. There were some fifteen couple in attendance from this city and about 40 couple in all. The dance was a complimentary affair tendered by Mr. Kimball and his wife to their friends and the entire assemblage were treated to an elaborate

DEATH OF JUDGE C. B. SLEEPER.

He Passes Into the Unknown Beyond on Tuesday Morning.

Brainerd Mourns the Loss of a Valued and Respected Citizen.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hasn't all seasons for thine own, O Death."

Judge Sleeper passed away on Tuesday morning at 12:45 surrounded by his sorrowing family. His illness had been of some three weeks duration and during the last few days his friends had almost given up hopes of his recovery although all that skilled physicians could do was done. His disease was a complication of liver and stomach troubles which had annoyed him for some two or three years, but his constitution was such that he did not succumb to the disease until it had gained such a hold on him that recovery was impossible. He was hopeful of recovery to the last and was conscious until a short time before his death.

In the death of Judge Sleeper Brainerd loses a most valued citizen, a man who was esteemed for his charitable acts and public enterprise. He came to Brainerd some sixteen years ago, early in 1872, when the city was in its infancy, and cast his lot with the early comers to this city, firmly believing that in it there was a future, and his untiring efforts were devoted to building up and advancing its interests, and as monuments to his memory today stands the Sleeper opera house, on Broadway, an elegant structure and a source of much pleasure to the people of this city; also the Sleeper block on Front street. He was instrumental in originating the Brainerd, Crookston & Northwestern railroad enterprise, now the B. & N. W. He acquired a large amount of real estate and platted Sleeper's Addition and Sleeper's Park Addition, and was connected with all enterprises which were to advance public interests. The beautiful summer resort on Long Lake, known as Lake View, some four miles from the city, was built by him. To show with what esteem he was held by his fellow citizens it may be stated that he has held various offices of public trust, having been elected county auditor, clerk of district court, county attorney and register of deeds. In March, 1887, he was elected mayor of Brainerd, but resigned the office immediately after his election to accept the appointment of judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, which was tendered him by Gov. McGill. His official career as judge expired on Dec. 31st, the day on which his death occurred. In his judicial career his record was such as to give the greatest of satisfaction, as he was a profound jurist, a close and observant student, and a learned man. He was at one time publisher of the DISPATCH, but sold out shortly after he acquired his interest to his partner.

In politics Judge Sleeper was a staunch republican and his opinion in matters pertaining to the welfare of the party in state or local matters was eagerly sought by his political friends. No man in the whole state evinced more pleasure at the announcement of the success of his party on the National ticket at the recent election than he.

During all the years that he practiced law in this place he was very successful, and his practice was extensive. He had one of the finest libraries in the state, or Northwest for that matter.

At the time of his death he was Most Eminent Commander of Ascalon Commandery No. 16, Knights Templar, and Sir Knight Captain of the U. R. K. P. The former society took charge of the remains while they laid in state at St. Paul's Episcopal church on Wednesday forencon, and also of the funeral services which occurred on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. From 2 until 5 o'clock on Wednesday all business houses in the city closed in honor of his memory. The funeral cortege formed on Eighth street, in front of the Masonic temple, and was escorted to the late residence of the deceased by the First Regiment U. R. K. P. band. In the procession were the members of Ascalon Commandery, K. T., Brainerd Bar Association, Uniform Rank K. of P., White Cross Lodge K. of P., Brainerd Board of Trade and the Fire Department. From his home the funeral procession marched to the church where the impressive ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. Geo. H. Davis. From the church nearly one thousand people followed the earthly remains to Evergreen cemetery where they were laid to rest, the Knights Templar performing the ceremonies which were as beautiful as they were impressive.

Judge Sleeper leaves a grief-stricken wife and two daughters, Mrs. Edward Hazen and Mrs. J. L. Smith, to mourn his death. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to them in their time of sorrow. He was a kind and loving husband and an indulgent father, and the sorrowing ones left behind can find solace in the fact that those who knew the deceased most intimately, placed the highest estimate upon his character as a man and citizen—his strict integrity was unquestioned.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Judge C. B. Sleeper was born at Holland, Erie county, New York, in 1838. His father came from an old New Hampshire family that sent off a branch into Vermont. Nearly all the Sleepers in the country are of New England stock. His mother was of French ancestry, the family name being originally Bonpasse. The first of the name came to New England in the brig Fortune, in the year 1621. The name shared the fate of many fine and significant French names in this country, being corrupted first into Bumpas and then into Bump. Judge Sleeper was educated in Aurora Academy, studied law in Buffalo and was admitted to the bar in New York City in 1860. He raised a company during the civil war, and served in the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Slocum. After the war he went to Minneapolis, where he practiced law for two years. In 1871 he moved to Brainerd, one year after the first establishment of the town, the place having at that time about 1,200 in-

Resolutions of Respect.

MEMORIAL ADOPTED BY CROW WING COUNTY BAR.

The Bar of Crow Wing County assembled for the purpose of giving expression to their sorrow at the loss of one of their members, the Honorable Chauncey B. Sleeper, the late judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, declare:

That while in common with our fellow citizens we recognize in the death of Brother Sleeper, the loss of a distinguished citizen, whose broad and liberal views and generous instincts impelled him to stake every material interest on the welfare of our city and who thus greatly contributed to its present prosperty and advancement.

As members of the bar who have long been associated with him in the practice of our beloved profession, we realize that the bar of the district has lost one of its most learned, cultivated and courteous members.

That the judiciary of the state has been deprived of one of its ablest jurists, whose record upon the bench, brief though it be, will bear everlasting tribute to his eminent fitness for the high position he was called on to fill.

We mourn the CITIZEN, liberal, broad-minded, enterprising and sagacious. The LAWYER, accomplished and trustworthy. The JUDGE, who evenly held the scales of justice, uninfluenced by popular clamor, unaffected by bias or prejudice, who sought solely to do exact justice in conformity to law, and who, with almost phenominal sagacity, so discharged the duties of his office, that his recorded judgments universally received the approval of the highest tribunals.

Recognizing our own loss, as citizens and members of a common profession, we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathies in this bitter affliction.

G. S. FERNALD,
LEON E. LUM,
W. A. FLEMING,
E. N. DONALDSON,
W. H. MANTOR,
W. S. MCCLENAHAN,
G. W. HOLLAND,
J. B. DOUGLAS.

BOARD OF TRADE.

Our Divine Creator, in his infinite wisdom, having removed by death the founder and promoter and an honorable member of this board, the Honorable Chauncy B. Sleeper, be it resolved:

That while we humbly bow to the will of the omnipotent, we deplore with profound sorrow the death of Judge Sleeper and recognized that in losing him from our midst, in the days of the fulfilment of his usefullness, this board has lost a most worthy member, the comunity in which he so long resided an excellent and public spirted citizen and his family a kind and beloved husband and parent.

Resolved that the sincere sympathy of this board and of each member is tendered to the family of the deceased in their deep sorrow: That these resolutions be spread upon our records and a copy forwarded to the bereaved family.

January 2nd, 1889.

J. H. KOOP.
G. W. HOLLAND.
LYMAN P. WHITE.
G. S. FERNALD.
Committee on Resolutions.

A few cloaks left at Rosenblatt's which will be disposed off at less than cost.

Go to I. U. White's for hand sleds.

The Mason fruit jar at D. M. Clark & Co.'s.

They Must Go.

We will close out the remainder of our damaged stock to make room for new spring goods at a price to suit all customers. We can suit you. H. Rosenblatt.

For skates of all descriptions look I. U. White's assortment over.

Any man who has struck his finger nail with a hammer "knows how it is himself," and if he tries it he will know that the best thing for it is Dr. Finer's Golden Relief. It is also the best thing for diarrhœa, pain in stomach, burns, flesh cuts, neuralgia and rheumatism. Quickly cures all pains, swelling, and stomach and bowel difficulties.—Worth its weight in gold. Try it.

For sale by Johnson & Bain.

For sleds D. M. Clark & Co. are headquarters. Cutters with boxes or without, and also cutter boxes for sale separate. We cannot fail to have something in the sled line that will please all our customers.

Strayed.

Strayed into our premises known as Finley's camp, Section 18, Township 139, R. 25, in Cass county, one red cow, little white on face, about three years old. The owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. Apply to

J. J. HOWE & Co.

Go to White's for skates.

I. U. White carries a nice line of children's sleds in several styles.

Furnished rooms for rent. Enquire at 133 North 8th street.

You can find the finest line of skates in the city at I. U. White's.

That new line of crockery at D. M. Clark & Co.'s is the talk of the town. Something new in crockery lamps.

Before you want to use your cutters and sleighs get them fixed up in nice shape by having Congdon repaint and varnish them.

Guns at Cost.

If you want a gun at cost now is your time. I. U. White will sell you any gun that he has in stock at the actual cost to him. Now is your chance if you want a good gun cheap.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans Royal Baking Powder Co. 106 Wall street, N. Y.

We still have a few

BARGAINS LEFT!

FROM THE

DAMAGE SALE.

We will close them out to make room for new goods

At Astonishingly Low Prices.

We have a few **CLOAKS** left which must go at any price.

Don't Miss This Grand Opportunity.

H. ROSENBLATT.

THE

FAMOUS HOTEL

AND RESTAURANT.

J. S. BAKER, Prop. Cor. 6th and Laurel.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

We pride ourselves on being the most accommodating house in the city.

M. HAGBERG,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

has a large and complete stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed, Provisions, etc.

M. HAGBERG,

Odd Fellows' Block.

CITY MEAT MARKET!

15 Sixth Street South.

C. H. PAINE & CO., Proprietors.

All kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS, FISH, BUTTER, Etc., always in stock and for sale at the very lowest prices. Try Paine's celebrated

Home Made Sausage,

The very best Sausage sold in this Market.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER,

DEALER IN

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all Kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS. ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND, 82 LAUREL STREET.

If You Wish The Finest Article

For their respective purposes, use the following.

FRISBY'S MAY CREAM, for Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, and Rougnness of the Skin."

MILES TAROLINE. As a Hair Tonic and Face Lotion it is unequalled.

SWINTON'S ENGLISH PRIMROSE TOOTH PASTE, is the best for cleansing the Teeth.

PERSIAN BOUQUET, is the finest of perfumes.

JOHNSON & BAIN, DRUGGISTS,

Keep All of the Above Named Goods.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money, at the Brainerd Loan Agency, to loan on all kinds of personal property with or without removal. All business

Strictly CONFIDENTIAL

Office with Brainerd Furniture Co., corner of Fifth and Front Streets. **A. L. HOFFMAN, Agent.**

Removed from Sleeper Block, Front Street.

THE BRAINERD DISPATCH.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 6. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA FRIDAY. JANUARY 4, 1889 INGERSOLL & WIELAND, PUBLISHERS

What To Buy, and What Not To Buy?

That is the Question.

It will not be difficult to determine when you look over our stock.

We take pleasure in showing our fine goods. We have EVERYTHING from a silver thimble to diamond encrusted watches. Among the leading articles which make fine

Holiday Presents!

ARE

14 K. SOLID GOLD WATCHES FOR GENTLEMEN, Full Engraved or plain

To Suit the Purchaser.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, of the most dainty and artistic construction. Set with DIAMONDS, RUBIES, OPALS and all other precious stones.

SOLID GOLD CHAINS, FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Also SOLID GOLD SLEEVE BUTTONS, COLLAR BUTTONS, SOLID GOLD CHARMS, NECK CHAINS, BRACKETS, DIAMOND, OPAL EMERALD and PEARL RINGS; Also a large stock of

14 and 18 Karat Plain Gold Rings,

Of all sizes and weights. Guaranteed to be as we represent them. You have only to examine our stock to be thoroughly convinced that finer goods cannot be found in the city. Everything is selected with the greatest care. We have the newest, cleanest and finest stock which can be found. O

Solid Sterling Silverware

comprises Napkin Rings, Butter Knives, Berry, Tea, Table and Sugar Spoons, Table Dorks, both plain and engraved. You cannot miss getting what you need in solid silver, and as for Roger Bros. and Reed & Barton old reliable Warranted Tripple Plate Silverware, you will find our store to be headquarters for the finest in the land. To sec is to be convinced.

We also have a variety of novelties which are not usually carried in Brainerd, among which are the elegant

Potpourri or Rose Jars,

In Gold and Siller Plate, Oxidized Silver, Royal Worcester China, Etc., besides a thousand and more other articles not especially mentioned. By all means look at our goods before you make you selection.

ENGRAVING DONE FREE,

On any article that can be engraved. We thank our citizens for the liberal patronage which they have already bestowed upon us. We cordially invite you all. We expect to keep up with the times, and depend upon it, you will never find us lagging behind.

Yours Truly,

DRESSKELL & SHEDD.

THE DRUG STORE,

36 FRONT STREET,

Keeps constantly on hand a full and complete line of

Pure Drugs,

Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. Physician's Prescriptions Compounded with care. Night Bell promptly responded to.

N. McFADDEN, Prop.

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

COR. LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

F. A. BRADBURY, Proprietor.

We Aim to Keep a First-lass Stockof

ChoiceFamily Groceries,

And to please our customers in all matters. Our stock is always replete with the best the market affords. Free delivery.

A Large and Select Stock of FLOUR and FEED on Hand.

SUNDBERG

Has a splendid line of

Silverware AND Holiday GOODS,

For bargains call at the store, Sixth street, next door to Lumbermen's Bank.

HARNESS SHOP

CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

Keep on hand an assortment of everything in one line.

Harness, Nets Whips, Curbs

BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLLARS.

D. W. WHITFORD.

Fine Outfits Made a Specialty

THE man who swore off on New Year's day is probably in the soup 'ere this.

THE St. Cloud Tribune has been forced to suspend on account of financial troubles.

ST. PAUL'S ice palace has been abandoned. The Northwest is getting too much October weather this winter to admit of ice palaces.

L. ED. DAVISON, editor of the Perham Bulletin, was bound over for trial for sending obscene and indecent printed matter through the mails at Detroit on Monday.

IN rendering an opinion on a divorce case recently a New York Judge said: "It is incovenient for a man to have two wives at onetime." It is claimed that the opinion of the judge is sound.

EVERY child in the state between the ages of eight and sixteen years is required to attend the public school twelve weeks in the year, at least six of which shall be consecutive. School boards failing to enforce this law are liable to a fine of $50 each.

MINNEAPOLIS wants the capitol removed and St. Paul won't listen to it. In the event of its removal, in order to please all parties, it should be brought as near the center of the state as possible and we are seriously thinking of having it brought to Brainerd.

New Collection Method.

The Crookston Times takes the following method of collecting back subscriptions:

There are a number of delinquent subscribers to this paper, who are now living with their second wives, although they have not paid the funeral expenses of their first ones. We will give these gentlemen just one week to pay up, and if, at the end of that time their accounts are not liquidated we will publish their names.

Take the Official Paper.

As will be seen by the proceedings of the county commissioners in another column, the DISPATCH was selected as the official paper for the coming year. The DISPATCH has been the official paper of this county for five years and the continuance of such is not more pleasing to the proprietors than to our many subscribers.

If you do not receive the DISPATCH call in and leave $1.50 and get the paper that publishes officially all proceedings of county matters, the tax list, the financial statement, besides all the news of the bustling city of Brainerd.

On the Upper Mississippi.

From Minneapolis Lumberman.]

Chas. Seele is getting out cedar near his place at the Big Logan.

The weather is excellent for skidding and most of camps have a good start in that direction.

Sydney McDonald is banking 800,000 for H. A. Smith on Bass brook about eight miles below the rapids.

H. A. Smith went into camp on the 16th. He operates two camps, one on Swan lake and one on O'Brien brook.

Mr. Leighton, of Leighton & Martin, have gone into camp with their hauling teams. They have two camps on Swan lake, and will put in 6,000,000.

Thos. Foley, proprietor of the Douglas House, in Aitkin, expects to put in 5,000,000 this season. He has camps on Moose and Willow and Swan lake.

Still no snow, and it is causing the lumbermen considerable trouble in getting supplies and teams into camp. Most of them are using wagons, although some take their sleighs and small loads. Between Aitkin and Grand Rapids, the middle road is best for those having sleighs and the state road for wagons.

Fenwick & Griffin, of Minneapolis, have put in a camp on Swan lake, and will bank 2,000,000. They brought their teams through from Minneapolis by wagon road. It took two weeks to make the trip. Thirty-one years ago Mr. Fenwick logged at what is called Big Lagan, about four miles below Grand Rapids on the Mississippi. He says stumpage was very cheap in those days, and the logs would go two and one-half to the thousand. Supplies were brought from Minneapolis in flat boats.

what a City Homestead Means.

Judge Young filed a decision today, says the Star, which has an important bearing on the limit of the homestead in cities. The case was the appeal of Daniel Chase from the decree of distribution in the matter of the estate of Henry B. Chase, deceased. The heirs of the latter are his widow, Hulda Chase, and his father, Daniel Chase, the appellant. The property was amicably distributed with the exception of the residence of the deceased with the land upon which it stood at the corner of Seventeenth street and Portland avenue. The lot is of extraordinary size, unplatted, and the question was how much of it the widow could claim as the homestead of her deceased husband. The law states that in cities of 5,000 people the homestead shall be limited to one lot. The probate court held that Mrs. Chase was entitled to such a portion of the land in question, as homestead, as would equal in extent the ordinary city lot, and to the widow's third of the remainder. Judge Young, however, holds that the whole lot, having been occupied by the deceased during his lifetime, was his homestead, and as such goes to the widow upon his death. The decision gives Mrs. Chase the title to the whole property during her life, at her death to go to Daniel Chase or his heirs.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company. For sale in 50 cts and $1.00 bottles by N. McFadden, Druggist. 44-1y

Now is the time to get your cutters and sleighs repainted and varnished at Congdon's paint shop.

COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners Held Tuesday, January 1st, 1889.

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners, regular meeting held January 1st, 1889.

All members of the board were present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved as read.

The following bills were allowed:

T. McMaster, oils, etc. furnished court house	$ 4 65
M. Hagberg, oils, etc. furnished county jail	2 80
M. Hagberg, groceries furnished poor farm	34 76
Brainerd Dispatch, printing commissioners proceedings and stationery	28 30
T. J. Nary, medical aid, drugs and groceries furnished Mrs. Gendreau, Cass county	62 00
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	12 27
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	97
Campbell & Smith, blankets for county jail	16 50
Louis Tache, expressage and postage	2 10
John Cameron, threshing at poor farm 3 days	6 00
Clark Dinwiddie, house rent election day at Mille Lacs.	5 00
K. W. Sundstrum, board and care of John Errickson, pauper	21 40
F. A. B. King & Co., 3 home door checks court house	13 85
D. M. Clark & Co., goods furnished court house	34 30
D. M. Clark & Co., stoves for poor farm	19 00
G. A. McDonald, custodian Mississippi river bridge, December	15 00
C. H. Paine & Co., meat furnished poor farm	8 92
Brainerd Water Co., water rent quarter ending April 1, 1889	50 00
M. McFadden, office furniture register of deeds office	45 00
P. G. Fogelstrom, attending 3 commissioners meetings	9 30
P. G. Fogelstrom, taking John Errickson, pauper, to hospital	3 00
J. M. Martin, attending two commissioners meetings	16 80

The following resolution was on motion adopted:

RESOLVED, That the contract for county printing, for ensuing year, be awarded to the Brainerd Dispatch, they being the only bidders.

On motion the following report of auditing board was accepted:

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners:

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, board of auditors, respectfully submit to your honorable body the following report:

That on the 28th day of December, 1888, we examined the books and accounts of the auditor and treasurer, and found the following to be a true and correct statement of finances, viz:

Balance on hand December 1st, 1888	$ 7,895.77
Tax Collections	1,312.06
Fine paid by M. L. Young	250.00
	$ 9,457.83

Accounted for by the treasurer as

Currency on hand	$ 283.42
Checks	423.97
Orders redeemed	1,738.03
Credit of State treasurer	374.19
Amount in Bank	6,638.22
	$ 9,457.83

We further certify that the different fund accounts between the treasurer and auditor were carefully examined by us and found to be correct.

LOUIS TACHE,
S. F. ALDERMAN,
J. S. GARDNER.
Auditing Board.

On motion, properly carried, the sum of $1,968.59 was borrowed from bond interest fund, and transferred in general county fund, to be refunded in the month of June.

Board adjourned until Monday, January the 7th, 1889.

LOUIS TACHE,
County Auditor.

The True Source of the Mississippi.

EDITORS DISPATCH:—Having been identified with the Glazier expedition in 1881, to the headwaters of the Mississippi, I ask the favor to be permitted to say a few words on the question of the true source of that river—a subject that has been lately discussed in some Minnesota papers. A Mr. J. V. Brower, during the past fall, appeared to have made a journey to Lake Itasca and reported that he found a lake to the west of the Glazier lake which he assumes to be the source of the great river. In the map that accompanied his article in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, this alleged lake—which is little more than a mud puddle—is shown to be NORTHWARD of the large lake fixed upon by Captain Glazier as the true source of the river. Those who assert that there is any body of water to the south of Lake Glazier, falling into the latter or into Lake Itasca, know but little of what they are saying. Since Captain Glazier's visit in 1881, there have been several candidates for fame or notoriety who have managed to get as far as he did, and jealous of his success in locating the beautiful lake beyond Itasca as the true head, have perversely fixed upon sundry puddles in its vicinity and published their crude convictions to the world in contradiction of his account. Mr. J. V. Brower is the latest of these redoubtable gentlemen, and will gain nothing by his effort to dispossess Captain Glazier of the honor conferred upon him by public opinion. Nine-tenths of the geography, educational publishers and map makers of the country have accepted his account, while hundreds of the most prominent citizens of Minnesota and elsewhere, have borne written testimony to the truth of his statements. Despite Mr. Brower, I unhesitatingly assert that no other water exists that can, with any show of reason or plausibility, be called the source of the Mississippi but the fine body of water which now bears the name of Lake Glazier.

Mr. Brower's map in the Pioneer Press of Dec. 1st, is an unmeaning jumble utterly beyond comprehension—except, as I have said above, that it confirms the Glazier account by placing the Brower source in a relative position to Lake Glazier that, in itself, refutes the theory of his pond being the source of the river. His article in the Pioneer Press is evasive and exposes the animus of the writer, whose object is clearly a desire to propagate an untruth and by so doing, deprive a worthy man of the credit it accorded him by his fellow-countrymen. No two of the parties who have visited the region since Captain Glazier, agree as to the true source, but they make one thing clear, and that is this, that the large heart-shaped lake to the south of Itasca, is the only body of water wider and deeper than Itasca, that is worthy of recognition as the fountain-head; all the other ponds and lakelets referred to being little more than mud-puddles with no clearly defined outlets, and all together undeserving of the slightest consideration. Mr. Brower's "true source" is one of those frog-ponds and his so-called "accurate map" is accurate only in this, that it places Lake Glazier in its right position, namely, atthe head of the Mississippi.

Respectfully,
PEARCE GILES.

New York, Jan. 1st, 1889.

A Warning.

Mrs. Chasks has a baby,
Part baby, part sapposee;
In the night time Chorks, mebbe,
Will go hunting oil of goose.

And will oint the little Fellow—
Cora Fellow's son, you know;
While the little one will bellow
In the gripe of colic's throe.

—Press.

Additional Locals.

Look over the elegant line of hosiery at Rosenblatt's.

E. M. Westfall held the ticket that drew the music-box at Dresskell & Shedd's.

The school board met last evening but there was not a quorum present and no business was transacted.

At the Baptist church Mr. C. E. Lyon, a lay worker is conducting meetings with a good interest. Good congregations have attended the meetings. Mr. Lyon will continue the meetings through the coming week every evening and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Death of Morris Ludwig.

LUDWIG—In this city on Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, 1889, of lung fever, Morris Ludwig, aged 35 years.

The deceased was taken ill at Minneapolis a week ago last Monday, and on his return to Brainerd he was worse and finally died at his residence in East Brainerd on Wednesday. He had resided in this city some six years, during which time he was employed by the Northern Pacific as a locomotive engineer. He was a member of Brainerd Division No. 44, B. of L. E. The funeral services will be held tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at two o'clock from the Methodist church. Deceased leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

Annual Report of Relief Society.

The object of the society is to give temporary relief to suffering humanity, chiefly to those not considered county charges. Committees are appointed for each ward and every family helped, is visited by one or two ladies, so there is not much room for imposition.

Through the kindness of the common council in donating to the society the surplus of the money raised for the cyclone sufferers, we have been enabled to get along very nicely, and still have a balance on hand. And should anyone wish to take the trouble to inquire into details, we feel assured they would not think their confidence misplaced.

The following is a tabulated statement of the disbursements for the year, which includes nineteenth families that have been helped:

Groceries	$143 97
Dry Goods	27 24
Shoes	23 45
Nursing	21 00
Meat	17 78
Wood	16 60
Medicine	11 00
Transportation	9 00
Stoves	14 20
Total	$284 24

The office of Chas. S. Hazen, at the N. P. Refrigerator buildings, will be open every evening from 7:30 to 9 p. m. CHAS. S. HAZEN, Fuel Agent.

DENIS BROS.,

—PROPRIETORS—

BRAINERD Machine Shops.

WE DO

Blacksmithing and Wagon Work,

On short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

Seventh St., Between Front & Laurel

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits, and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggists, Brainerd, Minn.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power, in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggist Sale Agents, Brainerd, Minn.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing. } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, Dec. 14th, 1888.

In the matter of the estate of James Meagher, deceased:

On reading and filing the petition of Elizabeth Meagher, of Brainerd in said county, representing among other things, that James Meagher, late of Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1888, at Brainerd in said county, died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John Kennedy granted.

It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Saturday, the 5th day of January, A. D. 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the office of the Judge of Probate, at Brainerd in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said county.

Dated at Brainerd, the 14th day of December, A. D, 1888. By the Court,
W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS, Default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Benjamin Shontell and Mary J. Shontell, mortgagors, to Daniel D. Smith, mortgagee, dated the Second day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Crow Wing, in the State of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1887, at nine (9) o'clock a. m., in book E of Mortgages, on page 136 on which there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the amount of Two hundred and ninety-two dollars and forty-six cents, ($292.46.), and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW, NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be forclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction at the front door of the Court House in the City of Brainerd, in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, on Monday, the 28th day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the amount which shall then be due on said mortgage, with the interest thereon, and costs and expenses of sale, and Twenty five (25) Dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

The premises described in said mortgage, and so to be sold, are the lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, and known and described as follows, to-wit:

The West one half (W½) of the South East quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section two (2), in Township forty-four (44), of Range thirty-one (31).

DANIEL D. SMITH,
Mortgagee.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Mortgage, Brainerd, Minn.
Dated December 14th, 1888

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby Given, That by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered and now in my hands, issued out of the District Court in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said Court in favor of Werner Hemstead, as plaintiff, against Badjevro Peterson, as defendant, I have levied upon the following described real property of said defendant, to-wit:

Twenty-five (25) feet off westend of lots ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12), and the west twenty-five (25) feet of the east fifty (50) feet off lots thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), all in Block sixty-nine (69), of the town, (now city), of Brainerd, according to the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in said Crow Wing county.

And that I shall, on Saturday, the 9th day of February, A. D. 1889, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the front door of the County Court House, in the City of Brainerd, in said County and State, proceed to sell the above described property, to satisfy said judgment and costs, amounting to eighty-five dollars and eighty-four cents, together with all accruing costs of sale, and interests on the same from the 5th day of December, 1888, at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

HENRY SPALDING,
Sheriff of Crow Wing County.

LEON E. LUM,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Dated Brainerd, Minn., December 20th, 1888.

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Be it known, that on the fifteenth day of March one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight (1878) William Wiek and Anna Wick, his wife, of Brainerd, Minnesota, made, executed and delivered unto the Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank, of Minneapolis, their certain mortgage; That said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1878, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Book A of mortgages, on pages 79 to 81; That said mortgage conveyed the hereinafter described premises to secure the payment of Two Hundred (200) Dollars, in six months from its date, and the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per centum, per annum, payable annually; That default has been made in the payment of said principal sum and interest thereon; That there is hereby claimed to be due on said mortgage debt the sum of Two Hundred and twenty-nine (229) Dollars, and the further sums paid for taxes on said premises of five and fifteen hundredths (5.15) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1887; two and twelve hundredths (2.12) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1886; and seven dollars and fifty-six hundredths ($7.56) paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1887, with interest on said respective sums from the dates of such payments; That no action or proceeding, has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; That said mortgaged premises are situate in Crow Wing county, Minnesota, and are described as follows, viz: South-west quarter of the north-west quarter (sw¼ of nw¼), and the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter (se¼ of ne¼) of section seven (7) in township forty-four (44) and range thirty (30).

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, That by reason of said default in the conditions of said mortgage, and by virtue of the power of sale therein contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said described mortgaged premises, which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Crow Wing county, at the Front Door of the court house, in the city of Brainerd, in said County and state, on the fourth day of February, A. D. 1889, at 12 o'clock in the noon of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt, interest and taxes, and twenty-five Dollars, attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said Mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption as provided by law.

Dated Minneapolis, Dec. 14th, A. D. 1888.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, OF MINNEAPOLIS, Mortgagee.

EDWARD M. JOHNSON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing. } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, January 4, 1889.

In the matter of the estate of Chauncey B. Sleeper, deceased.

Whereas, An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Chauncey B. Sleeper deceased, late of said County, has been delivered to this Court:

And Whereas, Sarah L. Sleeper, John Lindsay Smith and Edward Hazen, have filed therewith their petition, representing, among other things, that said Chauncey B. Sleeper died in said County on the 31st day of December, 1888, testate, and that said petitioners are the executrix and executors named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to them issued thereon;

It is Ordered, That the proofs of said instrument, and that said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in said County, on the Twenty sixth day of January, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument;

And it is Further Ordered, That public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said County.

By the Court.
W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Petitioners
Dated January 4th, 1889.

Bargains in Real Estate.

A. P. RIGGS,

Room 11, Bank Block.

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION!

A Word to Young Men and Women Who are Starting in Life.

The CURTISS COMMERCIAL COLLEGES of Minneapolis and St. Paul are among the most celebrated and efficient in the country.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen contemplating a full Commercial Course, or only desirous of learning Penmanship, Type-writing and short-hand, should

C. C. CURTISS,
Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.

Please state in your letter where you saw this notice.

WE TAKE THE LEAD.

In Groceries & Provisions

We carry the choicest and most select goods the market affords; canned goods, staple and fancy groceries, flour and feed. Our immense stock speaks for itself. Look it over.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an elegant line of ladies and gents underwear, hosiery and mittens, lumbermens goods, overshirts; We cannot fail to please our customers in clothing.

WE HAVE HOLIDAY Goods Galore!

Our line of toys is one of the most complete in the northwest. We can please the most fastidious in the matter of Christmas goods. Look our stock over before you purchase.

J. E. IRELAND, FRONT ST.

Professional Cards.

A. E. VEON,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND PENSION ATTORNEY,
No. 19, 5th Street.
Will attend to any business in either line.

L. M. ROBERTS,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence—Room No. 2, Hartley Block, Front Street, over W. A. Smith's Store.

DR. H. RIBBEL,
DENTIST
Rooms 3 and 4 over Bank Block
BRAINERD..... MINN.

P. S. WHITELY,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Office, Room 11, Bank Block,
BRAINERD..... MINN.

M. McFADDEN,
Register of Deeds and Insurance Agent
Represents none but first-class companies.
OFFICE—WITH REGISTER OF DEEDS AT COURT HOUSE,
BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

G. FERNALD,
(Successor to Frater & Fernald,)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rooms 1 and 2 - - Sleeper Block

W. A. FLEMING, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Room 8.
SLEEPER BLOCK, - - - BRAINERD

Werner Hemstead, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Cor. Front and 7th Streets, Brainerd.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NOTES from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has the unqualified endorsement of all;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has to-day the most popular line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE, and CHICAGO;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized PULLMAN line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway in the NORTHWEST;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has made an enviable reputation with its peerless DINING CAR SERVICE;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are specially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line.

For detailed information, apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or to representatives of the road.

WM. S. MELLEN, GEN. PASS. & TICKET AGT., MILWAUKEE.
JAS. BARKER, General Manager.

F. H. ANSON, Northwestern Passenger Agent, No. 19, Nicollett House Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Or DULUTH.

And all Points in

Minnesota, Dakota Montana Idaho, Washington Territory OREGON,

British Columbia, Puget Sound And Alaska.

Express trains Daily, to which are attached

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPER

AND

ELEGANT DINING CARS,

NO CHANGE OF CARS

BETWEEN

ST PAUL AND PORTLAND

On any class of Ticket.

Emigrant Sleepers Free

The only all Rail Line to the

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

For Full information as to Time, Rates, &c Address,

CHAS. S. FEE
Yellowstone Park in October.

Xmas Gifts.

FATHERS Buy mother a nice silk handkerchief or a silk neck scarf at Leopolds.

MOTHERS Buy father a silk scarf, or a plush cap, or a silk handkerchief, or a plush scarf, or an overcoat at LEOPOLD'S.

Sisters buy your brothers, or someone else's brother, a nice plush scarf at LEOPOLD'S.

Brothers buy your best girl a dandy seal skin cap at Leopold's,

Mothers don't forget the little ones at home, as our BOY SUITS, are almost closed out. You can buy good suits for from $1 to $4 these prices are less than cost, so come early to

LEOPOLD'S.

NEW FALL

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

DAY & MEACHER

Have just opened many new and choice lines of Cashmere, Underwear and Hosiery for the Fall and Winter Trade.

We Call Especial Attention to Our Lot of 50 Dozen

All Wool Shirts and Drawers

At 62 1-2 Cents Each.

DAY & MEACHER'S.

Everything New and Fresh!

Staple & Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed.

H. McGINN, Prop'r.

No. 15, South Sixth Street.

Our goods are all new and fresh and will bear a close inspection. Give us a call and see for yourseves.

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.

We are Prepared to Furnish and Set Up

Marble, Granite or White Bronze

Monuments and Headstones,

Just as Cheap

As you can go to St. Paul, Minnaapolis or Chicago and get them. Call and see our catalogue and leaveorders for spring delivery.

LOSEY & DEAN, Agents.

THE BRAINERD DISPATCH.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 6. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA FRIDAY. JANUARY 4, 1889 INGERSOLL & WIELAND, PUBLISHERS

What To Buy, and What Not To Buy?

That is the Question.

It will not be difficult to determine when you look over our stock.

We take pleasure in showing our fine goods. We have **EVERYTHING** from a silver thimble to diamond encrusted watches. Among the leading articles which make fine

Holiday Presents!

ARE

14 K. SOLID GOLD WATCHES FOR GENTLEMEN, Full Engraved or plain

To Suit the Purchaser.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, of the most dainty and artistic construction. Set with DIAMONDS, RUBIES, OPALS and all other precious stones.

SOLID GOLD CHAINS, FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Also SOLID GOLD SLEEVE BUTTONS, COLLAR BUTTONS, SOLID GOLD CHARMS, NECK CHAINS, BRACKETS, DIAMOND, OPAL EMERALD and PEARL RINGS; Also a large stock of

14 and 18 Karat Plain Gold Rings,

Of all sizes and weights. Guaranteed to be as we represent them. You have only to examine our stock to be thoroughly convinced that finer goods cannot be found in the city. Everything is selected with the greatest care. We have the newest, cleanest and finest stock which can be found. O

Solid Sterling Silverware

comprises Napkin Rings, Butter Knives, Berry, Tea, Table and Sugar Spoons, Table Dorks, both plain and engraved. You cannot miss getting what you need in solid silver, and as for Roger Bros. and Reed & Barton old reliable Warranted Tripple Plate Silverware, you will find our store to be headquarters for the finest in the land. To sec is to be convinced.

We also have a variety of novelties which are not usually carried in Brainerd, among which are the elegant

Potpourri or Rose Jars,

In Gold and Siller Plate, Oxidized Silver, Royal Worcester China, Etc., besides a thousand and more other articles not especially mentioned. By all means look at our goods before you make you selection.

ENGRAVING DONE FREE,

On any article that can be engraved. We thank our citizens for the liberal patronage which they have already bestowed upon us. We cordially invite you all, We expect to keep up with the times, and depend upon it, you will never find us lagging behind.

Yours Truly,

DRESSKELL & SHEDD.

THE DRUG STORE,

36 FRONT STREET,

Keeps constantly on hand a full and complete line of

Pure Drugs,

Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. Physician's Prescriptions Compounded with care. Night Bell promptly responded to.

N. McFADDEN, Prop.

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

COR. LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

F. A. BRADBURY, Proprietor.

We Aim to Keep a First-lass Stockof

ChoiceFamily Groceries,

And to please our customers in all matters. Our stock is always replete with the best the market affords. Free delivery.

A Large and Select Stock of FLOUR and FEED on Hand.

SUNDBERG

Has a splendid line of

Silverware AND Holiday GOODS,

For bargains call at the store, Sixth street, next door to Lumbermen's Bank.

HARNESS SHOP

CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

Keep on hand an assortment of everything in the line.

Harness, Nets Whips, Curbs

BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLLARS.

D. W. WHITFORD.

Fine Outfits Made a Specialty

THE man who swore off on New Year's day is probably in the soup 'ere this.

THE St. Cloud Tribune has been forced to suspend on account of financial troubles.

ST. PAUL'S ice palace has been abandoned. The Northwest is getting too much October weather this winter to admit of ice palaces.

L. ED. DAVISON, editor of the Perham Bulletin, was bound over for trial for sending obscene and indecent printed matter through the mails at Detroit on Monday.

IN rendering an opinion on a divorce case recently a New York Judge said: "It is incovenient for a man to have two wives at onetime." It is claimed that the opinion of the judge is sound.

EVERY child in the state between the ages of eight and sixteen years is required to attend the public school twelve weeks in the year, at least six of which shall be consecutive. School boards failing to enforce this law are liable to a fine of $50 each.

MINNEAPOLIS wants the capitol removed and St. Paul won't listen to it. In the event of its removal, in order to please all parties, it should be brought as near the center of the state as possible and we are seriously thinking of having it brought to Brainerd.

New Collection Method.

The Crookston Times takes the following method of collecting back subscriptions:

There are a number of delinquent subscribers to this paper, who are now living with their second wives, although they have not paid the funeral expenses of their first ones. We will give these gentlemen just one week to pay up, and if, at the end of that time their accounts are not liquidated we will publish their names.

Take the Official Paper.

As will be seen by the proceedings of the county commissioners in another column, the DISPATCH was selected as the official paper for the coming year. The DISPATCH has been the official paper of this county for five years and the continuance of such is not more pleasing to the proprietors than to our many subscribers.

If you do not receive the DISPATCH call in and leave $1.50 and get the paper that publishes officially all proceedings of county matters, the tax list, the financial statement, besides all the news of the bustling city of Brainerd.

On the Upper Mississippi.

From Minneapolis Lumberman.]

Chas. Seele is getting out cedar near his place at the Big Logan.

The weather is excellent for skidding and most of camps have a good start in that direction.

Sydney McDonald is banking 800,000 for H. A. Smith on Bass brook about eight miles below the rapids.

H. A. Smith went into camp on the 16th. He operates two camps, one on Swan lake and one on O'Brien brook.

Mr. Leighton, of Leighton & Martin, have gone into camp with their hanling teams. They have two camps on Swan lake, and will put in 6,000,000.

Thos. Foley, proprietor of the Douglas House, in Aitkin, expects to put in 5,000,000 this season. He has camps on Moose and Willow and Swan lake.

Still no snow, and it is causing the lumbermen considerable trouble in getting supplies and teams into camp. Most of them are using wagons, although some take their sleighs and small loads. Between Aitkin and Grand Rapids, the middle road is best for those having sleighs and the state road for wagons.

Fenwick & Griffin, of Minneapolis, have put in a camp on Swan lake, and will bank 2,000,000. They brought their teams through from Minneapolis by wagon road. It took two weeks to make the trip. Thirty-one years ago Mr. Fenwick logged at what is called Big Lagan, about four miles below Grand Rapids on the Mississippi. He says stumpage was very cheap in those days, and the logs would go two and one-half to the thousand. Supplies were brought from Minneapolis in flat boats.

what a City Homestead Means.

Judge Young filed a decision today, says the Star, which has an important bearing on the limit of the homestead in cities. The case was the appeal of Daniel Chase from the decree of distribution in the matter of the estate of Henry B. Chase, deceased. The heirs of the latter are his widow, Hulda Chase, and his father, Daniel Chase, the appellant. The property was amicably distributed with the exception of the residence of the deceased with the land upon which it stood at the corner of Seventeenth street and Portland avenue. The lot is of extraordinary size, unplatted, and the question was how much of it the widow could claim as the homestead of her deceased husband. The law states that in cities of 5,000 people the homestead shall be limited to one lot. The probate court held that Mrs. Chase was entitled to such a portion of the land in question, as homestead, as would equal in extent the ordinary city lot, and to the widow's third of the remainder. Judge Young, however, holds that the whole lot, having been occupied by the deceased during his lifetime, was his homestead, and as such goes to the widow upon his death. The decision gives Mrs. Chase the title to the whole property during her life, at her death to go to Daniel Chase or his heirs.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company. For sale in 50 cts and $1.00 bottles by N. McFadden, Druggist. 44-1y

Now is the time to get your cutters and sleighs repainted and varnished at Congdon's paint shop.

COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners Held Tuesday, January 1st, 1889.

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners, regular meeting held January 1st, 1889.

All members of the board were present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved as read.

The following bills were allowed:

T. McMaster, oils, etc. furnished court house	$ 4 65
M. Hagberg, oils, etc. furnished county jail	2 80
M. Hagberg, groceries furnished poor farm	34 76
Brainerd Dispatch, printing commissioners proceedings and stationery	28 30
T. J. Nary, medical aid, drugs and groceries furnished Mrs. Gendreau, Cass county	62 00
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	12 27
Campbell & Smith, goods furnished poor farm	97
Campbell & Smith, blankets for county jail	16 50
Louis Tache, expressage and postage	2 10
John Cameron, threshing at poor farm 3 days	6 00
Clark Dinwiddie, house rent election day at Mille Lacs.	5 00
K. W. Sundstrum, board and care of John Errickson, pauper	21 40
F. A. B. King & Co., 3 home door checks court house	13 85
D. M. Clark & Co., goods furnished court house	34 30
D. M. Clark & Co., stoves for poor farm	19 00
G. A. McDonald, custodian Mississippi river bridge, December	15 00
C. H. Paine & Co., meat furnished poor farm	8 92
Brainerd Water Co., water rent quarter ending April 1, 1889	50 00
M. McFadden, office furniture register of deeds office	45 00
P. G. Fogelstrom, attending 3 commissioners meetings	9 30
P. G. Fogelstrom, taking John Errickson, pauper, to hospital	3 00
J. M. Martin, attending two commissioners meetings	10 80

The following resolution was on motion adopted:

RESOLVED, That the contract for county printing, for ensuing year, be awarded to the Brainerd Dispatch, they being the only bidders.

On motion the following report of auditing board was accepted:

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners:

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, board of auditors, respectfully submit to your honorable body the following report:

That on the 28th day of December, 1888, we examined the books and accounts of the auditor and treasurer, and found the following to be a true and correct statement of finances, viz:

Balance on hand December 1st, 1888	$ 7,895.77
Tax Collections	1,312.06
Fine paid by M. L. Young	250.00
	$ 9,457.83

Accounted for by the treasurer as

Currency on hand	$ 283.42
Checks	423.97
Orders redeemed	1,738.03
Credit of State treasurer	374.19
Amount in Bank	6,638.22
	$ 9,457.83

We further certify that the different fund accounts between the treasurer and auditor were carefully examined by us and found to be correct.

LOUIS TACHE,
S. F. ALDERMAN,
J. S. GARDNER.
Auditing Board.

On motion, properly carried, the sum of $1,968.59 was borrowed from bond interest fund, and transferred in general county fund, to be refunded in the month of June.

Board adjourned until Monday, January the 7th, 1889.

LOUIS TACHE,
County Auditor.

The True Source of the Mississippi.

EDITORS DISPATCH:—Having been identified with the Glazier expedition in 1881, to the headwaters of the Mississippi, I ask the favor to be permitted to say a few words on the question of the true source of that river—a subject that has been lately discussed in some Minnesota papers. A Mr. J. V. Brower, during the past fall, appeared to have made a journey to Lake Itasca and reported that he found a lake to the west of the Glazier lake which he assumes to be the source of the great river. In the map that accompanied his article in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, this alleged lake—which is little more than a mud puddle—is shown to be NORTHWARD of the large lake fixed upon by Captain Glazier as the true source of the river. Those who assert that there is any body of water to the south of Lake Glazier, falling into the latter or into Lake Itasca, know but little of what they are saying. Since Captain Glazier's visit in 1881, there have been several candidates for fame or notoriety who have managed to get as far as he did, and jealous of his success in locating the beautiful lake beyond Itasca as the true head, have perversely fixed upon sundry puddles in its vicinity and published their crude convictions to the world in contradiction of his account. Mr. J. V. Brower is the latest of these redoubtable gentlemen, and will gain nothing by his effort to dispossess Captain Glazier of the honor conferred upon him by public opinion. Nine-tenths of the geography, eductational publishers and map makers of the country have accepted his account, while hnndreds of the most prominent citizens of Minnesota and elsewhere, have borne written testimony to the truth of his statements. Despite Mr. Brower, I unhesitatingly assert that no other water exists that can, with any show of reason or plausibility, be called the source of the Mississippi but the fine body of water which now bears the name of Lake Glazier.

Mr. Brower's map in the Pioneer Press of Dec. 1st, is an unmeaning jumble utterly beyond comprehension—except, as I have said above, that it confirms the Glazier account by placing the Brower source in a relative position to Lake Glazier that, in itself, refutes the theory of his pond being the source of the river. His article in the Pioneer Press is evasive and exposes the animus of the writer, whose object is clearly a desire to propagate an untruth and by so doing, deprive a worthy man of the credit it accorded him by his fellow-countrymen. No two of the parties who have visited the region since Captain Glazier, agree as to the true source, but they make one thing clear, and that is this, that the large heart-shaped lake to the south of Itasca, is the only body of water wider and deeper than Itasca, that is worthy of recognition as the fountain-head; all the other ponds and lakelets referred to being little more than mud-puddles with no clearly defined outlets, and all together undeserving of the slightest consideration. Mr. Brower's "true source" is one of those frog-ponds and his so-called "accurate map" is accurate only in this, that it places Lake Glazier in its right position, namely, atthe head of the Mississippi.

Respectfully,
PEARCE GILES.

New York, Jan. 1st, 1889.

A Warning.

Mrs. Chonka has a baby.
Part baby, part papoose;
In the night time Chonka, mebbe,
Will go hunting oil of goose.

And will oint the little Fellow—
Cora Fellow's son, you know;
While the little one will bellow
In the gripe of colic's throe.

—Press.

Additional Locals.

Look over the elegant line of hosiery at Rosenblatt's.

E. M. Westfall held the ticket that drew the music-box at Dresskell & Shedd's.

The school board met last evening but there was not a quorum present and no business was transacted.

At the Baptist church Mr. C. E. Lyon, a lay worker is conducting meetings with a good interest. Good congregations have attended the meetings. Mr. Lyon will continue the meetings through the coming week every evening and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Death of Morris Ludwig.

LUDWIG—In this city on Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, 1889, of lung fever, Morris Ludwig, aged 35 years.

The deceased was taken ill at Minneapolis a week ago last Monday, and on his return to Brainerd he was worse and finally died at his residence in East Brainerd on Wednesday. He had resided in this city some six years, during which time he was employed by the Northern Pacific as a locomotive engineer. He was a member of Brainerd Division No. 44, B. of L. E. The funeral services will be held tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at two o'clock from the Methodist church. Deceased leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

Annual Report of Relief Society.

The object of the society is to give temporary relief to suffering humanity, chiefly to those not considered county charges. Committees are appointed for each ward and every family helped, is visited by one or two ladies, so there is not much room for imposition.

Through the kindness of the common council in donating to the society the surplus of the money raised for the cyclone sufferers, we have been enabled to get along very nicely, and still have a balance on hand. And should anyone wish to take the trouble to inquire into details, we feel assured they would not think their confidence misplaced.

The following is a tabulated statement of the disbursements for the year, which includes nineteenth families that have been helped:

Groceries	$143 97
Dry Goods	27 24
Shoes	23 45
Nursing	21 00
Meat	17 78
Wood	16 60
Medicine	11 00
Transportation	9 00
Stoves	14 20
Total	$284 24

The office of Chas. S. Hazen, at the N. P. Refrigerator buildings, will be open every evening from 7:30 to 9 p. m. CHAS. S. HAZEN, Fuel Agent.

DENIS BROS.,

PROPRIETORS

BRAINERD Machine Shops.

WE DO

Blacksmithing and Wagon Work,

On short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

Seventh St., Between Front & Laurel

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Wells' Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits, and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggists, Brainerd, Minn.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power, in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHNSON & BAIN, Druggist Sole Agents, Brainerd, Minn.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing. } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, Dec. 14th, 1888.

In the matter of the estate of James Meagher, deceased:

On reading and filing the petition of Elizabeth Meagher, of Brainerd in said county, representing among other things, that James Meagher, late of Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1888, at Brainerd in said county, died intestate, and being a resident of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John Kennedy granted.

It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Saturday, the 5th day of January, A. D. 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the office of the Judge of Probate, at Brainerd in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said county.

Dated at Brainerd, the 14th day of December, A. D. 1888.

By the Court,
W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS, Default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Benjamin Shontell and Mary J. Shontell, mortgagors, to Daniel D. Smith, mortgagee, dated the Second day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Crow Wing, in the State of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1887, at nine (9) o'clock a. m., in book E of Mortgages, on page 136 on which there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the amount of Two hundred and ninety-two dollars and forty-six cents, ($292.46.), and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction at the front door of the Court House in the City of Brainerd, in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, on Monday, the 28th day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the amount which shall then be due on said mortgage, with the interest thereon, and costs and expenses of sale, and Twenty five (25) Dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

The premises described in said mortgage, and so to be sold, are the lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the County of Crow Wing, and State of Minnesota, and known and described as follows, to-wit:

The West one half (W½) of the South East quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section two (2), in Township forty-four (44), of Range thirty-one (31).

DANIEL D. SMITH,
Mortgagee.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Mortgage, Brainerd, Minn.
Dated December 14th, 1888

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby Given, That by virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered and now in my hands, issued out of the District Court in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said Court in favor of Werner Hemstead, as plaintiff — against Badgero Peterson, as defendant, I have levied upon the following described real property of said defendant, to-wit:

Twenty-five (25) feet off west end of lots ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12), and the west twenty-five (25) feet of the east fifty (50) feet off lots thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), all in Block sixty-nine (69), of the town, now city, of Brainerd, according to the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in said Crow Wing county.

And that I shall, on Saturday, the 9th day of February, A. D. 1889, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the front door of the County Court House, in the City of Brainerd, in said County and State, proceed to sell the above described property, to satisfy said judgment and costs, amounting to eighty-five dollars and eighty four cents, together with all accruing costs of sale, and interests on the same from the 5th day of December, 1888, at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

HENRY SPALDING,
Sheriff of Crow Wing County.

LEON E. LUM,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Dated Brainerd, Minn., December 20th, 1888.

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Be it known, that on the fifteenth day of March one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight (1878) William Wick and Anna Wick, his wife, of Brainerd, Minnesota, made, executed and delivered unto the Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank, of Minneapolis, their certain mortgage; That said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1878, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Book A of mortgages, on pages 79 to 81; That said mortgage conveyed the hereinafter described premises to secure the payment of Two Hundred (200) Dollars, in six months from its date, and the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per centum, per annum, payable annually; That default has been made in the payment of said principal sum and interest thereon; That there is hereby claimed to be due on said mortgage debt the sum of Two Hundred and twenty-nine (229) Dollars, and the further sums paid for taxes on said premises of five and fifteen hundredths (5.15) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1883; two and twelve hundredths (2.12) dollars paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1886; seven dollars and fifty-six hundredths ($7.56) paid May 31st, 1888, for the tax of 1887, with interest on said respective sums from the date of such payments; That no action or proceeding, has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; That said mortgaged premises are situate in Crow Wing county, Minnesota, and are described as follows, viz: South-west quarter of the north-west quarter (sw¼ of nw¼), and the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter (se¼ of ne¼) of section seven (7) in township forty-four (44) and range thirty (30).

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, That by reason of said default in the conditions of said mortgage, and by virtue of the power of sale therein contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said described mortgaged premises, which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Crow Wing county, at the Front Door of the court house, in the city of Brainerd, in said County and state, on the fourth day of February, A. D. 1889, at 12 o'clock in the noon of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt, interest and taxes, and twenty-five Dollars, attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said Mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption as provided by law.

Dated Minneapolis, Dec. 14th, A. D. 1888.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, OF MINNEAPOLIS, Mortgagee.

EDWARD M. JOHNSON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Crow Wing. } ss.

In Probate Court, Special Term, January 4, 1889.

In the matter of the estate of Chauncey B. Sleeper, deceased.

Whereas, An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Chauncey B. Sleeper deceased, late of said County, has been delivered to this Court:

And Whereas, Sarah L. Sleeper, John Lindsay Smith and Edward Hazen, have filed therewith their petition, representing, among other things, that said Chauncey B. Sleeper died in said County on the 31st day of December, 1888, testate, and that said petitioners are the executrix and executors named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to them issued thereon;

It is Ordered, That the proofs of said instrument, and that said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in said County, on the Twenty sixth day of January, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument;

And it is Further Ordered, That public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd Dispatch, a newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said County.

By the Court.

W. P. SPALDING,
Judge of Probate.

G. S. FERNALD,
Attorney for Petitioners
Dated January 4th, 1889.

Bargains in Real Estate.

A. P. RIGGS,

Room 11, Bank Block.

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION!

A Word to Young Men and Women Who are Starting in Life.

The CURTISS COMMERCIAL COLLEGES of Minneapolis and St. Paul are among the most celebrated and efficient in the country.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen contemplating a full Commercial Course, or only desirous of learning Penmanship, Type-writing and short-hand, should

C. C. CURTISS,
Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.

Please state in your letter where you saw this notice.

WE TAKE THE LEAD.

In Groceries & Provisions

We carry the choicest and most select goods the market affords; canned goods, staple and fancy groceries, flour and feed. Our immense stock speaks for itself. Look it over.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an elegant line of ladies and gents underwear, hosiery and mittens, lumbermens goods, overshirts; We cannot fail to please our customers in clothing.

WE HAVE HOLIDAY Goods Galore!

Our line of toys is one of the most complete in the northwest. We can please the most fastidious in the matter of Christmas goods. Look our stock over before you purchase.

J. E. IRELAND, FRONT ST.

Professional Cards.

A. E. VEON,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND PENSION ATTORNEY,
No. 19, 5th Street.
Will attend to any business in either line.

L. M. ROBERTS,
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Office and Residence—Rooms No. 3, Hartley Block, Front Street, over W. A. Smith's Store.

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Rooms 3 and 4 over Bank Block
BRAINERD..... .....MINN.

P. S. WHITELY,
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M. McFADDEN,
Register of Deeds and Insurance Agent
Represents none but first-class companies.
OFFICE—WITH REGISTER OF DEEDS AT COURT HOUSE,
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G. S. FERNALD,
(Successor to Frater & Fernald,)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rooms 1 and 2 • • Sleeper Block

W. A. FLEMING, ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Room 8.
SLEEPER BLOCK, - - - BRAINERD

Werner Hemstead, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Cor. Front and 7th Streets, Brainerd.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NOTES from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has the unqualified endorsement of all;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has to-day the most popular line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE, and CHICAGO;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized PULLMAN line between MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL and MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway in the NORTHWEST;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has made an enviable reputation with its peerless DINING CAR SERVICE;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all;

That the WISCONSIN CENTRAL has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are specially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line.

For detailed information, apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or to representatives of the road.

WM. S. MELLEN, JAS. BARKER,
General Manager. Gen. Pass'r & Ticket Agt.
MILWAUKEE.

F. H. ANSON, Northwestern Passenger Agent, No. 19, Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Or DULUTH.

And all Points in

Minnesota, Dakota Montana Idaho, Washington Territory OREGON,

British Columbia, Puget Sound **And Alaska.**

Express trains Daily, to which are attached

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPER AND **ELEGANT DINING CARS,**

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN

S PAUL AND PORTLAND

On any class of Ticket,

Emigrant Sleepers Free

The only all Rail Line to the

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

For Full information as to Time, Rates, &c Address,

CHAS. S. FEE
Yellowstone Park in October.

Xmas Gifts.

FATHERS Buy mother a nice silk handkerchief or a silk neck scarf at Leopolds.

MOTHERS Buy father a silk scarf, or a plush cap, or a silk handkerchief, or a plush scarf, or an overcoat at LEOPOLD'S.

Sisters buy your brothers, or someone else's brother, a nice plush scarf at LEOPOLD'S.

Brothers buy your best girl a dandy seal skin cap at Leopold's,

Mothers don't forget the little ones at home, as our BOY SUITS, are almost closed out. You can buy good suits for from $1 to $4 these prices are less than cost, so come early to

LEOPOLD'S.

NEW FALL UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

DAY & MEACHER

Have just opened many new and choice lines of Cashmere, Underwear and Hosiery for the Fall and Winter Trade.

We Call Especial Attention to Our Lot of 50 Dozen

All Wool Shirts and Drawers

At 62 1-2 Cents Each.

DAY & MEACHER'S.

Everything New and Fresh!

Staple & Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed.

H. McGINN, Prop'r.

No. 15, South Sixth Street.

Our goods are all new and fresh and will bear a close inspection. Give us a call and see for yourseves.

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.

We are Prepared to Furnish and Set Up

Marble, Granite or White Bronze

Monuments and Headstones,

Just as Cheap

As you can go to St. Paul, Minnaapolis or Chicago and get them. Call and see our catalogue and leaveorders for spring delivery.

LOSEY & DEAN, Agents.

Brainerd Dispatch.

INGERSOLL & WIELAND, Publishers.

BRAINERD, - MINNESOTA.

Prof. Huxley has returned to London benefitted, but not completely restored to his health by his journey on the continent.

One of the promised sensations of the Paris exhibition will be given by a man who will make daily baloon ascensions mounted on a horse.

There will be but four farmers in the next Missouri State Senate and one merchant, while the lawyers number twenty-two.

There are fourteen different towns and cities in the United States named Augusta, and there is never a day that freight and mail matter is not going wrong.

The losses of the French people on the Lesseps canal must make them feel somewhat as they did when Bismarck fixed the price of their escape from German authority.

The largest sum ever collected at a charity dinner was $260,000 received at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls, recently held at the Albert Hall London.

According to the gossip of the bar the Parnell commission costs precisely three guineas a minute. This calculation includes the whole expenditure of all the parties concerned, the state included.

Graining seems to be going out of style. Very few high salaried journeymen in this line of business are now employed in the various shops, and one is now very willing to fill in his unemployed time at plain journeyman painter's work and wages.

Misses Dora and Edna Gambel are artists in Los Angeles, Cal., who after spending the past year on their ranch in the Antelope Valley have opened a studio in the city, and show among other mountain studies more than a hundred different varities of wild flowers.

In thirty years, Count Tolstoi says, private property in land will be a thing of the past. England, America and Russia will be the first to solve the problem. If Count Tolstoi really said this he ought to make a trip to this continent some time before he passes away in his ignorance and see what he has yet to learn.

Labrador is said to possess a waterfall that makes Niagara Falls insignificant in comparison. R. F. Holm, who recently made a tour of Labrador, locates this fall on the Grand river, which is 1,500 feet wide at the fall, and the height of the fall is estimated to be nearly 2,000 feet.

Four Brothers married to four sisters by the same minister was the record finished at Louisville, Ky., on the 21st when George Rothemberger was married to Louisa Wieglieb. The parties are all German Lutherans, and the two families represented have been neighbors for thirty years on farms about ten miles from the city.

Two young men operating under the names of Hughes & Taylor have swindled farmers and others in the southern counties of New York State out of $15,000 and left for parts unknown. They represented themselves as commission merchants, and thus succeeded in having consignments of farm produce forwarded to them. They pocketed the proceeds and decamped.

At a family dinner given not long ago by Valentine Winter, a venerable banker of Dayton, Ohio, under the plates were found envelopes containing deeds, stocks, bonds, etc., aggregating nearly $500,000, as presents to his children and grand-children. In like manner he divided $400,000 between them in 1882, and it is not an uncommon thing for his children to find $1,000 checks under their plates.

The editor of a territorial weekly received a number of letters from his subscribers urging him to publish his paper bi-weekly. He did so, but when they found that this meant only once in every too weeks they looked in their dictionaries and decided that a semi-weekly was what they wanted. It is an interesting fact that while "bi-weekly" means once in two weeks, "tri-weekly" means three times a week.

An employe of Jay Gould recently remarked: "George Gould and his father love each other as much as any father and son I ever saw, and the same is the case with the other boys, who conseqently are always glad to go home to their parents. Gould has imparted to his sons skill enough to take care of themselves. One of his boys is a good telegraph operator, another is a good stenographer. The old man can go all over this land and dictate his dispatches to one boy and the other one can send them by wire."

One September evening in Mittineague, a village two miles west of Springfield, Mass., the good people gathered to the Congregational Church vestry for regular prayer meeting service. The young minister, recently ordained, has been appointed to lead the services, but though the congregation waited he failed to appear. Finally concern at his non appearance caused a message to be sent to his house, and the messenger returned with the answer that the dominie was ill and could not lead on that occasion. It finally transpired that the clergyman had started faithfully for the meeting that evening, but on the way had committed the time-honored error of attempting to pet a strange cat, which quickly proved its innocence of domestic felicity, and while his flock sang "Sweet By and By" he was engaged in the unpleasant interment by lantern light of a gladly relinquished suit of clothes.

THE NEWS RESUME.

The Cream of the News Gleaned From the Latest Associated Press Telegrams.

The Casualty Calendar.

W. J. Borrer, aged twenty-two, while engaged in his father's sawmill at Rock Chapel, Ontario, slipped and fell on a large circular saw, and his body was cut almost in two, causing death a few hours later.

A search for Gus Smith, a boy who had been missing since Christmas, was rewarded at Eau Claire, Wis., in finding the body under the ice in the river with a cut on the forehead. An inquest was held and the jury decided it a case of accidental drowning.

A small grocery store on South State street in Chicago was destroyed by an incendiary fire one morning, and an unknown man, supposed to have been a burglar, was burned to death. A barrel of oil in the front part of the store exploded during the fire, and a man named Frenk Pollo, who was standing outside the door, was fatally burned.

The entire business portion of Auburn, a small town seven miles north of Grafton, Dakota, was destroyed by fire. The fire was started in the Arlington house, owned by William MacKenzie, and burned eleven buildings. The losses will fully aggregate $40,000; insurance, $20,000. Four families are homeless. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Amelie Thurin, seventeen years of age, who was employed as a domestic in a private family, upon retiring at Chicago blew out the gas and was found dead in bed next morning. The girl came from Sweden three weeks ago and had been at work for the family only five days. Three nights in succession her employer had turned out the gas in the girl's room to show her how it was done, but she failed to learn.

Two freights on the Rock Island, running twenty miles an hour, colided in a deep cut near Tiptop Colorado, completely demolishing both engines and trains and instantly killing Fireman Harding and crushing the skull and otherwise injuring engineer Hoge. Engineer Case received severe injuries on the head. Fireman Houtz suffered a fractured hip, injured shoulder and severe wounds on the head, which may prove fatal. The other train hands were only slightly bruised.

An accident occurred at Denver which resulted in the instant death of at least four men and mortally wounding of two others. The Denver Gas company had 100 men employed in excavating a ditch, six feet deep along the side of and underneath the track of the cable car line, when suddenly the track for an entire block fell, crushing the life out of and imprisoning the men underneath. The men were immediately set to work removing the fallen track and four dead and two badly wounded have been removed. The other men escaped with more or less bruises. It is not yet known whether any more are underneath the track or not. The names of the dead and wounded have not been ascertained.

Talk About People.

The fact that Congressman Moffat of Pennsylvania is confined in a private asylum, the result of over work and excitement incident to the recent campaign, has called attention to the fact that over half a dozen congressman who were defeated for either renomination or re-election have thus far this season not appeared in the house. In several instances, they are reported as suffering from melancholia incident to their defeat.

Petty Criminalities.

Six prisoners escaped from jail at Butte, Montana. All of them had been convicted at the present term of court and all were under sentence to the penitentiary for two years.

W. H. Webb, who murdered his wife at Brandon on Sept. 1 was hanged at Winnipeg. He met his doom without flinching, and professed to have received religion. Death was instantaneous.

On a farm near North Loup, Nebraska, Sheriff Nicholl arrested a man answering the description of the supposed murderer of Miss Mehitable White of Concord, Mass. A large reward had been offered for him. He denies his guilt.

Prado, the murderer of Marie Aigutant, his mistress, was guillotined at Paris in the Place de la Roquette. He perserved a firm pemeanor to the last. He refused to make a confession, and also declined the services of the chaplain. The death was witnessed by some 200 artists, newspaper men, lawyers and politicians, who possessed influence sufficent to obtain admission within the sentry lines to the Place de la Roquette. He died with much the same bravado as Pranzini, his former chum and counterpart.

A gambler named Jack Galvin got into a dispute with another man in Helena, Mont. Jack Harris, a well known gambler and athlete, interferred and took the stranger's part, when another quarrel ensued between Galvin and Harris, the latter knocking the former down. Galvin secured a dagger and followed Harris to Dell Dick's saloon to fight Harris. A scuffle followed, both men falling to the floor, when Galvin pulled his dirk and stabbed Harris in the left side, the blade cutting through a rib. The wounded man now lives at the hospital in a critical condition. Galvin is in jail. Sympathy seems to be with Galvin, as Harris is regarded as a bully, and shot a man at Great Falls last year.

In front of the guillotine a board stood upright to a height of five feet. Four burley men dressed in blouses of blue and white, striped stockings, sprang forward, seized the condemned man, hurled him onward against the upright, flung themselves upon him, and by their weight bore the struggling victim, face downward, to the top of the low platform. That board worked on a swivel and ran on rollers. In an instant it had been wheeled forward until the neck was under the glistening knife, upon which the morning light had begun to gleam. Then the knife was sprung, and the keen steel struck the neck as it might have collided with a rubber car spring. It went through, and the head of Prado lay among the shavings beyond.

One of the boldest robberies ever committed in St. Louis, occurred on Olive street, near Sixth, the busiest part of the city. Henry Ashoff, with Roseuhelm, Lewis & Co., wholesale millinery, had drawn $1,300 from the Bank of Commerce. He had the money in three packages—one of $1,000 and two of $150 each. At George Neil's hat store, 625 Olive street, he was jostled by three well-dressed men and found $300 of his money missing. He gave the alarm and one man was arrested. The prisoner gave the name of C. W. Ward, but afterward admitted his name was Clifford W. Ely, and stated that he traveled for Price, the collar and cuff dealer, Chicago. The money was not found on the prisoner.

James Green, of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., who cut his wife's throat after hitting her on the head with a hammer, and then cut a frightful gash in his own neck, succeeded in escaping from his watchers and getting possession of a razor, inflicted another deep cut on the opposite side of his neck from the first, and died in a few moments. He had made frequent attempts during the day to tear open the first wound, but was held on the bed by two attendants. Mrs. Green will probably die. When asked why he attempted to kill his wife, Green would only reply: "Because I wanted to." Green's son, a young man, says his father was jealous without cause, and that women gossips are to blame for the trouble. There is great excitement in the village over the tragedy.

Judge Robert A. Johnston committed suicide at his residence in Avondale near Cincinnati. About two months ago, his estimable wife, daughter of the late Judge Ewing, died after a long and painful illness. Since then, Judge Johnston has been known to be broken with grief, though he has attended nearly as usual to his duties. He resided with his married daughter, Mrs. Harries Hurlbert, and after dinner visited the grave of his wife at Spring Grove cemetery. In the morning, he rose, and, without dressing himself, took a revolver which he had in his room, and deliberately fired a ball through his head, causing instantaneous death. He was well established gnancially, happy in all his domestic relations and has no known cause for this act, except for his overwhelming grief at the loss of his lifelong companion. He was between 55 and 60 years old.

An unknown man entered the saloon of C. Kalmbach, in the suburbs of Omaha, as he was closing up, and, flashing a revolver in his face, ordered him to throw up his hands. Kalmbach seized the man, when the latter fired, the ball striking Kalmbach just above the temple. The saloon keeper threw his assailant to the floor when a second man rushed in and began beating Kalmbach over the head with a revolver. The saloonkeeper's dog here seized the second man, and Kalmbach succeeded in throwing the first man out of the window. The second burglar then broke away from the dog and fled. Kalmbach staggered to the house of a neighbor. The bullet was found about an eighth of an inch from the temple and a half inch from the point where it entered. There were 14 bad scalp wounds. His recovery is considered doubtful. The assailants are still at large.

At a country church in Coffey county, Georgia, a few days since, a man who was disturbing public workship was killed by the preacher in charge of the church. For some time trouble has existed in the church, one faction favoring the retention of the present pastor, and the other favoring his dismissal. The faction fight grew very bitter, and the trouble reached a climax recently, when the pastor's friends voted him for another year. One of the members most bitterly opposed to the pastor, approached the pulpit where the reverend gentleman was sitting, and engaged in conversation with him. This became much excited, and finally the membe raised his hand and dealt the preacher a sharp blow on the cheek. The pastor remonstrated with his assailant, but he struck the preacher again and again, accompanying the blows with a profusion of vile epithets, and also spitting in the minister's face. The minister drew his knife and stabbed his assailant repeatedly. Women screamed, and the men looked on aghast, while the unfortunate man fell down in the pulpit and died.

Foreign Gleanings

It is rumored that the Czar is disposed to become reconciled to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, late Prince of Bulgaria, and the report is construed that Russia will advocate his resumption of the Bulgarian throne.

Brussels, in Belgium, has been thrown into a ferment of excitement by the reception by prominent people of cards and telegrams announcing the advent in the quaint old city of the famous "Jack the Ripper," of Whitechapel notoriety. King Leopold, the perfect of police and the court ministers are among the recipients of this mysterious being's delicate attention.

The steamer Leo went into Prince Frederick sound Alaska, and anchored, and when the tide receded and the storm abated the Leo was left high and dry on the the ledge of Table Rock. The vessel settled down ten feet, striking her stern on rocky boulders, completely demolishing the keel. The tide fell twenty-four feet. The crew landed on the beach half a mile distant and saved all the vessels gear, while the cargo was lost. A boat with five men was sent to Juneau for assistance, and the rest of the crew remained on the beach for twenty-two days. Capt. Whitford and the cook remained at the scene of the disaster, guarding what material was saved until the same can be taken to Sitka.

Other News Jottings.

The ducking tub and hanging by the wrists, modes of punishment long in vogue at the Ohio penitentiary, have been abolished by Warden Coffin as too severe and inhuman, and the dark dungeon will be substituted for them.

A section of iron pipe, 6 inches long and 2½ inches in diameter, containing three heavy dynamite catridges, and with a fuse attached, was found under a stairway on the tenement 311 East Thirty-eighth street, New York The police is trying to find out who placed it there.

Another $25,000 libel suit against the Chicago Times, growing out of its recent infanticide investigations, was begun in the circuit court by Dr. Walter F. Knoll. The alleged libelous article printed under a heading which announced that the doctor was a physician who would perform a criminal operation "out of sympathy." Dr. Knoll claims that the interview with him did not bear out the allegations of the headline, but that he was mis-represented most grossly.

Father F. C. Jean, about ten years ago was removed from the pastorate of St. Iraneus' Catholic church at Lyons, Iowa, by Bishop Hennessy. He has brought several suits to recover damages from the bishop on the ground that the removal was illegal, in all of which suits Jean was defeated. He filed with the clerk of the district court a petition asking damages from Bishop Hennessy, W. J. Knight and W. J. Cantilhon, jointly, in the sum of $300,000. The question of property ownership is involved. Father Jean claiming that his personal funds were invested in property which the church has deprived him of.

The work on the Panama canal continues, although on some sections labor has been reduced. Altogether some 2,000 men have been discharged during the past two months, owing to disputes between the canal company and contractors. It is not expected that any more workmen will be dispensed with. The highest authorities consider a total suspension of work as very improbable. Such a suspension could only be occasioned by the complete failure of the reorganization scheme now under consideration in Paris. There are now about 9,000 laborers actually engaged on the works. There is no foundation for the reports recently circulated that 75 per cent of the men now in the employ of the company would be discharged at end of one year.

The legislature of Idaho Territory, now in session, is considering measures looking to the overthrow of the influence of the Mormon church in territorial politics. The present election law requires voters when casting their ballots to take oath that they are not members of the Mormon church. The object of this law was evaded at the late election by Mormons permitting themselves to be excommunicated from the church with the understanding that they would be reinstated after the election. It is now proposed to pass a law requiring each voter to make affidavit that he has not been a member of the Mormon church within two years preceding the election.

There was a sad sequel at Chicago to a case resembling that of lost Charlie Ross. The missing child in this instance was little Tessie Redmond, the pretty golden-haired four-year-old daughter of sturdy looking John Redmond, a blacksmith. The father, driven crazy by the worry and anxiety of his little one's disappearance and his fruitless effort to recover her, was at last adjudged insane in the county court and committed to a private asylum. May 22, last, Tessie was playing in front of her father's house on State Street. That was the last ever seen of her. Her disappearance was as complete as it was mysterious. Rewards were offered, but all that the strictest inquiry ever revealed was the testimony of some playmates who said that they saw a woman in black approach Tessie and proffer her sweetmeats. When they turned around again the mysterious woman and her supposed victim had gone.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Flour firm and unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat, 99½@99¾c; No. 3 spring wheat, 84@92c; No. 2 red, 99½@99¾c; No. 2 corn, 33⅞@34c; No. 2 oats, 25c; No. 2 rye, 50c; No. 2 barley, 75c, o. t.; No. 1 flax seed, $1.60½; prime timothy seed, $1.50; mess pork, per bbl, $12.90; lard, per 100 lbs. $8.22½@8.25; short ribs side (loose). $6.80; dry salted shoulders (boxed), $6.75@6.87½; short clear sides (boxed), $7.12½@7.25; whisky, distillers' finished goods, per gal., $1.20; sugars cut loaf, 8@8⅝c; granulated, 7½c; standard "A," 7⅛c; eggs 18@19.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat, No. 1, hard, Dec. $1.16; Jan. $1.17, May, $1.22; No. 1, northern Dec. $1.06, Jan. $1.07, May $1.10⅜; No. 2, northern, Dec. 95c., Jan. 96c., May $1.02. Flour Patents, sacks to local dealers; $6.35@6.50; patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $6.15@6.30; in barrels, $6.35@6.50; delivered at New England points, $7@7.15; delivered at New York points, $9.90@7.05; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $6.85@7; bakers' here, $4.20@5.30; superfine, $3@4.35, red dog, sacks, $1.60@1.65, red dog. bbls, $1.80@1.85. Corn, 28@30c.; Oats, 22@30c.; Barley, No. 3, 40@62c.; Fax, $1.54½; Hay choice, $6, fair to good, $4.50@5.50.

ST. PAUL.

Wheat—No. 1 hard, $1.14 bid; No. 1 Northern, $1.06 bid; No. 2, Northern, 95c bid. Corn—No. 2, old, 32½c bid; December, 32½c bid; No. 2, new, 30½c bid. Oats—No. 2, mixed, 25½c bid, 26½c asked; December, 25½c bid, 26½c asked; No. 2, white, 27c bid; No. 3, 25@26c asked. Rye—No. 2, 54c asked. Ground Feed—$13 asked. Corn Meal—Unbolted, $13 asked. Bran—Bulk, $11.50 asked. Hay—No. 1, upland prairie, $5.25 bid, $6 asked; No. 1, $4 bid, $4.50@5 asked; timothy, $8@9 asked. Dressed Hogs—$5.50 bid. Flax Seed—$1.52 bid. Timothy Seed—$1.35 bid. Clover Seed—$4.20 bid. Eggs—21c bid, 22c asked; ice house, 18@20c asked. Flour—Patents, $6.50@6.75; straight, $5.75@6; bakers', $4.75@5; rye flour, $3.25@3.75; buckwheat, $3.50.

MILWAUKEE.

Wheat firm; cash, 93c; January, 93⅛c; May, 99⅝c. Corn steady; No. 3, 30@31c. Oats dull; No. 2, white, 27@28c. Rye easy; No. 1, 49½c. Barley quiet, No. 2, 67c. Provisions steady. Pork, $12.80. Lard, $7.72½. Butter firm; dairy, 20@22c. Eggs firm; fresh, 20c. Cheese steady; cheddars, 10@10½c.

No Cause For a Quarrel.

It is learned at the department of state at Washington that the case of the brig Josefa against the Spanish government, for indignities, etc., alleged to have been imposed by the customs officers at Port Rico, Jamaica, has been under investigation since July, 1887, and since that time the state department has been endeavoring to secure a remittance of the fine that had been placed on the vessel. The Spanish laws against smuggling contain a provision that if a vessel comes into a Spanish port with less cargo on board than her manifest shows, she will be liable to a fine of $200 for every package missing. This ship's manifest mentioned twenty packages of corn starch that could not be found, and a fine of $4,000 was accordingly levied on her. It is a custom to remit the fine if a reasonable excuse can be given, but in this case the packages could not by any explanation be accounted for. One defense was advanced that the goods had been put by mistake on the bark Josephus, which lay next to the Josefa in New York, but the department, upon investigating the case, learned that the Josephus had no corn starch on board on that trip, and did not lay next to the Josefa in loading. In the correspondence, the officers of the Josefa admitted that the mistake may have been caused by careless receipting for the goods. In view of the failure of the ship to explain the absence of the packages, the department could see no ground on which to base a quarrel with the Spanish custom office, and the case has been dropped.

Trouble of Saloon Keepers.

In the district court at Grand Forks D. T. Judge Templeton gave the liquor men a very black eye when he decided that a saloon keeper could not claim the protection of the law until his license was issued, even though he had filed bonds and paid the license money. This affects a number of cases. The county commissioners, after the local option law was passed, granted license for the balance of the year at $125. Quite a number of saloon men paid their money to the treasurer and filed bonds, commencing to sell liquor at once and before the bonds had been acted upon by the commissioners. Indictments were found against some on this ground and they have put up money in the shape of fines. John Sanden, of McKinock, was found guilty of selling liquor to minors. He plead guilty to the second charge of the same character and to a third charge of unlawful selling. The court imposed a fine of $150 on charge or to go to jail and work out the fine at the rate of $2 per day. Judgement was reserved on the other counts. Sanden went to jail. James Rich, of Manuel, was found guilty of unlawfully selling liquor during local option times and was sentenced to jail for fifteen days without the option of a fine. George Swenson, who refused to heed a subpœna to appear before the grand jury, was sent to jail for seven days for contempt of the court.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Rev. Dr Talmage, finds a subject for his Christmas sermon in Barn-Like Birthplaces.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached, taking for his subject "Barnlike Birthplaces." His text was: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."—Luke ii, 12, 13.

At midnight, from one of the galleries of the sky, a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such things often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Cæsar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir. No, madam. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and, as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born (I.) encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they were His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the medieval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty He rose until to-day. He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest today in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. For whom could 100,000,000 souls be marshaled ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depth of poverty to what height of renown? And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barn-like birth places. Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford on Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home at Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliveries, nine out of ten of the world's messiahs—the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence were born in want.

I suppose that when Henschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars that he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose that when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor millwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh, what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up!

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night, about 1,888 years ago, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

II. Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high Heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was a sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war ship Constellation, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland; hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your law suits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary. "God will to men."

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christain, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

"Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into our hearts this Christmas hour, I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleighride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

III. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only skepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical skepticism which said: "Why would God out of the heavens and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe, have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievements of His only begotten Son when He might had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my skepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroundings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and that when one weeps, and when one sings they all sing.

From that supernatural grouping in the cloudbanks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentent souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of our eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by the angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angels stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen sent in by some motherly villaager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless plannet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

4. Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages.

Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild-flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here."

"Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulchre, and His one business was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God.

I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet, and youthful voice, and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael, and Rubens and Titian, and Giotte, and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louises of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out of that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a complete song, but only the singing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh! heaven, heaven, heaven. I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out to-day through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordon, through the wide open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crepe on the door bell may have said, "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my service he said, "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only 15 months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom we used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven. Silver-haired old father young again, and mother, who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes, well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine today, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me;
Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have had to interests in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft in mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven.

Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions. "Who art Thou? and Whence?" and He says: "I am captain of salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreathe all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Electricty vs Hanging.

On January 1, 1889, the law requiring electrical execution in New York went into effect, but until a few days ago, when experiments were made at Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, relates the New York Times, the amount and character of current required to make death certain and instantaneous had not been determined. The experiments were conducted by Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer, and two calves and a horse were shocked to death. The first victim—a calf, weighing 124½ pounds, was cut on the forehead and on the spine behind the forehead, and sponge-covered plates, moistened in a solution of sulphate of zinc, were fastened in place. "The resistance of the animal was 3,200 ohms. An alternating current of 700 volts was applied for thirty seconds, and the animal was killed instantly. It was at once dissected by Drs. Ingram and Bleyer, but the brain, heart, and lungs were found to be in normal condition, and the meat was pronounced fit for food. One metal plate carrying the current touched the hair of the forehead and slightly burned it, but otherwise there were no external indications of injury. The second calf weighed 155 pounds, and had a resistance of 1,300 ohms. The deadly alternating current at 700 volts pressure was applied for five seconds and produced instant death. A horse weighing 1,230 pounds was next killed by passing the alternate current at 700 volts from one foreleg to the other. The resistance of this animal was 11,000 ohms. The experiments proved the alternating current to be the most deadly force known to science, and that less than half the pressure used in New York city for electric lightning by this system is sufficent to cause instant death."

A Comedy of Errors.

The likeness between Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the great show man, is daily becoming more striking, and has now reached the ludicrous. On a recent occasion Mr. Forepaugh went to see Mr Depew in regard to transportation for his show over some distant line. Every door in the Grand Central building opened before Mr. Forepaugh, who was mistaken for President Depew. Mr. Forepaugh penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, where a near sighted clerk received him with the most unctuous politeness.

"Can I see Mr. Depew?" asked the arch showman.

The near sighted clerk thought this a great joke on the part of the jaunty Chauncey, and grnned from ear to ear.

"Is Mr. Depew here?" queried the showman.

The near sighted clerk grinned again. Mr. Forepaugh began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere, and said, "I am Adam Forepaugh."

The near sighted clerk waxed indignant, and was for turning the showman out. A few minutes after Mr. Forepaugh departed the genuine Simon pure entered the office.

"Has Mr. Forepaugh been here?" inquired Chauncey M. The near sighted clerk was now irritated, and still imagining it was the showman, exclaimed:

"Get out of here. I have no time for your asinine jokes; keep them for your show."—The Epoch.

MINNESOTA IN BRIEF.

A son of John McMichael had his skull fratured while coasting at Owatonna.

Red Wing people will not witness any dramatic entertainments this winter. The opera-house manager says that the house will remain closed unless the council grants a free license, and it has refused to do so.

John Fultare, who has been confined in the insane asylum at Rochester for some time past, escaped and reached St. Cloud his former home. He was immediately placed under arrest and will be returned to Rochester.

A marriage license was issued at Chicago to Mrs. Eliza Berdelman, aged seventy-two, of West Concord, Minn. The prospective groom is Rev. John Marshall, sixty-seven years of age. He is a Presbyterian minister of Knoxville, Tenn.

Philip Sheridan Sullivan, convicted at the November term of one year at hard labor in the state prison, has been pardoned by Gov. McGill. This is somewhat of a surprise to the people of Washburn county and particularly to the residents of Mazeppa, the scene of Sullivan's late adventures.

Johannes Peterson, a farmer fifty-eight years of age, living in Vasa, was found dead near Featherstone, his body lying under the contents of his wagon. It is believed that he was crushed to death through his wagon upsetting.

The mayor of Brainerd has issued an order stopping all gambling in the city. The mandate has fallen like a wet blanket on the professionals, as they have been allowed full sway during the last six months, and the city has been overrun with men of that class.

After being out thirty-six hours the jury in the Erickson murder trial at Buffalo brought in a verdict of guilty of assault in the third degree. The indictment was brought for murder in the third degree. Judge Rea fined the defendant $100, which he paid.

Senator G. W. Wood while driving at Faribault was thrown from his buggy, and quite seriously injured. At first he thought his leg was broken, but upon examination it is said to be a bad sprain of the knee. It is thought the only injury of a serious nature which he received was the knee.

Mrs. Caroline Peck, one of the first settlers in Goodhue county, aged seventy-four years, died. She was married fifty years ago last November to Julius Peck, who at the age of eighty-one survives her. She gave two sons to her country, one of whom died at Gettysburg, and the other at New Ulm.

James Stewart, engineer on the Milaca branch of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, was run over and instantly killed by an eastbound Northern Pacific passenger train. He had boarded the train to see a friend off, and fell beneath the cars in attempting to alight. He was unmarried. His family lives at St. Cloud. He was one of the most popular railroad men in St. Cloud, and leaves a mother and aunt, whose sole support he was. His body was taken to St. Cloud, and was met by a committee of his fellow employes.

Howard L., the thirteen-year-old son of H. L. McKinstry, M. D. died at Zumbrota. A few days ago he swallowed a screw one inch in length, but, as none of the symptoms that attend the lodgment of a foreign substance in the windpipe or bronchial tubes followed, it was thought that it had passed into the stomach. But the next day inflamation of the lungs set in. A council of physicians decided that an operation to remove the screw was advisable, and it was performed, but was not successful. After death the screw was taken from the right lung.

When the men employed on Fish's railroad contract left camp before Christmas, the cook, George L. Stafford, remained in charge. On their return at night they found Stafford in a sitting posture outside of the camp bereft of life, he having died during the day from excessive drinking. He was about thirty-five years of age and a jeweler by trade. It is believed he lived at Hamline. The coroner made an investigation, but decided that no inquest was necessary. He found two watches, $50 in money and a trunk belonging to the deceased, who will be buried at Zumbrota.

At Carleton college observatory regular work in astronomical photography is now being done. Pictures taken in the focus of the 8¼ inch Clark equatorial telescope enlarge to a diameter of five inches, showing, in the case of the moon, good definition and a great variety of detail. Spots, faculæ and even the best pictures of the sun, which are also five inches in diameter. An accurate measure of the time of exposure to the sun of the sensitive plate will soon be made by a novel method which has been employed elsewhere with success in measuring fractional parts of a second as a hundredth part.

Protracted.

Heavy dining and deep drinking are no longer as fashionable in England as they used to be among lords of high degree in that land. The time has passed when a banquet may be concluded by the disappearance of guests beneath the dinning-room table.

But the Scotch, says the author of "Men and Measures of Half a Century," have not improved in this respect as fast as their southern neighbors. The heaviest eating and drinking and most protracted dinners are still popular in the "land of cakes."

Lord John Lawrence, governor-general of India, used to tell the story of a friend of his who, when in Scotland, called upon an acquaintance between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning.

"He is at dinner, sir," announced the servant who met him at the door.

"At dinner! You don't mean that he is dining at this hour of the day?"

"Yes, he is, sir, but it's his yesterday's dinner!"

James Curran, the opium smuggler, was held in $8,000 bond, and, failing to respond, went to jail to stay until the grand jury acts upon the case. His attorney made application at Bismarck, D. T., to Judge Rose for a writ of habeas corpus. Action was postponed until Jan. 16.

Brig-Gen. D. S. Stanley, commanding the department of Texas, announcing that he was placed under arrest by the local legal authorities of Austin, Texas., for having attempted to eject J. M. Snyder from government property that had been donated to the school board of Austin for the erection of a school house. Capt. Rambaugh, Gen. Stanley's aide, was also arrested. They were committed to jail by Justice Stuart in default of $250 bonds, which they refused to give, but the sheriff would not receive them from the constable and they were released.

THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes.

At least two varieties of grain should be given to young stock.

If an animal is worth keeping over winter he is surely worth protecting from the cold. If he is worth any feed at all, he is worth keeping on liberal rations.

Animals to be slaughtered in early winter will lay on two pounds of fat before cold pinches than one pound after that condition comes; besides, when fat, cold will not pinch.

Make pets of your colts. Make friends of your horses. Treat them kindly and you will not be troubled with unsafe and unruly horses. It is but the humane way to treat them anyway.

It is a good plan to feed some of the bone and muscle forming foods, during the fattening process, whatever the system of swine husbandry may be, says the Western Rural. Some people think that feeding this class of food is wasting it. That is an error. If the food makes muscle it increases the weight and what is more it makes the valuable part of the hog.

There is no doubt that hogs can be fattened quicker and with less food if provided with good warm houses, and the food given in troughs. Use liberally of salt and wood ashes, cinders, refuse coal, slacked lime, brimstone and charcoal about once a week, each in small quantities. Above all things see that your hogs have unfailing appetites and are in good condition physically. —Swine Breeders' Journal.

Get the cow that gives milk all the year round as far as possible. It is a great loss to "dry up" cows when it is not necessary. It takes two-thirds of all the good cow eats to keep her alive and without loss of flesh, and the other third of ordinary good rations to enable her to yield milk. The expense of two-thirds of the money-earning rations has to be incurred when the cow is earning nothing.—Live Stock Indicator.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer takes great pains to give his cattle all the open air exercise they require throughout the winter on warm sunny days. Sunlight and exercise are two of the greatest factors in promoting health. Shut up human beings in a cotton, oil cloth or shoe factory, month after mouth, carrying them their food and allowing them no exercise at all, and how long before consumption will seize upon them? It is silly to think that cotton seed meal or any other highly concentrated food will originate tuberculosis or pleuro-pneumonia.

A Montana sheep breeder offers to rent ewes at fifty cents a year, the man taking them to have the wool and increase, but bound to return the full number at the end of the specified time. As the sheep are worth perhaps $2.50 each, the capitalist makes twenty per cent, for his money and risk. This seems large, but in the Territories farmers often pay higher rates than this. Two per cent. a month is a frequent price for the use of money there. This is twenty-four per cent. a year, and as it is often compounded several times in twelve months, it amounts to considerably more than this.

To Keep Fresh Meat.

In the Winter season it is often desirable to keep pieces of fresh meat, especially pork, sparerib, etc., as long as possible. Without a refrigerator or ice-house, it may be accomplished very satisfactorily by allowing the meat to freeze hard and then packing tightly in a barrel with snow when it can be obtained, and placing the barrel in a cold place. In this way meat can be kept for months, and so lengthen out the period of home-made fresh meat. Care must be exercised and close watch kept when the snow begins to thaw that the meat does not get uncovered, as it will in a little time become tainted.

The Value of a Pedigree.

The male animal, ram or bull, or male of whatever other class of farm stock, needs improvement, must be himself good, from good parents, and the further back the continuous lines of excellent progenitors stretch the stronger reason we have for confidence that good results will follow his introduction. The lines may so stretch back without a break in the inheritance of excellence, although we may not have the means of blood racing them—in other words, the descent and the blood may be right, yet unrecorded. Our knowledge can not make any difference in the power or lack of power. Still, knowledge of the particulars of descent is worth having. It may prove very useful sometimes. Let us then, by all means, place the true value upon that knowledge, and have the pedigrees of our stock, if possible, and take pains to preserve records of descent for our own information and the information of those who may succeed us. I hold that pedigree, the longer the better, is a thing to be desired, accompaning merit granted. —London Live Stock Journal.

Feathers and Geese.

It is printed that the annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes is estimated to amount to 3,000,000 pounds. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers in a year. The geese furnishing these downy pillows and beds of ease are to be found mainly in Southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The climate is cold enough to cause the feathers to be fine and soft, and not to cold to make their care a matter of unprofitable labor to farmers. Below this territory the feathers are quilly and free from down; above, the cold Winters make geese-farming unprofitable, for when the goose can't find food for herself, because of frozen land and water, she has to be fed, and she'll eat as much corn as a sheep. Speaking of feathers, here is the way to pick dead geese: After killing the goose immerse it in scalding water and then wrap it in a thick cloth for five minutes. All the pin-feathers and down will then come off easily. In marketing geese they may be scalded after all the dry, clean feathers have been removed, but care must be taken not to break the skin. After removing the feathers immerse the carcass in cold water for a hour.

A young married couple started housekeeping, and hired a young woman of Hibernian extraction to attend to the 'general housework.' She was a gem—the acme of neatness, Bspatch and culinary proficiency. dut she broke her young mistress' heart on the second day by climbing the stairs to the parlor during the call of a social acquaintance, and in a voice about as melodious as a fish-horn, inquiring; "Say, Boss, what time does Frank come home to dinner?"

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

On Christmas day, the legends say,
Ere earth's glad bells are rung,
At Christ's command, by Peter's hand,
Wide heaven's gates are swung.
And angels robed in radiant white
With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

II.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear
Upon the charmed air
The golden song the winged throng
Uplift as on they fare—
The golden song they sang the morn
That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born.

III.

The soul that's white may see a light—
O, Christ! that I might see!
The glory of the heavens above
Drift down on earth and sea!
The splendor of ten thousand suns
Bring they to earth, the holy ones.

IV.

They enter in where death has been,
And hearts bowed down with pain
Are lifted up; the blessed cup
Of peace once more they drain.
The tempest of their grief is stilled
And all their souls with gladness filled.

V.

The mother pale who doth bewail
Her infant torn away
Feels in her heart the joy-springs start—
Unfed for many a day.
Her soul unlifts a song to bless
God's mercy and His graciousness.

VI.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared
Soul beat by storms of sin,
Bringing the balm of heavenly calm
The gentle ones steal in.
It hears a mother's prayer again—
Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

VII.

But must they love to bend above
The children motherless;
And they who weep are soothed to sleep
With heavenly caress.
The bright ones touch the sleeper's eyes
And lo! they dream of paradise.

W. W. GAY.

The Angel of the Dakotas.

I

The sun radiant with crimson, gradually sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of farewell anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest agony.

"Wildbird, my weak heart grows faint!"

"Alas! so does mine, dear sister; but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The Black-gown told us he could deliver us from every ill: He is the Master of life and death. May He not save us from the Blackfeet's enmity?"

'Dread of the morrow's awful sacrifice makes me shiver, and my hope wavers as I look around upon the preperations.—How father and moth- would have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes sent up when we were led into their camp!"

"Sister, repeat the story of Sebastain, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and, better yet, let us think of the Sorrowing Mother and the agony of Him who died to save us."

"Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin m artyr. It will beguile the time and inspire us with holy courage."

Thus conversed, in subdued tones, two maidens captured from a tribe of the Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foot with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a large pine-tree.

Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied themselves with preparations for the morrow's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen, and pennyroyal, mingling them with twigs of birch, spice-bush, and sassafras, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, never deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on their helpless young victims. Confiding them to the care of two old men of their tribe, they walked away, humming the refrain of one of their death-songs, which was suggested by the feast that awaited them.

The vigilant guardians smoked, and chatted of their feats in the chase and on the battlefield, ever and anon casting angry glances toward the gentle captives. At length, thinking the maidens asleep, they gave themselves up to profound repose. The prisoners, after hours of fervent prayer, and by recalling the lessons of faith they had learned from the Blackrobe, had succeeded in resigning themselves to their awful fate.

"Our death may convert our father," suggested Snowflake.

"And if Redfeather learns the Blackrobe's prayer and is baptized, our whole nation will embrace the Christian Faith. The Afflicted Mother stood at the foot of the Cross: we are her children, and must try to imitate her," answered Wildbird.

With words like these the two prisoners encouraged each other, and though often startled as a bat or an owl cleft the midnight air, or terrified when a dead branch fell to the ground, they watched patiently for the first beam of the sun that would witness their trial.

That same night the Fathers at the Jesuit mission were awakened by loud shouts of the chief of Dakotas, intermingled with those of some friendly Cress who accompanied him, and a small detachment of his own braves.

"What seek ye?" inquired Father de Smet.

"Great chief of the Blackrobe's," answered Redfeather," my daughters, on whose heads you poured the water, are captives of our enemies the Blackfeet. Thou knowest, therefore, what fate awaits them."

"What! the two angels of our mission school? How did it happen?"

"Father, we attacked the Blackfeet lying in ambush, but did not conquer them. Then they fell upon our camp, and we repulsed them. But a party of skulking braves captured my two children."

"O chief, thou art not baptized! Thy wife and daughters know and love the great God, but neither thou nor thy warriors have accepted the Christian law. What wilt thou therefore of the Blackrobe?"

"Father, the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes is all powerful: ask Him to restore to me my beloved daughters."

"Redfather, what thou sayest is true: the Great Spirit is all-powerful, full of mercy too; but He is also just. He loves not hatred, pillage, and murder. It was to gratify thy hate thou didst attack thy brothers the Blackfeet. Thou would'st slay their warriors, and they have captured thy children. Reproach only thyself, for thy punishment is just."

"Thy words are like arrows, wise teacher. I have done wrong."

"Then must thou crave pardon."

"Blackrobe, I do implore forgiveness. Ask the Great Spirit to give me back my Snowflake and my Wildbird, and I promise that I will receive thy Baptism."

"That is not enough. In a few hours I shall celebrate the august Sacrifice of Atonement before the Great Spirit; thou must promise to speak to the chiefs of thy nation, that all may come and learn the true prayer from the Fathers."

I promise with my whole heart. What say ye, braves?"

"We accept the will of the Black-gown—we will be Christians."

"And that is not enough," urged the priest. "Thou must promise that in future thou wilt not attack the neighboring tribes without cause, and—"

"Father the Crows and Blackfeet do us all the harm they can."

"It matters not. Thou mayest defend thyself, but never attack. Still more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the Spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication if thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart."

"Father, I believe, and we swear to abide by thy words."

"Chief, I trust thou art sincere—that no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition!"

II

In the gray of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the altar, but before beginning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission. He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true Faith. Then all present renewed their fervent prayers that God would show His power, and promote his own greater glory by delivering the captives.

Meantime the two maidens were a prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. Again and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe had told them. Suddenly they beheld a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he spoke. "I come to deliver you," he said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound them to the pine tree. His voice was sweet and low, and he added, "Follow me."

Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

"He must be an angel," whispered Wild-bird "for I feel weary no lonerg, nor is my heart fearful."

"Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels? She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. "Glory be to Jesus and Mary!" she added; and Wildbird replied, "Amen."

On, on their silent conductor led them, through dim, deep woods, by crystal lakes, over flowery meadows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of Dakotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or purple centaury bend its corollas. The birds were singing a joyous chorus to the Creator—echo of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the trio attained an eminence, and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the campfires of the Dakotas.

"Rest here a while," said their guide; and when they turned to thank him for his kindness, lo! he had disappeared.

As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their prisoners. "They and their mother too worship the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murmured. "He has delivered them; our Great Manitou is not powerful enough." At length, after searching once more the environs of their camp for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt.

Redfeather, on withdrawing from the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before sending on official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were suddenly interupted by long and prolonged shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before sunrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray-of-Morning. Snowflake and Wildbird were soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of the Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank the Great Spirit.

Before the end of the moon of August the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and precepts of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their enemies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature, whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's is all-sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring Feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of Baptism.

A New "Chestnut."

Joseph Jefferson is responsible for the latest explanation of the word "chestnut." He attributes the introduction of the word in its slang sense to Mr. William Warren, the veteran comedian of Boston.

"There is a melodrama," Mr. Jefferson said to a reporter, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it: One a Captain, Xavier, and the other a comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says: 'I entered the woods of Collaway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words: A chestnut, Captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the Captain; 'booby, I say a cork tree.'

" 'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard the tale these twenty-seven time.'

"William Warren who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a 'stag' dinner two years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play; 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And that," concluded Mr. Jefferson, "is what I really believe to be the orgin of the word 'chestnut.' "

Brainerd Dispatch

INGERSOLL & WIELAND, Publishers.

BRAINERD, - MINNESOTA.

Prof. Huxley has returned to London benefitted, but not completely restored to his health by his journey on the continent.

One of the promised sensations of the Paris exhibition will be given by a man who will make daily baloon ascensions mounted on a horse.

There will be but four farmers in the next Missouri State Senate and one merchant, while the lawyers number twenty-two.

There are fourteen different towns and cities in the United States named Augusta, and there is never a day that freight and mail matter is not going wrong.

The losses of the French people on the Lesseps canal must make them feel somewhat as they did when Bismarck fixed the price of their escape from German authority.

The largest sum ever collected at a charity dinner was $260,000 received at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls, recently held at the Albert Hall London.

According to the gossip of the bar the Parneli commission costs precisely three guineas a minute. This calculation includes the whole expenditure of all the parties concerned, the state included.

Graining seems to be going out of style. Very few high salaried journeymen in this line of business are now employed in the various shops, and one is now very willing to fill in his unemployed time at plain journeyman painter's work and wages.

Misses Dora and Edna Gambel are artists in Los Angeles, Cal., who after spending the past year on their ranch in the Antelope Valley have opened a studio in the city, and show among other mountain studies more than a hundred different varities of wild flowers.

In thirty years, Count Tolstoi says, private property in land will be a thing of the past. England, America and Russia will be the first to solve the problem. If Count Tolstoi really said this he ought to make a trip to this continent some time before he passes away in his ignorance and see what he has yet to learn.

Labrador is said to possess a waterfall that makes Niagara Falls insignificant in comparison. R. F. Holm, who recently made a tour of Labrador, locates this fall on the Grand river, which is 1,500 feet wide at the fall, and the height of the fall is estimated to be nearly 2,000 feet.

Four Brothers married to four sisters by the same minister was the record finished at Louisville, Ky., on the 21st when George Rothemberger was married to Louisa Wieglieb. The parties are all German Lutherans, and the two families represented have been neighbors for thirty years on farms about ten miles from the city.

Two young men operating under the names of Hughes & Taylor have swindled farmers and others in the southern counties of New York State out of $15,000 and left for parts unknown. They represented themselves as commission merchants, and thus succeeded in having consignments of farm produce forwarded to them. They pocketed the proceeds and decamped.

At a family dinner given not long ago by Valentine Winter, a venerable banker of Dayton, Ohio, under the plates were found envelopes containing deeds, stocks, bonds, etc., aggregating nearly $500,000, as presents to his children and grand-children. In like manner he divided $400,000 between them in 1882, and it is not an uncommon thing for his children to find $1,000 checks under their plates.

The editor of a territorial weekly received a number of letters from his subscribers urging him to publish his paper bi-weekly. He did so, but when they found that this meant only once in every too weeks they looked in their dictionaries and decided that a semi-weekly was what they wanted, It is an interesting fact that while "bi-weekly" means once in two weeks, "tri-weekly" means three times a week.

An employe of Jay Gould recently remarked: "George Gould and his father love each other as much as any father and son I ever saw, and the same is the case with the other boys, who conseqently are always glad to go home to their parents. Gould has imparted to his sons skill enough to take care of themselves. One of his boys is a good telegraph operator, another is a good stenographer. The old man can go all over this land and dictate his dispatches to one boy and the other one can send them by wire."

One September evening in Mittineague, a village two miles west of Springfield, Mass., the good people gathered to the Congregational Church vestry for regular prayer meeting service. The young minister, recently ordained, has been appointed to lead the services, but though the congregation waited he failed to appear. Finally concern at his non appearance caused a message to be sent to his house, and the messenger returned with the answer that the dominie was ill and could not lead on that occasion. It finally transpired that the clergyman had started faithfully for the meeting that evening, but on the way had committed the time-honored error of attempting to pet a strange cat, which quickly proved its innocence of domestic felicity, and while his flock sang "Sweet By and By" he was engaged in the unpleasant interment by lantern light of a gladly relinquished suit of clothes.

THE NEWS RESUME.

The Cream of the News Gleaned From the Latest Associated Press Telegrams.

The Casualty Calendar.

W. J. Borrer, aged twenty-two, while engaged in his father's sawmill at Rock Chapel, Ontario, slipped and fell on a large circular saw, and his body was cut almost in two, causing death a few hours later.

A search for Gus Smith, a boy who had been missing since Christmas, was rewarded at Eau Claire, Wis., in finding the body under the ice in the river with a cut on the forehead. An inquest was held and the jury decided it a case of accidental drowning.

A small grocery store on South State street in Chicago was destroyed by an incendiary fire one morning, and an unknown man, supposed to have been a burglar, was burned to death. A barrel of oil in the front part of the store exploded during the fire, and a man named Frenk Pollo, who was standing outside the door, was fatally burned.

The entire business portion of Auburn, a small town seven miles north of Grafton, Dakota, was destroyed by fire. The fire was started in the Arlington house, owned by William MacKenzie, and burned eleven buildings. The losses will fully aggregate $40,000; insurance, $20,000. Four families are homeless. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Amelie Thurin, seventeen years of age, who was employed as a domestic in a private family, upon retiring at Chicago blew out the gas and was found dead in bed next morning. The girl came from Sweden three weeks ago and had been at work for the family only five days. Three nights in succession her employer had turned out the gas in the girl's room to show her how it was done, but she failed to learn.

Two freights on the Rock Island, running twenty miles an hour, colided in a deep cut near Tiptop Colorado, completely demolishing both engines and trains and instantly killing Fireman Harding and crushing the skull and otherwise injuring engineer Hoge. Engineer Case received severe injuries on the head. Fireman Houtz suffered a fractured hip, injured shoulder and severe wounds on the head, which may prove fatal. The other train hands were only slightly bruised.

An accident occurred at Denver which resulted in the instant death of at least four men and mortally wounding of two others. The Denver Gas company had 100 men employed in excavating a ditch, six feet deep along the side of and underneath the track of the cable car line, when suddenly the track for an entire block fell, crushing the life out of and imprisoning the men underneath. The men were immediately set to work removing the fallen track and four dead and two badly wounded have been removed. The other men escaped with more or less bruises. It is not yet known whether any more are underneath the track or not. The names of the dead and wounded have not been ascertained.

Talk About People.

The fact that Congressman Moffat of Pennsylvania is confined in a private asylum, the result of over work and excitement incident to the recent campaign, has called attention to the fact that over half a dozen congressman who were defeated for either renomination or re-election have thus far this season not appeared in the house. In several instances, they are reported as suffering from melancholia incident to their defeat.

Petty Criminalities.

Six prisoners escaped from jail at Butte, Montana. All of them had been convicted at the present term of court and all were under sentence to the penitentiary for two years.

W. H. Webb, who murdered his wife at Brandon on Sept. 1 was hanged at Winnipeg. He met his doom without flinching, and professed to have received religion. Death was instantaneous.

On a farm near North Loup, Nebraska, Sheriff Nicholl arrested a man answering the description of the supposed murderer of Miss Mehitable White of Concord, Mass. A large reward had been offered for him. He denies his guilt.

Prado, the murderer of Marie Aigutant, his mistress, was guillotined at Paris in the Place de la Roquette. He perserved a firm pemeanor to the last. He refused to make a confession, and also declined the services of the chaplain. The death was witnessed by some 200 artists, newspaper men, lawyers and politicians, who possessed influence sufficent to obtain admission within the sentry lines to the Place de la Roquette. He died with much the same bravado as Pranzini, his former chum and counterpart.

A g ambler named Jack Galvin got into a dispute with another man in Helena, Mont. Jack Harris, a well known gambler and athlete, interferred and took the stranger's part, when another quarrel ensued between Galvin and Harris, the latter knocking the former down. Galvin secured a dagger and followed Harris to Dell Dick's saloon to fight Harris. A scuffle followed, both men falling to the floor, when Galvin pulled his dirk and stabbed Harris in the left side, the blade cutting through a rib. The wounded man now lives at the hospital in a critical condition. Galvin is in jail. Sympathy seems to be with Galvin, as Harris is regarded as a bully, and shot a man at Great Falls last year.

In front of the guillotine a board stood upright to a height of five feet. Four burley men dressed in blouses of blue and white, striped stockings, sprang forward, seized the condemned man, hurled him onward against the upright, flung themselves upon him, and by their weight bore the struggling victim, face downward, to the top of the low platform. That board worked on a swivel and ran on rollers. In an instant it had been wheeled forward until the neck was under the glistening knife, upon which the morning light had begun to gleam. Then the knife was sprung, and the keen steel struck the neck as it might have collided with a rubber car spring. It went through, and the head of Prado lay among the shavings beyond.

One of the boldest robberies ever committed in St. Louis, occurred on Olive street, near Sixth, the busiest part of the city. Henry Ashoff, with Rosenhelm, Lewis & Co., wholesale millinery, had drawn $1,300 from the Bank of Commerce. He had the money in three packages—one of $1,000 and two of $150 each. At George Neil's hat store, 625 Olive street, he was jostled by three well-dressed men and found $300 of his money missing. He gave the alarm and one man was arrested. The prisoner gave the name of C. W. Ward, but afterward admitted his name was Clifford W. Ely, and stated that he traveled for Price, the collar and cuff dealer, Chicago. The money was not found on the prisoner.

James Green, of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., who cut his wife's throat after hitting her on the head with a hammer, and then cut a frightful gash in his own neck, succeeded in escaping from his watchers and getting possession of a razor, inflicted another deep cut on the opposite side of his neck from the first, and died in a few moments. He had made frequent attempts during the day to tear open the first wound, but was held on the bed by two attendants. Mrs. Green will probably die. When asked why he attempted to kill his wife, Green would only reply: "Because I wanted to." Green's son, a young man, says his father was jealous without cause, and that women gossips are to blame for the trouble. There is great excitement in the village over the tragedy.

Judge Robert A. Johnston committed suicide at his residence in Avondale near Cincinnati. About two months ago, his estimable wife, daughter of the late Judge Ewing, died after a long and painful illness. Since then, Judge Johnston has been known to be broken with grief, though he has attended nearly as usual to his duties. He resided with his married daughter, Mrs. Harries Hurlbert, and after dinner visited the grave of his wife at Spring Grove cemetery. In the morning, he rose, and, without dressing himself, took a revolver which he had in his room, and deliberately fired a ball through his head, causing instantaneous death. He was well established gnancially, happy in all his domestic relations and has no known cause for this act, except for his overwhelming grief at the loss of his lifelong companion. He was between 55 and 60 years old.

An unknown man entered the saloon of C. Kalmbach, in the suburbs of Omaha, as he was closing up, and, flashing a revolver in his face, ordered him to throw up his hands. Kalmbach seized the man, when the latter fired, the ball striking Kalmbach just above the temple. The saloon keeper threw his assailant to the floor when a second man rushed in and began beating Kalmbach over the head with a revolver. The saloonkeeper's dog here seized the second man, and Kalmbach succeeded in throwing the first man out of the window. The second burglar then broke away from the dog and fled. Kalmbach staggered to the house of a neighbor. The bullet was found about an eighth of an inch from the temple and a half inch from the point where it entered. There were 14 bad scalp wounds. His recovery is considered doubtful. The assailants are still at large.

At a country church in Coffey county, Georgia, a few days since, a man who was disturbing public workship was killed by the preacher in charge of the church. For some time trouble has existed in the church, one faction favoring the retention of the present pastor, and the other favoring his dismissal. The faction fight grew very bitter, and the trouble reached a climax recently, when the pastor's friends voted him for another year. One of the members most bitterly opposed to the pastor, approached the pulpit where the reverend gentleman was sitting, and engaged in conversation with him. This became much excited, and finally the membe raised his hand and dealt the preacher a sharp blow on the cheek. The pastor remonstrated with his assailant, but he struck the preacher again and again, accompanying the blows with a profusion of vile epithets, and also spitting in the minister's face. The minister drew his knife and stabbed his assailant repeatedly. Women screamed, and the men looked on aghast, while the unfortunate man fell down in the pulpit and died.

Foreign Gleanings

It is rumored that the Czar is disposed to become reconciled to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, late Prince of Bulgaria, and the report is construed that Russia will advocate his resumption of the Bulgarian throne.

Brussels, in Belgium, has been thrown into a ferment of excitement by the reception by prominent people of cards and telegrams announcing the advent in the quaint old city of the famous "Jack the Ripper," of Whitechapel notoriety. King Leopold, the perfect of police and the court ministers are among the recipients of this mysterious being's delicate attention.

The steamer Leo went into Prince Frederick sound Alaska, and anchored, and when the tide receded and the storm abated the Leo was left high and dry on the the ledge of Table Rock. The vessel settled down ten feet, striking her stern on rocky boulders, completely demolishing the keel. The tide fell twenty-four feet. The crew landed on the beach half a mile distant and saved all the vessels gear, while the cargo was lost. A boat with five men was sent to Juneau for assistance, and the rest of the crew remained on the beach for twenty-two days. Capt. Whitford and the cook remained at the scene of the disaster, guarding what material was saved until the same can be taken to Sitka.

Other News Jottings.

The ducking tub and hanging by the wrists, modes of punishment long in vogue at the Ohio penitentiary, have been abolished by Warden Coffin as too severe and inhuman, and the dark dungeon will be substitu'ed for them.

A section of iron pipe, 6 inches long and 2½ inches in diameter, containing three heavy dynamite catridges, and with a fuse attached, was found under a stairway on the tenement 311 East Thirty-eighth street, New York The police is trying to find out who placed it there.

Another $25,000 libel suit against the Chicago Times, growing out of its recent infanticide investigations, was begun in the circuit court by Dr. Walter F. Knoll. The alleged libelous article printed under a heading which announced that the doctor was a physician who would perform a criminal operation "out of sympathy." Dr. Knoll claims that the interview with him did not bear out the allegations of the headline, but that he was mis-represented most grossly.

Father F. C. Jean, about ten years ago was removed from the pastorate of St. Iraneus' Catholic church at Lyons, Iowa, by Bishop Hennessy. He has brought several suits to recover damages from the bishop on the ground that the removal was illegal, in all of which suits Jean was defeated. He filed with the clerk of the district court a petition asking damages from Bishop Hennessy, W. J. Knight and W. J. Cantillon, jointly, in the sum of $300,000. The question of property ownership is involved. Father Jean claiming that his personal funds were invested in property which the church has deprived him of.

The work on the Panama canal continues, although on some sections labor has been reduced. Altogether some 2,000 men have been discharged during the past two months, owing to disputes between the canal company and contractors. It is not expected that any more workmen will be dispensed with. The highest authorities consider a total suspension of work as very improbable. Such a suspension could only be occasioned by the complete failure of the reorganization scheme now under consideration in Paris. There are now about 9,000 laborers actually engaged on the works. There is no foundation for the reports recently circulated that 75 per cent of the men now in the employ of the company would be discharged at end of one year.

The legislature of Idaho Territory, now in session, is considering measures looking to the overthrow of the influence of the Mormon church in territorial politics. The present election law requires voters when casting their ballots to take oath that they are not members of the Mormon church. The object of this law was evaded at the late election by Mormons permitting themselves to be excommunicated from the church with the understanding that they would be reinstated after the election. It is now proposed to pass a law requiring each voter to make affidavit that he has not been a member of the Mormon church within two years preceding the election.

There was a sad sequel at Chicago to a case resembling that of lost Charlie Ross. The missing child in this instance was little Tessie Redmond, the pretty golden-haired four-year-old daughter of sturdy looking John Redmond, a blacksmith. The father, driven crazy by the worry and anxiety of his little one's disappearance and his fruitless effort to recover her was at last adjudged insane in the county court and committed to a private asylum. May 22, last, Tessie was playing in front of her father's house on State Street. That was the last ever seen of her. Her disappearance was as complete as it was mysterious. Rewards were offered, but all that the strictest inquiry ever revealed was the testimony of some playmates who said that they saw a woman in black approach Tessie and proffer her sweetmeats. When they turned around again the mysterious woman and her supposed victim had gone.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Flour firm and unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat, 99½@99¾c; No. 3 spring wheat, 84@92c; No. 2 red, 99½@99¾c; No. 2 corn, 33¾@34c; No. 2 oats, 25c; No. 2 rye, 50c; No. 2 barley, 75c, o. t.; No. 1 flax seed, $1.60½; prime timothy seed, $1.50; mess pork, per bbl, $12.90; lard, per 100 lbs. $8.22½@8.25; short ribs side (loose), $6.80; dry salted shoulders (boxed), $6.75@6.87½; short clear sides (boxed), $7.12½@7.25; whisky, distillers' finished goods, per gal., $1.20; sugars cut loaf, 8@8⅝c; granulated, 7½c; standard "A," 7⅛c; eggs 18@19.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat, No. 1, hard, Dec. $1.16; Jan. $1.17, May, $1.22; No. 1, northern Dec. $1.06, Jan. $1.07, May $1.10¾; No. 2, northern, Dec. 95c., Jan. 96c., May $1.02. Flour Patents, sacks to local dealers; $6.35@6.50; patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $6.15@6.30; in barrels, $6.35@6.50; delivered at New England points, $7@7.15; delivered at New York points, $9.90@7.05; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $6.85@7; bakers' here, $4.20@5.30; superfine, $3@4.35, red dog, sacks, $1.60@1.65, red dog, bbls, $1.80@1.85. Corn, 28@30c.; Oats, 22@30c.; Barley, No. 3, 40@62c.; Fax, $1.54½; Hay choice, $6, fair to good, $4.50@5.50.

ST. PAUL.

Wheat—No. 1 hard. $1.14 bid; No. 1 Northern, $1.06 bid; No. 2, Northern, 95c bid. Corn—No. 2, old, 32½c bid; December, 32½c bid; No. 2, new, 30½c bid. Oats—No. 2, mixed, 25½c bid, 26½c asked; December, 25½c bid, 26½c asked; No. 2, white, 27c bid; No. 3, 25@26c asked. Rye—No. 2, 54c asked. Ground Feed—$13 asked. Corn Meal—Unbolted, $13 asked. Bran—Bulk, $11.50 asked. Hay—No. 1, upland prairie, $5.25 bid, $6 asked; No. 1, $4 bid, $4.50@5 asked; timothy, $8@9 asked. Dressed Hogs—$5.50 bid. Flax Seed—$1.52 bid. Timothy Seed—$1.35 bid. Clover Seed—$4.20 bid. Eggs—21c bid, 22c asked; ice house, 18@20c asked. Flour—Patents, $6.50@6.75; straight, $5.75@6; bakers', $4.75@5; rye flour, $3.25@3.75; buckwheat, $3.50.

MILWAUKEE.

Wheat firm; cash, 93c; January, 93⅛c; May, 99⅝c. Corn steady; No. 3.30@31c. Oats dull; No. 2, white, 27@28c. Rye easy; No. 1, 49½c. Barley quiet, No. 2, 67c. Provisions steady. Pork, $12.80. Lard, $7.72½. Butter firm; dairy, 20@22c. Eggs firm; fresh, 20c. Cheese steady; cheddars, 10@10½c.

No Cause For a Quarrel.

It is learned at the department of state at Washington that the case of the brig Josefa against the Spanish government, for indignities, etc., alleged to have been imposed by the customs officers at Port Rico, Jamaica, has been under investigation since July, 1887, and since that time the state department has been endeavoring to secure a remittance of the fine that had been placed on the vessel. The Spanish laws against smuggling contain a provision that if a vessel comes into a Spanish port with less cargo on board than her manifest shows, she will be liable to a fine of $200 for every package missing. This ship's manifest mentioned twenty packages of corn starch that could not be found, and a fine of $1,000 was accordingly levied on her. It is a custom to remit the fine if a reasonable excuse can be given, but in this case the packages could not by any explanation be accounted for. One defense was advanced that the goods had been put by mistake on the bark Josephus, which lay next to the Josefa in New York, but the department, upon investigating the case, learned that the Josephus had no corn starch on board on that trip, and did not lay next to the Josefa in loading. In the correspondence, the officers of the Josefa admitted that the mistake may have been caused by careless receipting for the goods. In view of the failure of the ship to explain the absence of the packages, the department could see no ground on which to base a quarrel with the Spanish custom office, and the case has been dropped.

Trouble of Saloon Keepers.

In the district court at Grand Forks D. T. Judge Templeton gave the liquor men a very black eye when he decided that a saloon keeper could not claim the protection of the law until his license was issued, even though he had filed bonds and paid the license money. This affects a number of cases. The county commissioners, after the local option law was passed, granted license for the balance of the year at $125. Quite a number of saloon men paid their money to the treasurer and filed bonds, commencing to sell liquor at once and before the bonds had been acted upon by the commissioners. Indictments were found against some on this ground and they have put up money in the shape of fines. John Sanden, of McKinock, was found guilty of selling liquor to minors. He plead guilty to the second charge of the same character and to a third charge of unlawful selling. The court imposed a fine of $150 on charge or to go to jail and work out the fine at the rate of $2 per day. Judgement was reserved on the other counts. Sanden went to jail. James Rich, of Manuel, was found guilty of unlawfully selling liquor during local option times and was sentenced to jail for fifteen days without the option of a fine. George Swenson, who refused to heed a subpœna to appear before the grand jury, was sent to jail for seven days for contempt of the court.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Rev. Dr Talmage, finds a subject for his Christmas sermon in Barn-Like Birthplaces.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached, taking for his subject "Barnlike Birthplaces." His text was: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."—Luke ii, 12, 13.

At midnight, from one of the galleries of the sky, a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such things often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Cæsar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir. No, madam. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and, as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born (I.) encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they were His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the medieval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty He rose until to-day. He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest today in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. For whom could 100,000,000 souls be marshaled ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depth of poverty to what height of renown? And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barn-like birth places. Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford on Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home at Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yes, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliveries, nine out of ten of the world's messiahs—the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence were born in want.

I suppose that when Henschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars that he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose that when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor millwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh, what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up!

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night, about 1,888 years ago, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

II. Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high Heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was a sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war ship Constellation, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland; hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your law suits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary. "God will to men."

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christain, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

"Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into our hearts this Christmas hour, I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleighride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

III. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only skepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical skepticism which said: "Why would God out of the heavens and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe, have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievements of His only begotten Son when He might had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my skepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroungs ings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and that when one weeps, and when one sings they all sing.

From that supernatural grouping in the cloudbanks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that ran down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentent souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of our eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by the angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angels stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen sent in by some motherly villager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless plannet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

4. Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages.

Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild-flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here."

"Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulchre, and His one business was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God.

I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission All erased, all washed away, all scoured out all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparadising possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet, and youthful voice, and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael, and Rubens and Titian, and Giotte, and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louises of France. or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out of that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a complete song, but only the singing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh! heaven, heaven, heaven. I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone I shall meet you there. I look out today through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordon, through the wide open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crepe on the door bell may have said, "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my service he said, "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only 15 months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom we used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven. Silver-haired old father young again, and mother, who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes, well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine today, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me;
Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee.

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way.

What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have had to interests in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft in mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven.

Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions. "Who art Thou? and Whence?" and He says: "I am captain of salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreathe all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Electricty vs Hanging.

On January 1, 1889, the law requiring electrical execution in New York went into effect, but until a few days ago, when experiments were made at Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, relates the New York Times, the amount and character of current required to make death certain and instantaneous had not been determined. The experiments were conducted by Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer, and two calves and a horse were shocked to death. The first victim—a calf, weighing 124½ pounds, was cut on the forehead and on the spine behind the forehead, and sponge-covered plates, moistened in a solution of sulphate of zinc, were fastened in place. "The resistance of the animal was 3,200 ohms. An alternating current of 700 volts was applied for thirty seconds, and the animal was killed instantly. It was at once dissected by Drs. Ingram and Bleyer, but the brain, heart, and lungs were found to be in normal condition, and the meat was pronounced fit for food. One metal plate carrying the current touched the hair of the forehead and slightly burned it, but otherwise there were no external indications of injury. The second calf weighed 155 pounds, and had a resistance of 1,300 ohms. The deadly alternating current at 700 volts pressure was applied for five seconds and produced instant death. A horse weighing 1,230 pounds was next killed by passing the alternate current at 700 volts from one foreleg to the other. The resistance of this animal was 11,000 ohms. The experiments proved the alternating current to be the most deadly force known to science, and that less than half the pressure used in New York city for electric lightning by this system is sufficent to cause instant death."

A Comedy of Errors.

The likeness between Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the great show man, is daily becoming more striking, and has now reached the ludicrous. On a recent occasion Mr. Forepaugh went to see Mr Depew in regard to transportation for his show over some distant line. Every door in the Grand Central building opened before Mr. Forepaugh, who was mistaken for President Depew. Mr. Forepaugh penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, where a near sighted clerk received him with the most unctuous politeness.

"Can I see Mr. Depew?" asked the arch showman.

The near sighted clerk thought this a great joke on the part of the jaunty Chauncey, and grnned from ear to ear.

"Is Mr. Depew here?" queried the showman.

The near sighted clerk grinned again. Mr. Forepaugh began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere, and said, "I am Adam Forepaugh."

The near sighted clerk waxed indignant, and was for turning the showman out. A few minutes after Mr. Forepaugh departed the genuine Simon pure entered the office.

"Has Mr. Forepaugh been here?" inquired Chauncey M. The near sighted clerk was now irritated, and still imagining it was the showman, exclaimed:

"Get out of here. I have no time for your asinine jokes; keep them for your show."—The Epoch.

MINNESOTA IN BRIEF.

A son of John McMichael had his skull fratured while coasting at Owatonna.

Red Wing people will not witness any dramatic entertainments this winter. The opera-house manager says that the house will remain closed unless the council grants a free license, and it has refused to do so.

John Fultare, who has been confined in the insane asylum at Rochester for some time past, escaped and reached St. Cloud his former home. He was immediately placed under arrest and will be returned to Rochester.

A marriage license was issued at Chicago to Mrs. Eliza Berdelman, aged seventy-two, of West Concord, Minn. The prospective groom is Rev. John Marshall, sixty-seven years of age. He is a Presbyterian minister of Knoxville, Tenn.

Philip Sheridan Sullivan, convicted at the November term of one year at hard labor in the state prison, has been pardoned by Gov. McGill. This is somewhat of a surprise to the people of Washburn county and particularly to the residents of Mazeppa, the scene of Sullivan's late adventures.

Johannes Peterson, a farmer fifty-eight years of age, living in Vasa, was found dead near Featherstone, his body lying under the contents of his wagon. It is believed that he was crushed to death through his wagon upsetting.

The mayor of Brainerd has issued an order stopping all gambling in the city. The mandate has fallen like a wet blanket on the professionals, as they have been allowed full sway during the last six months, and the city has been overrun with men of that class.

After being out thirty-six hours the jury in the Erickson murder trial at Buffalo brought in a verdict of guilty of assault in the third degree. The indictment was brought for murder in the third degree. Judge Rea fined the defendant $100, which he paid.

Senator G. W. Wood while driving at Faribault was thrown from his buggy, and quite seriously injured. At first he thought his leg was broken, but upon examination it is said to be a bad sprain of the knee. It is thought the only injury of a serious nature which he received was the knee.

Mrs. Caroline Peck, one of the first settlers in Goodhue county, aged seventy-four years, died. She was married fifty years ago last November to Julius Peck, who at the age of eighty-one survives her. She gave two sons to her country, one of whom died at Gettysburg, and the other at New Ulm.

James Stewart, engineer on the Milaca branch of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, was run over and instantly killed by an eastbound Northern Pacific passenger train. He had boarded the train to see a friend off, and fell beneath the cars in attempting to alight. He was unmarried. His family lives at St. Cloud. He was one of the most popular railroad men in St. Cloud, and leaves a mother and aunt, whose sole support he was. His body was taken to St. Cloud, and was met by a committee of his fellow employes.

Howard L., the thirteen-year-old son of H. L. McKinstry, M. D. died at Zumbrota. A few days ago he swallowed a screw one inch in length, but, as none of the symptoms that attend the lodgment of a foreign substance in the windpipe or bronchial tubes followed, it was thought that it had passed into the stomach. But the next day inflamation of the lungs set in. A council of physicians decided that an operation to remove the screw was advisable, and it was performed, but was not successful. After death the screw was taken from the right lung.

When the men employed on Fish's railroad contract left camp before Christmas, the cook, George L. Stafford, remained in charge. On their return at night they found Stafford in a sitting posture outside of the camp bereft of life, he having died during the day from excessive drinking. He was about thirty-five years of age and a jeweler by trade. It is believed he lived at Hamline. The coroner made an investigation, but decided that no inquest was necessary. He found two watches, $50 in money and a trunk belonging to the deceased, who will be buried at Zumbrota.

At Carleton college observatory regular work in astronomical photography is now being done. Pictures taken in the focus of the 8½ inch Clark equatorial telescope enlarge to a diameter of five inches, showing, in the case of the moon, good definition and a great variety of detail. Spots, faculæ and even the best pictures of the sun, which are also five inches in diameter. An accurate measure of the time of exposure to the sun of the sensitive plate will soon be made by a novel method which has been employed elsewhere with success in measuring fractional parts of a second as a hundredth part.

Protracted.

Heavy dining and deep drinking are no longer as fashionable in England as they used to be among lords of high degree in that land. The time has passed when a banquet may be concluded by the disappearance of guests beneath the dinning-room table.

But the Scotch, says the author of "Men and Measures of Half a Century," have not improved in this respect as fast as their southern neighbors. The heaviest eating and drinking and most protracted dinners are still popular in the "land of cakes."

Lord John Lawrence, governor-general of India, used to tell the story of a friend of his who, when in Scotland, called upon an acquaintance between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning.

"He is at dinner, sir," announced the servant who met him at the door.

"At dinner! You don't mean that he is dining at this hour of the day?"

"Yes, he is, sir, but it's his yesterday's dinner!"

James Curran, the opium smuggler, was held in $8,000 bond, and, failing to respond, went to jail to stay until the grand jury acts upon the case. His attorney made application at Bismarck, D. T., to Judge Rose for a writ of habeas corpus. Action was postponed until Jan. 16.

Brig-Gen. D. S. Stanley, commanding the department of Texas, announcing that he was placed under arrest by the local legal authorities of Austin, Texas., for having attempted to eject J. M. Snyder from government property that had been donated to the school board of Austin for the erection of a school house. Capt. Rambaugh, Gen. Stanley's aide, was also arrested. They were committed to jail by Justice Stuart in default of $250 bonds, which they refused to give, but the sheriff would not receive them from the constable and they were released.

THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes.

At least two varieties of grain should be given to young stock.

If an animal is worth keeping over winter he is surely worth protecting from the cold. If he is worth any feed at all, he is worth keeping on liberal rations.

Animals to be slaughtered in early winter will lay on two pounds of fat before cold pinches than one pound after that condition comes; besides, when fat, cold will not pinch.

Make pets of your colts. Make friends of your horses. Treat them kindly and you will not be troubled with unsafe and unruly horses. It is but the humane way to treat them anyway.

It is a good plan to feed some of the bone and muscle forming foods, during the fattening process, whatever the system of swine husbandry may be, says the Western Rural. Some people think that feeding this class of food is wasting it. That is an error. If the food makes muscle it increases the weight and what is more it makes the valuable part of the hog.

There is no doubt that hogs can be fattened quicker and with less food if provided with good warm houses, and the food given in troughs. Use liberally of salt and wood ashes, cinders, refuse coal, slacked lime, brimstone and charcoal about once a week, each in small quantities. Above all things see that your hogs have unfailing appetites and are in good condition physically.—Swine Breeders' Journal.

Get the cow that gives milk all the year round as far as possible. It is a great loss to "dry up" cows when it is not necessary. It takes two-thirds of all the good cow eats to keep her alive and without loss of flesh, and the other third of ordinary good rations to enable her to yield milk. The expense of two-thirds of the money-earning rations has to be incurred when the cow is earning nothing.—Live Stock Indicator.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer takes great pains to give his cattle all the open air exercise they require throughout the winter on warm sunny days. Sunlight and exercise are two of the greatest factors in promoting health. Shut up human beings in a cotton, oil cloth or shoe factory, month after mouth, carrying them their food and allowing them no exercise at all, and how long before consumption will seize upon them? It is silly to think that cotton seed meal or any other highly concentrated food will originate tuberculosis or pleuro-pneumonia.

A Montana sheep breeder offers to rent ewes at fifty cents a year, the man taking them to have the wool and increase, but bound to return the full number at the end of the specified time. As the sheep are worth perhaps $2.50 each, the capitalist makes twenty per cent, for his money and risk. This seems large, but in the Territories farmers often pay higher rates than this. Two per cent. a month is a frequent price for the use of money there. This is twenty-four per cent. a year, and as it is often compounded several times in twelve months, it amounts to considerably more than this.

To Keep Fresh Meat.

In the Winter season it is often desirable to keep pieces of fresh meat, especially pork, sparerib, etc., as long as possible. Without a refrigerator or ice-house, it may be accomplished very satisfactorily by allowing the meat to freeze hard and then packing tightly in a barrel with snow when it can be obtained, and placing the barrel in a cold place. In this way meat can be kept for months, and so lengthen out the period of home-made fresh meat. Care must be exercised and close watch kept when the snow begins to thaw that the meat does not get uncovered, as it will in a little time become tainted.

The Value of a Pedigree.

The male animal, ram or bull, or male of whatever other class of farm stock, needs improvement, must be himself good, from good parents, and the further back the continuous lines of excellent progenitors stretch the stronger reason we have for confidence that good results will follow his introduction. The lines may so stretch back without a break in the inheritance of excellence, although we may not have the means of blood racing them—in other words, the descent and the blood may be right, yet unrecorded. Our knowledge can not make any difference in the power or lack of power. Still, knowledge of the particulars of descent is worth having. It may prove very useful sometimes. Let us then, by all means, place the true value upon that knowledge, and have the pedigrees of our stock, if possible, and take pains to preserve records of descent for our own information and the information of those who may succeed us. I hold that pedigree, the longer the better, is a thing to be desired, accompaning merit granted. —London Live Stock Journal,

Feathers and Geese.

It is printed that the annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes is estimated to amount to 3,000,000 pounds. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers in a year. The geese furnishing these downy pillows and beds of ease are to be found mainly in Southern Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. The climate is cold enough to cause the feathers to be fine and soft, and not to cold to make their care a matter of unprofitable labor to farmers. Below this territory the feathers are quilly and free from down; above, the cold Winters make geese-farming unprofitable, for when the goose can't find food for herself, because of frozen land and water, she has to be fed, and she'll eat as much corn as a sheep. Speaking of feathers, here is the way to pick dead geese: After killing the goose immerse it in scalding water and then wrap it in a thick cloth for five minutes. All the pin-feathers and down will then come off easily. In marketing geese they may be scalded after all the dry, clean feathers have been removed, but care must be taken not to break the skin. After removing the feathers immerse the carcass in cold water for a hour.

A young married couple started housekeeping, and hired a young woman of Hibernian extraction to attend to the 'general housework.' She was a gem—the acme of neatness, Bspatch and culinary proficiency, dut she broke her young mistress' heart on the second day by climbing the stairs to the parlor during the call of a social acquaintance, and in a voice about as melodious as a fish-horn, inquiring; "Say, Boss, what time does Frank come home to dinner?"

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

On Christmas day, the legends say,
Ere earth's glad bells are rung,
At Christ's command, by Peter's hand,
Wide heaven's gates are swung.
And angels robed in radiant white
With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

II.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear
Upon the charmed air
The golden song the winged throng
Uplift as on they fare—
The golden song they sang the morn
That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born.

III

The soul that's white may see a light—
O, Christ! that I might see!
The glory of the heavens above
Drift down on earth and sea!
The splendor of ten thousand suns
Bring they to earth, the holy ones.

IV.

They enter in where death has been,
And hearts bowed down with pain
Are lifted up; the blessed cup
Of peace once more they drain.
The tempest of their grief is stilled
And all their souls with gladness filled.

V.

The mother pale who doth bewail
Her infant torn away
Feels in her heart the joy-springs start—
Unfed for many a day.
Her soul unlifts a song to bless
God's mercy and His graciousness.

VI.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared
Soul beat by storms of sin,
Bringing the balm of heavenly calm
The gentle ones steal in.
It hears a mother's prayer again—
Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

VII.

But must they love to bend above
The children motherless;
And they who weep are soothed to sleep
With heavenly caress.
The bright ones touch the sleeper's eyes
And lo! they dream of paradise.

W. W. GAY.

The Angel of the Dakotas.

I

The sun radiant with crimson, gradually sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of farewell anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest agony.

"Wildbird, my weak heart grows faint!"

"Alas! so does mine, dear sister; but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The Black-gown told us he could deliver us from every ill: He is the Master of life and death. May He not save us from the Blackfeet's enmity?"

'Dread of the morrow's awful sacrifice makes me shiver, and my hope wavers as I look around upon the preperations.—How father and mother would have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes sent up when we were led into their camp!"

"Sister, repeat the story of Sebastain, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and, better yet, let us think of the Sorrowing Mother and the agony of Him who died to save us."

"Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin m artyr. It will beguile the time and inspire us with holy courage."

Thus conversed, in subdued tones, two maidens captured from a tribe of the Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foot with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a large pine-tree.

Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied themselves with preparations for the morrow's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen, and pennyroyal, mingling them with twigs of birch, spice-bush, and sassafras, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, never deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on their helpless young victims. Confiding them to the care of two old men of their tribe, they walked away, humming the refrain of one of their death-songs, which was suggested by the feast that awaited them.

The vigilant guardians smoked, and chatted of their feats in the chase and on the battlefield, ever and anon casting angry glances toward the gentle captives. At length, thinking the maidens asleep, they gave themselves up to profound repose. The prisoners, after hours of fervent prayer, and by recalling the lessons of faith they had learned from the Blackrobe, had succeeded in resigning themselves to their awful fate.

"Our death may convert our father," suggested Snowflake.

"And if Redfeather learns the Blackrobe's prayer and is baptized, our whole nation will embrace the Christian Faith. The Afflicted Mother stood at the foot of the Cross: we are her children, and must try to imitate her," answered Wildbird.

With words like these the two prisoners encouraged each other, and though often startled as a bat or an owl cleft the midnight air, or terrified when a dead branch fell to the ground, they watched patiently for the first beam of the sun that would witness their trial.

That same night the Fathers at the Jesuit mission were awakened by loud shouts of the chief of Dakotas, intermingled with those of some friendly Cress who accompanied him, and a small detachment of his own braves.

"What seek ye?" inquired Father de Smet.

"Great chief of the Blackrobe's," answered Redfeather," my daughters, on whose heads you poured the water, are captives of our enemies the Blackfeet. Thou knowest, therefore, what fate awaits them."

"What! the two angels of our mission school? How did it happen?"

"Father, we attacked the Blackfeet lying in ambush, but did not conquer them. Then they fell upon our camp, and we repulsed them. But a party of skulking braves captured my two children."

"O chief, thou art not baptized! Thy wife and daughters know and love the great God, but neither thou nor thy warriors have accepted the Christian law. What wilt thou therefore of the Blackrobe?"

"Father, the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes is all powerful: ask Him to restore to me my beloved daughters."

"Redfather, what thou sayest is true: the Great Spirit is all-powerful, full of mercy too; but He is also just. He loves not hatred, pillage, and murder. It was to gratify thy hate thou didst attack thy brothers the Blackfeet. Thou would'st slay their warriors, and they have captured thy children. Reproach only thyself, for thy punishment is just."

"Thy words are like arrows, wise teacher. I have done wrong."

"Then must thou crave pardon."

"Blackrobe, I do implore forgiveness. Ask the Great Spirit to give me back my Snowflake and my Wildbird, and I promise that I will receive thy Baptism."

"That is not enough. In a few hours I shall celebrate the august Sacrifice of Atonement before the Great Spirit; thou must promise to speak to the chiefs of thy nation, that all may come and learn the true prayer from the Fathers."

I promise with my whole heart. What say ye, braves?"

"We accept the will of the Black-gown—we will be Christians."

"And that is not enough," urged the priest. "Thou must promise that in future thou wilt not attack the neighboring tribes without cause, and—"

"Father the Crows and Blackfeet do us all the harm they can."

"It matters not. Thou mayest defend thyself, but never attack. Still more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the Spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication f thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart."

"Father, I believe, and we swear to abide by thy words."

"Chief, I trust thou art sincere—that no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition!"

II

In the gray of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the altar, but before beginning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission. He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true Faith. Then all present renewed their fervent prayers that God would show His power, and promote his own greater glory by delivering the captives.

Meantime the two maidens were a prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. Again and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe had told them. Suddenly they beheld a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he spoke. "I come to deliver you," he said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound them to the pine tree. His voice was sweet and low, and he added, "Follow me."

Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

"He must be an angel," whispered Wild-bird "for I feel weary no lonerg, nor is my heart fearful."

"Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels? She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. "Glory be to Jesus and Mary!" she added; and Wildbird replied, "Amen."

On, on their silent conductor led them, through dim, deep woods, by crystal lakes, over flowery meadows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of Dakotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or purple centaury bend its corollas. The birds were singing a joyous chorus to the Creator—echo of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the trio attained an eminence, and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the campfires of the Dakotas.

"Rest here a while," said their guide; and when they turned to thank him for his kindness, lo! he had disappeared.

As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their prisoners. "They and their mother too worship the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murmured. "He has delivered them; our Great Manitou is not powerful enough." At length, after searching once more the environs of their camp for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt.

Redfeather, on withdrawing from the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before sending on official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were suddenly interupted by long and prolonged shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before sunrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray-of-Morning. Snowflake and Wildbird were soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of the Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank the Great Spirit.

Before the end of the moon of August the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and precepts of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their enemies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature, whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's is all-sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring Feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of Baptism.

A New "Chestnut."

Joseph Jefferson is responsible for the latest explanation of the word "chestnut." He attributes the introduction of the word in its slang sense to Mr. William Warren, the veteran comedian of Boston.

"There is a melodrama," Mr. Jefferson said to a reporter, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it: One a Captain, Xavier, and the other a comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says: 'I entered the woods of Collaway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words: A chestnut, Captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the Captain; 'booby, I say a cork tree.'

" 'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard the tale these twenty-seven time.'

"William Warren who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a 'stag' dinner two years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play; 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And that," concluded Mr. Jefferson, "is what I really believe to be the orgin of the word 'chestnut.'"

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market-square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbor an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older, the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment must have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornish man hath an excellent relish. On this spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping-post, the cage, and the stocks. The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotels, for after the Cornish Pilgrimage of Grace the King's Commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the Portreve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market-square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visted the town in 1699, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market-square—that the occupants could wish each other good morning from the windows.

In the days of George II. Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowder ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbors, but fast friends. There was perhaps, something in the similarity of the circumstance of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome strapping fellow of three-and-twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody—least of all the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interest of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisible.

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love-story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine-master in the neighboring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favor of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school in the wrestling bouts at "Feastentide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurling." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything, short of murder, to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene, he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the Government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the Navy. If the King's ships could not be manned by other means, the press-gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely—and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the State, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the Navy, provided always he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp" or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

It was Christmas Eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merry-making. After dark a band of mummers entered the market-square, and stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and windows of the house most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish Knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the King's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and the cries of 'The Press! the Press!' "The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel, who was standing at her father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd, crying, "Down with the Press-gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boat with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop-of-war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Captain Trenwith, a retired officer of the Navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Mathews, ropemaker and Mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position, was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Captain Trenwith and the Mayor thought little less than reasonable. John Tackbird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press-gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—a tyranical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed that we were a nation of down-trodden slaves, writhing under the iron heel of despotism.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper he held in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt Government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of Kings and their unscrupulous Ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot wheels of a bloodthirsty oligarchy? How long"——

"Tut, tut!" interposed Captain Trenwith with warmth. "Stop the palaver, John Tackabird. The King must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Captian Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the King get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colors, and not run away as some of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Captain Trenwith, who could endure no slur on ths British Navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The Captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d——d chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

"Nay, nay, Cap'n," cried Will Nance; "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the Admiral."

"Yes," said Captain Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes; and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yard-arm—and so should some others that I got of!" here he looked hard at the ci-devant smuggler.

"Well, but"—resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the Captain—"touching this matter of the press-gang"——

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Captain Trenwith; " 'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best—and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea-dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honor of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now included Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch-ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press-gang was too common an occurance in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Captain Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would refuse to drink. The King of England had declared was against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbors, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged to propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas Eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honor of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heart into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It has been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as Commander-in-Chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish Main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."

"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

With an ominous glance at the last speaker, Captain Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on't—but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

"There is much amiss, Captain Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore.

"What! my son taken by the press-gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "'Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Captain Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are afoot. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the punch."

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as another."

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate the bell-rope."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why their whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily.

The Captain interposed. "Come, Come," said he, "no more cross words on Christmas Eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr, Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning so let me jog homewards."

The Mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, Sir—happy to 't'nd you," and the Mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Captain Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying his lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgement that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will make his name famous, aud then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all appeared in their usual places at the church on Christmas Day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expression of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, and said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it could be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overturns rather softened the hearts of the two fathers; but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. She turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favorable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary; but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighborhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press-gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival. In the meantime, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on, and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table; but Captain Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time, Will Nance stirred the fire, and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the Mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring back? But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumored Portobello is taken."

" 'Tis true," said John Renowden; "my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court, and engaged in the fight."

"What? Dick Hexel hath smels gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen!" cried Captain Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of the Daily Post, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the Admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, after cleaning his throat, commenced:—

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about two o'clock, we came up with Portobello Harbour, where the Spainards had hoisted upon the Iron Castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretopmast; and a fourth, passing through the arning within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricado of our quarter-deck very near the Admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows"——

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives"——

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Captain Trenwith; "twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, Captain," said Peter Hexel. "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the Captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden; and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"—as Captain Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the Mayor and the Captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted as usual by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The Mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Captain Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Kenowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away; and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer; and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas Eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch-bowl on the board, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

" 'Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Captain Trentwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the Captain and his companions as they hurried to the door; and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Captain Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden.

"I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize-money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy"——

"D—n your hard words!" cried Captain Trenwith; "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honour."

This sentiment of the good old Captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives, and Captain Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlor of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.

M. J.

An Enterprising Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch them and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder dolefully. I tried that 'ere scheme o' yourn, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and planted it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; there was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."—Atlanta Journal.

Antelopes and Cold Weather.

Among the novel sights along the Union Pacific through Wyoming is that of great herds of antelope. One band, which had been about Rock Springs, is supposed to number over 10,000. A party went out from that town one day and returned in two hours with seventeen, which were all they wanted, but they could have killed many more. Another party went from Bryan and bagged thirty-six before they got tired of the sport, and were glutted with meat. So it is all along the rood, from Laramie to Carter. Old railway men say that the bunching of antelope is a good indication that the winter is to be a severe one. They refer to the Fall of 1871, when the antelope gathered in great herds and remained together during the winter, which was the worst ever experienced on the road. The same was the case several other winters which proved very severe. But they say they never saw them in such large herds before. Not only antelope, but all other kinds of game; appear to be more abundant in the west than for many years.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Wedded an Heiress, Drives a Mule.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A few weeks ago the Chicago papers contained accounts of the elopement of Miss Roach, the nineteen-year old daughter of a millionaire capitalist of that city, with a young clerk named Cunningham. The young lady, it seems, was a social belle, and the marraige created the usual nine days' gossip in a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After marriage the young couple came to Kansas City and for a few days boarded at a leading hotel. Their money running out and no remittances coming from the wealthy but irate father, Cunningham was forced to seek work. All the work he could find to do was as a street-car driver, and he is now swinging the whip over a pair of metropolitan mules, and his little wife is keeping house in a humble little home on Charlotte street. When she becomes of age in two years she will have a fortune in her own right. It seems that the irate father is beginning to relent, for the other day he sent the young woman a check for $50, with a promise of more on Christmas.

A NIGHT IN A SNAKE.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's ax and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated on the river.

It was some ten days after our ar rival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We eat of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliciously happy, Murilla bursting out into the Portugese doggerel with a boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger-tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing, by nodding my head in rythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank.

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence so assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body, crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears; and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mould at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up—I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed

IN THE THROAT OF A MONSTER BOA.

This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me.

Now, I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction-pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribable sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course, as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise, stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing, and holds me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy. As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose, would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within.

From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thought now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla were anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swallow me.

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which if distilled and applied in moderation, might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came and added terror to the situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity event amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself!

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a maniac or a blubbering idiot seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the guttapercha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were

THREE FULL INCHES HIGHER.

up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence, but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but I was to far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for a while in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murrilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He was awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lenghts among the debris of decaying forest fungus.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp, Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in the body caused by my feet and legs before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and vension, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of 90—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally overrode the effects of my terrible experience, and left me in possession of my usually excellent health.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Pelts in a Legal Tender.

It is not a generally known historical fact that from 1774 to 1784 the Territory now know as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their Government, organized a State Government under the name of "Franklin," which was maintained for some years. The State afterward disbanded and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Franklin. We copy it as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency of 1838:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that from the first day of January, 1789, the salaries of the officers of the Commonwealth be as follows:

His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

His Honor the Chief Justice, per annum, 500 deer skins.

The Secretary to his excellency the Governor, per annum, 400 raccoon skins.

The Treasury to the State, 450 raccoon skins.

Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

Clerk of House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

Members of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

Justices' fees for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.

To the Constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

Enacted into the law the 18th day of October, 1786, under the great seal of the State.

Mrs. Swarthout, a photographer, has been arrested at Reed City, Mich., for maltreating her niece. She is charged with having tied the girl's legs with a stout cord and then putting in a stick and turning the cord until the child would become almost unconscious with pain. She would also cord her tongue in the same manner until the skin bursted. Mrs Swarthout has been bound over to the text term of court, and in default of $1,000 bail languishes in jail.

Two young ladies by the name of Smith were drowned at Hillsville, four miles from East Brady, Pa. They, in company with another girl and two young men, were crossing the stream in a skiff and it sank with them. The bodies have not been recovered. The others of the party were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Pure gold always has its base imitation. It is so with Salvation Oil, which is worth its weight in gold to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuraliga, or gout. See that you get the genuine. 25 cents.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

Fred Hansen of Gilman, Pierce county, Wis., while at work in the woods near Woodville, was struck by the falling limb of a tree and killed. He was twenty-two years of age.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchical Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

A house in the eastern part of Rockington county, Va., in which a number of colored people were holding a party, was blown up by dynamite, and several of the inmates, it is said, fatally wounded.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to many to learn that Allen's Lung Balsam, that standard family medicine for coughs, croup, and all lung diseases, can now be procured at 25c., 50., and $1.00 a bottle at any drug store.

Haffield, who murdered his wife at Norquay, Montana on Christmas day, was brought into Winnipeg by the police. A pitchfork handle, covered with blood, was found near the dead body of the woman. Haffield says he only struck her with his hand.

The old question—where shall I get my seed this year—presents itself again to thousands of our readers at this season of the year. If you will turn to our advertising columns you will find the announcement of John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis., who makes a specialty of Northern Grown Seeds. These are early, productive and full of life, and will increase every yield.

Timothy Sullivan, aged ninety, and his son Eugene were found in their room in Milwankee insensible, having been asphyxiated by gas from a coal stove. Sullivan senior is dead, and the young man is not expected to live.

Clark—"Well, I will declare! Smithers, how you have picked up lately." Smithers—" Yes, yes: things were bad enough with me a little while back, but I happened to run across the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they put me in a position to make money right along. If you know of anybody else needing employment, here is their name and address."

The New York Daily Graphic has changed hands and also changed politics. It announced that hereafter it would be Republican in politics, and strongly in favor of a protective tariff.

"Consumption can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung diseases, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine.

James Green, a prominent citizen of Wolcott, N. Y., cut his wife's throat and then went to his barn and cut his own. He then returned to the house and gashed his throat again. Neighbors found the bodies near together. Both will die. Domestic troubles was the cause.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

At Druggists and Dealers. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER
Ely's Cream Balm
COLD in HEAD
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St. N. Y.

HEALTH THE KEYSTONE TO HAPPINESS
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM SOLD EVERYWHERE
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION

NEW EVIDENCE--Read the Following

ADDISON, PA., April 7, 1883.
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs so much so, that I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM was recommended to me as a good remedy I took it and am now sound and well. Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, PA., April, 1883.
A. J. COLBOM, Esq., Editor of the Somerset Herald, writes: "I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as being the best remedy for colds and coughs I ever used."

ASTORIA, ILLS., April 6, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which I have sold for the past fifteen years, sells better than any cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here. Yours truly, H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

LAFAYETT, R. I., October 12, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to say that, after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a bad attack of bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that those afflicted may be benefited. Yours respectfully, BURRILL H. DAVIS.

It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, who read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is sold by all druggists.

Directions accompany each bottle.

As an expectorant, it has no Equal.

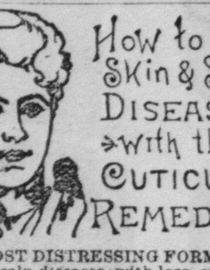
It is Harmless to the Most Delicate Child.

It contains no Opium in any form.

The Russian mission to the Vatican has obtained various concessions from the pope His holiness sanctions the deportations of the bishop of Vilna to Siberia, accepts the Russian government's candidates for the dioceses of Dublin and Ploki and consents to the introduction of the Russian language in all Catholic churches, except in the liturgy, an innovation that will completely destroy the Polish element. It is certain that French influence had much to do with the granting of these concessions.

Farmers and Stockmen.

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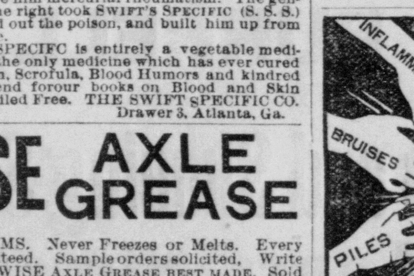
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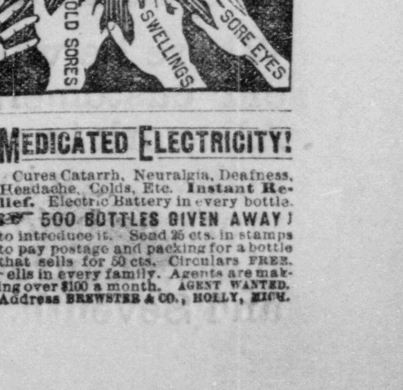
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TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market-square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbor an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older, the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment must have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornish man hath an excellent relish. On this spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping-post, the cage, and the stocks. The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotels, for after the Cornish Pilgrimage of Grace the King's Commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the Portreve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market-square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visted the town in 1690, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market-square—that the occupants could wish each other good morning from the windows.

In the days of George II. Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowder ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbors, but fast friends. There was perhaps, something in the similarity of the circumstance of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome strapping fellow of three-and-twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody—least of all the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interest of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisible.

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love-story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine-master in the neighboring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favor of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school in the wrestling bouts at "Feastentide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurling." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything, short of murder, to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene, he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the Government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the Navy. If the King's ships could not be manned by other means, the press-gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely—and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the State, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the Navy, provided always he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp" or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

It was Christmas Eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merry-making. After dark a band of mummers entered the market-square, and stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and windows of the house most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish Knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the King's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and the cries of "The Press! the Press!" "The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel, who was standing at her father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd, crying, "Down with the Press-gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boat with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop-of-war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Captain Trenwith, a retired officer of the Navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Mathews, ropemaker and Mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position, was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Captain Trenwith and the Mayor thought little less than reasonable. John Tackbird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press-gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—a tyranical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed that we were a nation of down-trodden slaves, writhing under the iron heel of despotism.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper he held in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt Government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of Kings and their unscrupulous Ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot wheels of a bloodthirsty oligarchy? How long"——

"Tut, tut!" interposed Captain Trenwith with warmth. "Stop the palaver, John Tackabird. The King must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Captian Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the King get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colors, and not run away as some of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Captain Trenwith, who could endure no slur on ths British Navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The Captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d——d chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

"Nay, nay, Cap'n," cried Will Nance; "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the Admiral."

"Yes," said Captain Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes; and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yard-arm—and so should some others that I got of!" here he looked hard at the ci-devant smuggler.

"Well, but"—resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the Captain—"touching this matter of the press-gang"——

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Captain Trenwith; "'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best—and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea-dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honor of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now included Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch-ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press-gang was too common an occurance in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Captain Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would refuse to drink. The King of England had declared was against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbors, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged to propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas Eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honor of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heart into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It has been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as Commander-in-Chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish Main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."

"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

With an ominous glance at the last speaker, Captain Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on't—but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

"There is much amiss, Captain Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore.

What! my son taken by the press-gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "'Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Captain Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are afoot. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the punch."

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as another."

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate the bell-rope."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why their whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily.

The Captain interposed. "Come, Come," said he, "no more cross words on Christmas Eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr, Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning so let me jog homewards."

The Mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, Sir—happy to 't'nd you," and the Mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Captain Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying his lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgement that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will make his name famous, aud then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all appeared in their usual places at the church on Christmas Day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expression of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, and said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it could be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overturns rather softened the hearts of the two fathers; but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. She turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favorable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary; but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighborhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press-gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival. In the meantime, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on, and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table; but Captain Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time, Will Nance stirred the fire, and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the Mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring back? But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumored Portobello is taken."

"'Tis true," said John Renowden; "my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court, and engaged in the fight."

"What? Dick Hexel hath smels gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen!" cried Captain Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of the Daily Post, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the Admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, after cleaning his throat, commenced:—

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about two o'clock, we came up with Portobello Harbour, where the Spainards had hoisted upon the Iron Castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretopmast; and a fourth, passing through the arning within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricado of our quarter-deck very near the Admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows"——

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives"——

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Captain Trenwith; "twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, Captain," said Peter Hexel. "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the Captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden; and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"—as Captain Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the Mayor and the Captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted as usual by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The Mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Captain Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away; and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer; and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas Eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch-bowl on the board, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an occount of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

"'Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Captain Trentwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the Captain and his companions as they hurried to the door; and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Captain Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden.

"I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize-money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy"——

"D—n your hard words!" cried Captain Trenwith; "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honour."

This sentiment of the good old Captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives, and Captain Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlor of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.

M. J.

An Enterprising Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch them and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder dolefully. I tried that 'ere scheme o' yourn, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and planted it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; there was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."—Atlanta Journal.

Antelopes and Cold Weather.

Among the novel sights along the Union Pacific through Wyoming is that of great herds of antelope. One band, which had been about Rock Springs, is supposed to number over 10,000. A party went out from that town one day and returned in two hours with seventeen, which were all they wanted, but they could have killed many more. Another party went from Bryan and bagged thirty-six before they got tired of the sport, and were glutted with meat. So it is all along the rood, from Laramie to Carter. Old railway men say that the bunching of antelope is a good indication that the winter is to be a severe one. They refer to the Fall of 1871, when the antelope gathered in great herds and remained together during the winter, which was the worst ever experienced on the road. The same was the case several other winters which proved very severe. But they say they never saw them in such large herds before. Not only antelope, but all other kinds of game; appear to be more abundant in the west than for many years.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Wedded an Heiress, Drives a Mule.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A few weeks ago the Chicago papers contained accounts of the elopement of Miss Roach, the nineteen-year old daughter of a millionaire capitalist of that city, with a young clerk named Cunningham. The young lady, it seems, was a social belle, and the marraige created the usual nine days' gossip in a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After marriage the young couple came to Kansas City and for a few days boarded at a leading hotel. Their money running out and no remittances coming from the wealthy but irate father, Cunningham was forced to seek work. All the work he could find to do was as a street-car driver, and he is now swinging the whip over a pair of metropolitan mules, and his little wife is keeping house in a humble little home on Charlotte street. When she becomes of age in two years she will have a fortune in her own right. It seems that the irate father is beginning to relent, for the other day he sent the young woman a check for $50, with a promise of more on Christmas.

A NIGHT IN A SNAKE.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's ax and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated on the river.

It was some ten days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We eat of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliciously happy, Murilla bursting out into the Portugese doggerel with a boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very finger-tips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing, by nodding my head in rythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank.

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence so assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body, crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears; and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mould at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up—I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed

IN THE THROAT OF A MONSTER BOA.

This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me.

Now, I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction-pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down, inch by inch, into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribable sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course, as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise, stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing, and holds me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy. As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing anything by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose, would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs, and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within.

From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thought now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla were anywhere around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swallow me.

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by. I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which if distilled and applied in moderation, might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came and added terror to the situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and in the darkness my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity event amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself!

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a maniac or a blubbering idiot seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the guttapercha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were

THREE FULL INCHES HIGHER.

up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence, but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but I was to far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for a while in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murrilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He was awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lenghts among the debris of decaying forest fungus.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp, Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were out searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in the body caused by my feet and legs before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river; but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and vension, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of 90—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally overrode the effects of my terrible experience, and left me in possession of my usually excellent health.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Pelts in a Legal Tender.

It is not a generally known historical fact that from 1774 to 1784 the Territory now know as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their Government, organized a State Government under the name of "Franklin," which was maintained for some years. The State afterward disbanded and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Franklin. We copy it as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency of 1838:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that from the first day of January, 1789, the salaries of the officers of the Commonwealth be as follows:

His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

His Honor the Chief Justice, per annum, 500 deer skins.

The Secretary to his excellency the Governor, per annum, 400 raccoon skins.

The Treasury to the State, 450 raccoon skins.

Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

Clerk of House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

Members of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

Justices' fees for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.

To the Constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

Enacted into the law the 18th day of October, 1786, under the great seal of the State.

Mrs. Swarthout, a photographer, has been arrested at Reed City, Mich., for maltreating her niece. She is charged with having tied the girl's legs with a stout cord and then putting in a stick and turning the cord until the child would become almost unconscious with pain. She would also cord her tongue in the same manner until the skin bursted. Mrs Swarthout has been bound over to the text term of court, and in default of $1,000 bail languishes in jail.

Two young ladies by the name of Smith were drowned at Hillsville, four miles from East Brady, Pa. They, in company with another girl and two young men, were crossing the stream in a skiff and it sank with them. The bodies have not been recovered. The others of the party were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Pure gold always has its base imitation. It is so with Salvation Oil, which is worth its weight in gold to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuraliga, or gout. See that you get the genuine. 25 cents.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

Fred Hansen of Gilman, Pierce county, Wis., while at work in the woods near Woodville, was struck by the falling limb of a tree and killed. He was twenty-two years of age.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchical Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

A house in the eastern part of Rockington county, Va., in which a number of colored people were holding a party, was blown up by dynamite, and several of the inmates, it is said, fatally wounded.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to many to learn that Allen's Lung Balsam, that standard family medicine for coughs, croup, and all lung diseases, can now be procured at 25c., 50., and $1.00 a bottle at any drug store.

Haffield, who murdered his wife at Norquay, Montana on Christmas day, was brought into Winnipeg by the police. A pitchfork handle, covered with blood, was found near the dead body of the woman. Haffield says he only struck her with his hand.

The old question—where shall I get my seed this year—presents itself again to thousands of our readers at this season of the year. If you will turn to our advertising columns you will find the announcement of John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis., who makes a specialty of Northern Grown Seeds. These are early, productive and full of life, and will increase every yield.

Timothy Sullivan, aged ninety, and his son Eugene were found in their room in Milwaukee insensible, having been asphyxiated by gas from a coal stove. Sullivan senior is dead, and the young man is not expected to live.

Clark—"Well, I will declare! Smithers, how you have picked up lately." Smithers—" Yes, yes: things were bad enough with me a little while back, but I happened to run across the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they put me in a position to make money right along. If you know of anybody else needing employment, here is their name and address."

The New York Daily Graphic has changed hands and also changed politics. It announced that hereafter it would be Republican in politics, and strongly in favor of a protective tariff.

"Consumption can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung diseases, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine.

James Green, a prominent citizen of Wolcott, N. Y., cut his wife's throat and then went to his barn and cut his own. He then returned to the house and gashed his throat again. Neighbors found the bodies near together. Both will die. Domestic troubles was the cause.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures	HEADACHE,
RHEUMATISM,	Toothache, Sprains,
NEURALGIA,	BRUISES,
Sciatica, Lumbago.	Burns and Scalds.

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm
COLD in HEAD
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St. N. Y.

HEALTH THE KEYSTONE TO HAPPINESS
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
SOLD EVERYWHERE
CURES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION

NEW EVIDENCE--Read the Following

ADDISON, PA., April 7, 1883.
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs so much so, that I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM was recommended to me as a good remedy I took it and am now sound and well. Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, PA., April, 1883.
A. J. COLBOM, Esq., Editor of the Somerset Herald, writes: "I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as being the best remedy for colds and coughs I ever used."

ASTORIA, ILLS., April 6, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which I have sold for the past fifteen years, sells better than any cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here. Yours truly, H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

LAFAYETT, R. I., October 12, 1883.
GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to say that, after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a bad attack of bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that those afflicted may be benefited. Yours respectfully, BURRILL H. DAVIS.

It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, who read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is sold by all druggists.

☞ Directions accompany each bottle.

As an expectorant, it has no Equal.

It is Harmless to the Most Delicate Child.

It contains no Opium in any form.

The Russian mission to the Vatican has obtained various concessions from the pope His holiness sanctions the deportations of the bishop of Vilna to Siberia, accepts the Russian government's candidates for the dioceses of Dublin and Ploki and consents to the introduction of the Russian language in all Catholic churches, except in the liturgy, an innovation that will completely destroy the Polish element. It is certain that French influence had much to do with the granting of these concessions.

Farmers and Stockmen.

The only remedy that cures galls, cuts and wounds on horses and cattle, and always grows the hair in its original color, is Veterinary Carbolisalve. 50c and $1, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily ☜ skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weakness, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Tutt's Pills
CURE
Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.
They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufrs in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER. It is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in use for NEARLY A CENTURY. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy, and is unequalled in removing inflamation of the eyes, at the commencement, and in curing chronic cases. We invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all Druggists.
JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Troy, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1779.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS
The most Elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. The first Bitters containing Iron ever advertised in America. J. P. ALLEN, Druggist & Chemist, St. Paul, Minn.

It will be to your advantage when writing advertisers to say you saw their advertisement in this paper.

N. W. N. U. 1889 No. 1.

☞ THE ONLY Brilliant Durable Economical DYES

Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None others are just as good. Beware of imitations—they are made of cheap and inferior materials and give poor, weak, crocky colors.

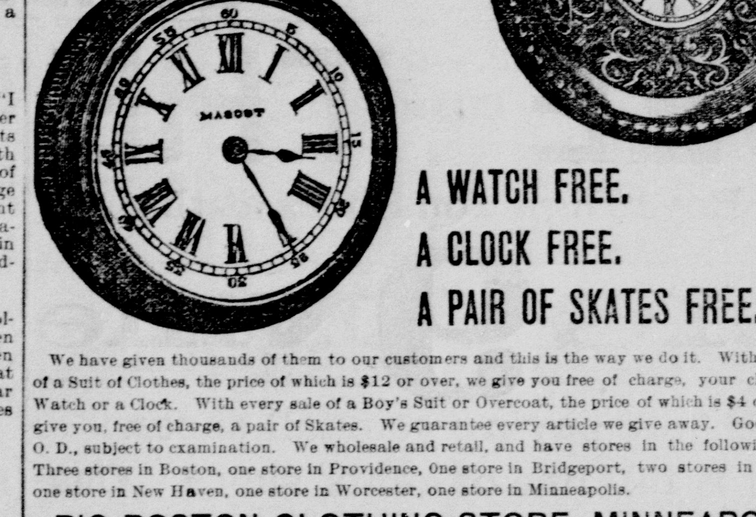
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Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos., making the finest Ink or Bluing (10 cts. a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists or by
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE
DIAMOND PAINTS.
Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

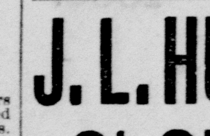
CURES	PROOFS
Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches." Mrs. L. A. BRENTNER, San Jacinto, Cal.
Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, I am cured of rheumatism." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, South Cornish, N. H
Rheumatism	
Kidney Diseases	"It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other medicine." GEO. ABBOTT, Sioux City, Iowa.
AND All Liver Disorders	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." ELIZABETH C. UDALL, Quechee, Vt.



A WATCH FREE.
A CLOCK FREE.
A PAIR OF SKATES FREE.

We have given thousands of them to our customers and this is the way we do it. With every sale of a Suit of Clothes, the price of which is $12 or over, we give you free of charge, your choice of a Watch or a Clock. With every sale of a Boy's Suit or Overcoat, the price of which is $4 or over, we give you, free of charge, a pair of Skates. We guarantee every article we give away. Goods sent C. O. D., subject to examination. We wholesale and retail, and have stores in the following places: Three stores in Boston, one store in Providence, One store in Bridgeport, two stores in Hartford, one store in New Haven, one store in Worcester, one store in Minneapolis.

BIG BOSTON CLOTHING STORE, MINNEAPOLIS.



Do you want the finest Flowers, Vegetables and Crops in your market, and make $250 per acre on Early Cabbage, Potatoes, Peas, Etc., and get rousing farm crops! If so, plant SALZER'S SEEDS. 26 Packages EARLIEST Vegetable Novelties, postpaid, $1.00. Tremendous Stock of grass LUCERNE CLOVER (8 ton per a.), New Oat, Wheat, Potato, etc. Warehouses area 2 acres. Send 8c stamp for WHITE WONDER OAT (213 bu. per a.) and my Grain Samples and get finest Catalog published in America. JOHN A. SALZER, Seed Grower, La Crosse, Wis.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

J. L. HUDSON, CLOTHIER,

Streissguth & Drake's entire stock of fine Fur Coats at less than Manufacturing cost. 100 Coon Coats full Beaver trimmed at $35.00. 75 Black Siberian coats full Nutria trimmed at $15. The largest and best line of suits and Overcoats in the Northwest.

SEND FOR PRICES.

Rules of Self-Measurement sent on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. L. HUDSON,
CLOTHIER,
Ryan Building, Cor. Robert and Seventh St,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Singer's Christmas.

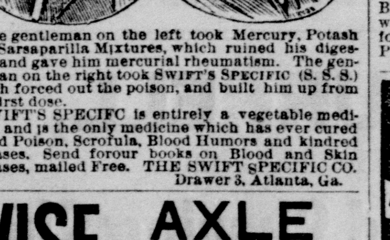
It is high time to commence practicing Christmas Music, and to plan festivals. DITSON & CO. publish a large number of Christmas Carols, Anthems, Songs, Quartets, &c. Please send for lists.

Beautiful Cantatas for Girls and Boys,

Good Tidings, or Sailor Boy's Christmas. By Rosabel. 25 cts. $2.40 a doz.
Babe of Bethlehem. Children's Voices and Quartet. Benj. Cutler, 15 cts. $1.44 per doz.
Jingle Bells. Peculiar and very pretty. Leo. R. Lewis. 30 cts. $3 per doz.
Caught Napping. A nice musical Drama. Leo R Lewis. 30 cts. $3 per doz.
King Winter. A true cold weather Cantata. L.O. Emerson. 30 cts. $3 per doz.
Christmas Songs and Carols. For Young Children. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 12 cts. $1.08 per doz.

ANY BOOK MAILED FOR RETAIL PRICE.
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THE BEST IN THE WORLD LOWEST PRICES
MADE BY J. C. HAYNES & CO. BOSTON MASS.
BUY OF YOUR MUSIC DEALER



The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed Free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

WISE AXLE GREASE

NEVER GUMS. Never Freezes or Melts. Every box Guaranteed. Sample orders solicited. Write for prices. WISE AXLE GREASE BEST MADE. Sold by all jobbers. Cheaper than common grease. CLARK & WISE CO., Mfrs., 39 River St. Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Regularly Graduated.
Legally Qualified.
LONG ENGAGED IN
Chronic, Nervous and Skin Diseases.
CURES WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

THIS MEANS YOU!—Write the old reliable Doctor, who has had many years' experience and has successfully treated thousands of the following described cases: Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor, Seminal Losses, Weak Memory, Despondency, etc., due to excesses or abuse.

YOUNG MEN, BEWARE!—Do not let false modesty prevent your seeking relief, if you are suffering from any of the above diseases. Young men suffering from the results of youthful follies or indiscretions, should avail themselves of Dr. Brinley's long experience and reliable advice.

CONFIDE IN HIM AND HE WILL HELP YOU.

☞ The blasting effects of Venereal Diseases—the terrible poison of Syphilis and all Blood and Skin Diseases—whether recent or of long standing—all who are troubled with Kidney and Bladder difficulties, Weak Back, Wasting of Sexual Strength, etc., cured and restored to a healthy vigor, SAFELY, PRIVATELY, SPEEDILY.

Difficult and Surgical Cases a Specialty.

WOMEN—Who suffer from diseases peculiar to their sex, Nervous Headache, Spinal Weakness, Urinary Troubles, Painful or Irregular Sickness, are rapidly and permanently cured. Write or call. Every known application is resorted to and the proven good remedies of all ages and countries are used. NO EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE.

SEND 50 CENTS for the "Private Councillor and Guide to Marriage," containing pen pictures of health and disease, sent by mail, safely covered, on receipt of price.

FREE.—Pamphlet and Chart of Questions sent free to your address. Persons unable to call in person may be treated at their homes by correspondence. Medicines and instructions sent free from observation, by mail or express.

ALL CONSULTATIONS, either by mail or verbal, are regarded as strictly confidential and are given sacred privacy. DR. BRINLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

O The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year. It is an encyclopedia of useful information for all who purchase the luxuries or the necessities of life. We can clothe you and furnish you with all the necessary and unnecessary appliances to ride, walk, dance, sleep, eat, fish, hunt, work, go to church, or stay at home, and in various sizes, styles and quantities. Just figure out what is required to do all these things COMFORTABLY, and you can make a fair estimate of the value of the BUYERS' GUIDE, which will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents to pay postage.
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
111-114 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

50 CENTS.

The Weekly Pioneer Press
will be sent to any address
SIX MONTHS FOR 50 CENTS.

The Celebrated Picture
"The Horse Fair,"
By Rosa Bonheur, 34 inches long by 20 inches wide sent free to every person sending 50 cents for 6 months subscription to the weekly Pioneer Press. Address the Pioneer Press Co., St. Paul.





MEDICATED ELECTRICITY!
Cures Catarrh, Neuralgia, Deafness, Headache, Colds, Etc. Instant Relief. Electric Battery in every bottle.
☞ 500 BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY! to introduce it. Send 25 cts. in stamps to pay postage and packing for a bottle that sells for 50 cts. Circulars FREE. Sells in every family. Agents are making over $100 a month. AGENT WANTED. Address BREWSTER & CO., HOLLY, MICH.

33 1/3 PER CENT REDUCTION!

IN

CLOAKS AND WRAPS!

This is the deepest cut we have ever attempted, and brings many of our cloaks BELOW ACTUAL COST We are satisfied to let them go at cost.

We reserve Plush Cloaks from this reduction. This sale includes CHILDRENS' CLOAKS, LADIES' WRAPS, and ULSTERS and NEW MARKETS, etc., etc.

Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and we deduct exactly ONE-THIRD from the price. Just try us if you need a cloak and want to save money.

COHEN BROS.

SEE---THE

Boys High Top Shoes at the

BIG 9 Nine

Before buying your fall shoes. Also a full line of gents' shoes. Custom work and repairing carefully done.

R. F. WALTERS.

1882. 1888.

REAL ESTATE,

Loan and Collecting Agency,

Fire Insurance a Specialty.

Real Estate bought and sold. Houses, Lots and Farm property for sale on Easy Terms. Rents collected for non-residents. Taxes paid. Investments made and interest guaranteed.

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Brainerd, Minn. Room 2, Sleeper Block.

Brainerd Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

MOULDINGS, ETC.

Contractors and Builders,

Stair Work, Scroll Sawing and Turning a Specialty.

Correspondence Solicited,

Office and Mill at foot of Oak Street.

L. W. BURRELL,

Can now be found at his

Blacksmith and Shoeing Shop

No. 18, Laurel Street,

Where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and many new ones. All work in our line will be warranted and we are in as good shape to do good work as before the fire. Remember the place, Laurel street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Brainerd Dispatch.

Official Paper of Crow Wing County,
Also Cass and Itasca.

N. H. Ingersoll, F. W. Wieland, } Editors and Proprietors.

Issued every Friday morning at Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, from rooms 5 and 7, Sleeper block. Terms $1.50 per year. Finest job printing office in the city.

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota as second class matter.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 1 arrives from the South at 9:35 p. m. Departs going West at 9:45 p. m.
No. 2 arrives from the West at 12:50 a. m. Departs going South at 1:00 p. m.

These are through trains between St. Paul and the Pacific coast, and stop only at principal stations between St. Paul and Pasco, and run daily

No. 3 arrived from the South at 1:30 a. m. Departs going West at 1:45 a. m.
No. 4 arrives from the West at 1:45 a. m. Departs going South at 1:55 a. m.

These trains run daily through to the Pacific and haul emigrant sleepers.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1.5 5 p. m. Departs going West at 2:20 p. m.
No. 6 arrives from the West at 1:35 p. m. Departs going South at 1:55 p. m.
No. 7 arrives from Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 9:05 p. m., daily.
No. 8 departs for Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 2:00 a. m daily.

Nos. 1 and 2 are through trains. Nos. 5 and 6 have emigrant sleepers, and Nos. 3 and 4 run only to Fargo.

No. 18 freight goes south 6:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 20 " " east 9:30 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 22 " " " 10:00 p. m. daily.
No. 39 " " " 7:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.

These freight trains carry passengers who are provided with tickets, but may not be relied upon for regularity of movement, as they are liable to be cancelled without notice.

No. 17 freight arrives from South 7:10 p. m.
No. 19 " " " east 7:00 p. m.
No. 21 " " " 4:25 a. m.
No. 30 " " " west 4:15 p. m.

Local News Notes.

Visit Rosenblett's for bargains.

The city schools will open again on Monday.

The shops are now running nine hours a day.

G. W. Vanderslice returned from Philadelphia today.

C. N. Parker, of the N. P. foundry, has gone to Chicago.

Mrs. A. J. Halsted has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. R. B. Coffin, of Deerwood, was in the city on Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Mautor has returned from a sojourn in Iowa.

Nine prisoners are boarding at Sheriff Spalding's hostlery.

Hon. J. C. Flynn transacted business in the city on Wednesday.

The new county officers elect will take their seats on Tuesday next.

The store of G. W. Clark, at Aitkin, was closed by the sheriff Saturday.

White Cross Lodge, K. of P., installed their officers Tuesday evening.

Wm. Dake, of this city, recently drew $400 in the Louisana State Lottery.

E. W. Kaley was up from Como to spend New Years with his Brainerd friends.

Did you notice the eclipse, or were you under an eclipse yourself on New Year's day?

Pauline Bell is boarding at the city's expense five days for being captured in a bawdy house.

"Crazy John" was run in by Officer Lewis and received a seven day's sentence yesterday morning.

F. J. Smith, who has been confined to the house for nearly five weeks, was out for the first time Tuesday.

A. Mahlum will appoint R. H. Capistrant, of Mooersville, as his deputy in the register of deeds office.

Ole Lawson has returned to this city after spending two or three years on a Western division of the N. P. road.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Bergstrom are greatly elated over a nice girl baby who arrived at their house on Sunday last.

On Monday sixteen frail creatures paid $281 into the city treasury, their monthly tax for occupying houses of prostitution.

Judge Thorp and Editor Reynolds, of Wadena, were in the city Wednesday to attend the funeral of the late Judge Sleeper.

S. H. Relf left on Saturday evening for Livingston where he will be for the next two months surveying a branch line for the Northern Pacific.

By a fire at Wadena on Saturday last Mrs. R. Smithling, of East Brainerd, lost a dwelling house valued at $600. There was $250 insurance on it.

Thos. Zimmerman, of Odessa, Henry Zimmerman, of Ortionville, and Leander Laufle, of Austin, are in the city to attend the funeral of their relative, Morris Ludwig.

Mrs. Fred Parker is enjoying a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albion Emerson, of St. Paul. They came up on Mouday and will spend a couple of weeks in Brainerd.

Charlie Kunow, of Smith & Cochran's tonsorial parlors, has had a smile for all his friends since Sunday morning. Mrs. Kunow presented him with a fine girl baby on that day.

A. A. Nevers brought in a large gray wolf's head on Tuesday and received his $5 bounty. He killed the animal some thirty miles north of this city while driving along the road on a tote team.

Hon. W. A. Fleming will leave for St. Paul Monday noon at which time he will file his resignation as municipal judge with the city clerk. The city council will probably name his successor at their regular session on Monday evening.

The city council will meet on Monday evening next at which time it is expected that they will elect a new city clerk to take the place of A. Mahlum, and if indications are not deceiving H. S. Totton will be selected to fill out the balance of the term.

New Year's day was as bright and balmy as a September afternoon. The usual sleigh ride was superseded by loads of young people in wagons and carriages who enjoyed the mildness of the weather and made merry during the afternoon and even-

Ft. Ripley Items.

J. L. Berg was in the Twin cities last week.

C. Estey is running a feed mill at his saw mill at the mouth of Big Nokay river.

Jim Dixon was sent to the county jail last week for stealing from Chas. Tedford's store.

Fred Hovey and family arrived from Iowa on New Years morning.

Frank Cook and Joe Adams have bought a feed mill that grinds the cob with the corn.

Will Appear in Brainerd.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's dramatization of his novel, Mr. Barnes of New York, will be a popular success. The play is strong and original in conception, swift in movement. It is the work of a man of strong dramatic instinct. The audience was enthusiastic, not to say ecstatic, and the play was launched in brief in a way to gratify the author's proudest hopes.—N. Y. Graphic, Oct. 16.

Sleeper opera house, Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th.

Lost.

A small neck chain with a gold ring and peach nut basket attached. Also a breast pin with Rhine stone set. Articles were lost between Baptist church and First Avenue, East Brainerd. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning articles to No. 92, north Ninth street, or to

ASHLEY FORD,
Brainerd, Minn.

A Thirteen Club Dined.

The Thirteen Club dined at the Hotel Delmonico on New Year's day, and as it was the first New Year's dinner the club had had the pleasure of enjoying every effort was made to add enjoyment to the occasion. The meal was served at 1:13, and all members of the club were present with the exception of two or three who were out of the city. The menu on the bill of fare read as follows:

Oyster soup, boiled Superior trout with sauce, fried oysters. Roast beef, roast chicken, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. Mashed potatoes, string beans, mashed turnips, celery. Plumb pudding, brandy sauce, mince pie, apple pie, oranges, apples. Ladies' cake, cocoanut cake, jelly tarts, wine jelly, tea, coffee. Beverages—champagne, port wine, claret wine, sherry wine. Cigars.

Speeches were made and a general good time enjoyed.

December School Report.

Report of the Brainerd schools for the month of December, 1888, by departments:

Number of teachers employed.... 20
Number of pupils enrolled.....860

[First column of figures indicates average attendance and second column number cases tardiness.]

FOURTH WARD.

High school,	A. B. Gould, Prin..	34 9
Sixth room,	Mrs. Davenport....	43 7
Fifth room,	Miss Elvira Clark..	50 12
Fourth room,	" Clara Porter..	49 14
Third room,	" Maggie Somers	48 4
Second room,	" Minnie Merritt.	46 1
First room,	" Lorane Youker.	39 4

FIRST WARD.

Fifth room,	Miss Fasching.....	35 5
Fourth room,	" Amy Lowey..	39 10
Third room,	" Veva Paine...	33 2
Second room,	" BessieMulrine	31 1
First room,	" Laura Walker	30 3

SECOND WARD.

No reports,

THIRD WARD.

Fourth room,	Miss E. Murphy..	34 12
Third room,	" Anna Murphy	31 6
Second room,	" Bessie Small.	32 7
First room,	" Jennie Welch.	20 6
West side,	" May Gleason.	15 5

J. A. WILSON,
Supt. City Schools.

Mr. Barnes, of New York.

To make a drama out of a novel that is familiar to the prospective audience, is always a hazardous undertaking. At the Broadway Theatre, last evening, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter submitted a dramatization of his Mr. Barnes, of New York, to the test of a public performance, and he encountered exceptional success, for the stage version was quite as peculiar and powerful as the original work.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 16.

This company will appear at Sleeper opera house Wednesday evening,

The New Year was ushered in with great ado in this city. There were some people who thought Gabriel had sounded his triumpet.

Lawyer Donaldson, who for some time has resided on his farm in Oak Lawn, has rented a house in the city and will move his family here the first of the week.

S. G. Whitman, of Verndale, to whom Bulow offered the Frank Eck team as security for money, has been in this section, looking after the $100 reward said to be offered for Bulow's arrest.—Little Falls Democrat.

Miss Sadie Clute, a 10 year old daughter of Charles Clute, of Mooersville, died yesterday of typhoid fever. We are informed that four other members of the family, the mother and three children, are also suffering from the same disease.

N. McFadden will open an insurance and real estate office in the bank block as soon as he retires from the register of deeds office. Mr. McFadden represents a large list of old line companies and will immediately enjoy a lucrative and pleasant business.

The Brainerd write-up in the Pioneer Press appeared on Saturday, together with a map showing Brainerd to be the central city of Minnesota as regards to commercial interests, railroads, etc. The article was exhaustive and will undoubtedly be of great value to our growing metropolis.

W. M. Fuller, of the Little Falls Transcript, has been granted franchises for electric lights and street railways in that bustling city. Bro. Fuller is noted for his large heart and would not refuse the earth if it was offered him. We congratulate him upon his success.

C. B Clous is an aspirant for the Ft. Ripley postmastership, and is circulating a petition for the appointment as soon as there is a vacancy, either by resignation or otherwise. Mr. Clouse is a young man of business capacity, a staunch republican, and will undoubtedly succeed in capturing the prize when a vacancy occurs.

The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Corcoran was held from the Catholic church in this city on Tuesday, the Rev. Father Watry officiating. The deceased was a highly respected Christian lady and her sudden death, which occurred in Minneapolis on Sunday, was a severe shock to her relatives and acquaintances in Brainerd. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved husband and parents.

The solar eclipse on New Year's day was a subject of much discussion and considerable interest in this city and from 3:30 until 5 p. m. people could be seen on housetops and elevated places obtaining a view of it through smoked glass, etc. It was the first time in 200 years that a solar eclipse has occurred on New Year's day and it will be 300 years before it will occur again and those who failed to witness the phenomenon missed a sight which will excite the interest of their grandchildren in generations to come.

Mr. Clark, of Brainerd, was in the village Christmas, visiting his friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Berk.—Sauk Rapids Sentenel.

Will Seelye, of Brainerd, was in the village the first of the week and looked as hale and hearty as ever.—Anoka Herald.

From the Aitkin Age.

Miss Ida McCray, who has been in Brainerd for the past few weeks, returned Thursday morning.

Mrs. Hattie Crowley, accompanied by her little daughter, went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

George Rice went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

J. M. Hartley went to Brainerd Wednesday evening.

A New Year's Wedding.

The wedding of Jerome Kelleher, of this city to Miss Mary Nelson, of Detroit, took place at the Episcopal church in this city on Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1889, the Rev. G. H. Davis officiating. The parties are well known to our citizens and since the event took place congratulations have been pouring in from all sides. J. C. Burrel and Miss Johnson assisted at the ceremony as groomsman and bridesmade. Many beautiful presents were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher, among which was an elegant silk plush rocker from Hope Hose company, of which the groom is a member. The newly married couple went immediately to housekeeping in Mr. Kelleher's new residence on Front street over his place of business.

Slashed With an Axe.

On Saturday afternoon Ferdinand Nahring, a workman in a wood camp some six miles us the river came into town to receive medical aid for a wound he had received from an axe in the hands of Gustaf Keil, a fellow laborer. The two men were working side by side when a dispute arose over some trivial matter and Nahring pushed Keil away from him, whereupon the latter raised his double-bitted axe and struck him in the face with it, cutting him on the forehead, the edge of the axe going just through his skull, and split his face down to his nose. The only wonder is that he was not killed on the spot, but he is able to walk around and was sent out to the poor farm by the commissioners on Monday. Keil was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Gunn on Sunday afternoon at the camp. At the preliminary examination Thursday Keil was held to the grand jury in the sum of $200.

They had a Nice Time.

The people who had the pleasure of attending the dance given at Al. Kimball's on Eagle lake, last Thursday evening, enjoyed a rare treat. Mr. Kimball had arranged for quite a crowd and had taken the partition out of his house giving the dancers plenty of room. There were some fifteen couple in attendance from this city and about 40 couple in all. The dance was a complimentary affair tendered by Mr. Kimball and his wife to their friends and the entire assemblage were treated to an elaborate

DEATH OF JUDGE C. B. SLEEPER.

He Passes Into the Unknown Beyond on Tuesday Morning.

Brainerd Mourns the Loss of a Valued and Respected Citizen.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hasn't all seasons for thine own, O Death."

Judge Sleeper passed away on Tuesday morning at 12:45 surrounded by his sorrowing family. His illness had been of some three weeks duration and during the last few days his friends had almost given up hopes of his recovery although all that skilled physicians could do was done. His disease was a complication of liver and stomach troubles which had annoyed him for some two or three years, but his constitution was such that he did not succumb to the disease until it had gained such a hold on him that recovery was impossible. He was hopeful of recovery to the last and was conscious until a short time before his death.

In the death of Judge Sleeper Brainerd loses a most valued citizen, a man who was esteemed for his charitable acts and public enterprise. He came to Brainerd some sixteen years ago, early in 1872, when the city was in its infancy, and cast his lot with the early comers to this city, firmly believing that in it there was a future, and his untiring efforts were devoted to building up and advancing its interests, and as monuments to his memory today stands the Sleeper opera house, on Broadway, an elegant structure and a source of much pleasure to the people of this city; also the Sleeper block on Front street. He was instrumental in originating the Brainerd, Crookston & Northwestern railroad enterprise, now the B. & N. W. He acquired a large amount of real estate and platted Sleeper's Addition and Sleeper's Park Addition, and was connected with all enterprises which were to advance public interests. The beautiful summer resort on Long Lake, known as Lake View, some four miles from the city, was built by him. To show with what esteem he was held by his fellow citizens it may be stated that he has held various offices of public trust, having been elected county auditor, clerk of district court, county attorney and register of deeds. In March, 1887, he was elected mayor of Brainerd, but resigned the office immediately after his election to accept the appointment of judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, which was tendered him by Gov. McGill. His official career as judge expired on Dec. 31st, the day on which his death occurred. In his judicial career his record was such as to give the greatest of satisfaction, as he was a profound jurist, a close and observant student, and a learned man. He was at one time publisher of the DISPATCH, but sold out shortly after he acquired his interest to his partner.

In politics Judge Sleeper was a staunch republican and his opinion in matters pertaining to the welfare of the party in state or local matters was eagerly sought by his political friends. No man in the whole state evinced more pleasure at the announcement of the success of his party on the National ticket at the recent election than he.

During all the years that he practiced law in this place he was very successful, and his practice was extensive. He had one of the finest libraries in the state, or Northwest for that matter.

At the time of his death he was Most Eminent Commander of Ascalon Commandery No. 16, Knights Templar, and Sir Knight Captain of the U. R. K. P. The former society took charge of the remains while they laid in state at St. Paul's Episcopal church on Wednesday forenoon, and also of the funeral services which occurred on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. From 2 until 5 o'clock on Wednesday all business houses in the city closed in honor of his memory. The funeral cortege formed on Eighth street, in front of the Masonic temple, and was escorted to the late residence of the deceased by the First Regiment U. R. K. P. band. In the procession were the members of Ascalon Commandery, K. T., Brainerd Bar Association, Uniform Rank K. of P., White Cross Lodge K. of P., Brainerd Board of Trade and the Fire Department. From his home the funeral procession marched to the church where the impressive ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. Geo. H. Davis. From the church nearly one thousand people followed the earthly remains to Evergreen cemetery where they were laid to rest, the Knights Templar performing the ceremonies which were as beautiful as they were impressive.

Judge Sleeper leaves a grief-stricken wife and two daughters, Mrs. Edward Hazen and Mrs. J. L. Smith, to mourn his death. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to them in their time of sorrow. He was a kind and loving husband and an indulgent father, and the sorrowing ones left behind can find solace in the fact that those who knew the deceased most intimately, placed the highest estimate upon his character as a man and citizen—his strict integrity was unquestioned.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Judge C. B. Sleeper was born at Holland, Erie county, New York, in 1838. His father came from an old New Hampshire family that sent off a branch into Vermont. Nearly all the Sleepers in the country are of New England stock. His mother was of French ancestry, the family name being originally Bonpasse. The first of the name came to New England in the brig Fortune, in the year 1621. The name shared the fate of many fine and significant French names in this country, being corrupted first into Bumpas and then into Bump. Judge Sleeper was educated in Aurora Academy, studied law in Buffalo and was admitted to the bar in New York City in 1860. He raised a company during the civil war, and served in the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Slocum. After the war he went to Minneapolis, where he practiced law for two years. In 1871 he moved to Brainerd, one year after the first establishment of the town, the place having at that time about 1,200 in-

Resolutions of Respect.

MEMORIAL ADOPTED BY CROW WING COUNTY BAR.

The Bar of Crow Wing County assembled for the purpose of giving expression to their sorrow at the loss of one of their members, the Honorable Chauncey B. Sleeper, the late judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, declare:

That while in common with our fellow citizens we recognize in the death of Brother Sleeper, the loss of a distinguished citizen, whose broad and liberal views and generous instincts impelled him to stake every material interest on the welfare of our city and who thus greatly contributed to its present prosperty and advancement.

As members of the bar who have long been associated with him in the practice of our beloved profession, we realize that the bar of the district has lost one of its most learned, cultivated and courteous members.

That the judiciary of the state has been deprived of one of its ablest jurists, whose record upon the bench, brief though it be, will bear everlasting tribute to his eminent fitness for the high position he was called on to fill.

We mourn the CITIZEN, liberal, broad-minded, enterprising and sagacious. The LAWYER, accomplished and trustworthy. The JUDGE, who evenly held the scales of justice, uninfluenced by popular clamor, unaffected by bias or prejudice, who sought solely to do exact justice in conformity to law, and who, with almost phenominal sagacity, so discharged the duties of his office, that his recorded judgments universally received the approval of the highest tribunals.

Recognizing our own loss, as citizens and members of a common profession, we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathies in this bitter affliction.

G. S. FERNALD,
LEON E. LUM,
W. A. FLEMING,
E. N. DONALDSON,
W. H. MANTOR,
W. S. MCLENAHAN,
G. W. HOLLAND,
J. B. DOUGLAS.

BOARD OF TRADE.

Our Divine Creator, in his infinite wisdom, having removed by death the founder and promoter and an honorable member of this board, the Honorable Chauncy B. Sleeper, be it resolved:

That while we humbly bow to the will of the omnipotent, we deplore with profound sorrow the death of Judge Sleeper and recognized that in losing him from our midst, in the days of the fulfilment of his usefullness, this board has lost a most worthy member, the comunity in which he so long resided an excellent and public spirted citizen and his family a kind and beloved husband and parent.

Resolved that the sincere sympathy of this board and of each member is tendered to the family of the deceased in their deep sorrow: That these resolutions be spread upon our records and a copy forwarded to the bereaved family.

January 2nd, 1889.

J. H. KOOP.
G. W. HOLLAND.
LYMAN P. WHITE.
G. S. FERNALD.
Committee on Resolutions.

A few cloaks left at Rosenblatt's which will be disposed off at less than cost.

Go to I. U. White's for hand sleds.

The Mason fruit jar at D. M. Clark & Co.'s.

They Must Go.

We will close out the remainder of our damaged stock to make room for new spring goods at a price to suit all customers. We can suit you. H. Rosenblatt.

For skates of all descriptions look I. U. White's assortment over.

Any man who has struck his finger nail with a hammer "knows how it is himself," and if he tries it he will know that the best thing for it is Dr. Finer's Golden Relief. It is also the best thing for diarrhœa, pain in stomach, burns, flesh cuts, neuralgia and rheumatism. Quickly cures all pains, swelling, and stomach and bowel difficulties.—Worth its weight in gold. Try it.

For sale by Johnson & Bain.

For sleds D. M. Clark & Co. are headquarters. Cutters with boxes or without, and also cutter boxes for sale separate. We cannot fail to have something in the sled line that will please all our customers.

Strayed.

Strayed into our premises known as Finley's camp, Section 18, Township 139, R. 25, in Cass county, one red cow, little white on face, about three years old. The owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. Apply to

J. J. HOWE & Co.

Go to White's for skates.

I. U. White carries a nice line of children's sleds in several styles.

Furnished rooms for rent. Enquire at 133 North 8th street.

You can find the finest line of skates in the city at I. U. White's.

That new line of crockery at D. M. Clark & Co.'s is the talk of the town. Something new in crockery lamps.

Before you want to use your cutters and sleighs get them fixed up in nice shape by having Congdon repaint and varnish them.

Guns at Cost.

If you want a gun at cost now is your time. I. U. White will sell you any gun that he has in stock at the actual cost to him. Now is your chance if you want a good gun cheap.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co. 106 Wall street, N. Y.

We still have a few

BARGAINS LEFT!

FROM THE

DAMAGE SALE.

We will close them out to make room for new goods

At Astonishingly Low Prices.

We have a few **CLOAKS** left which must go at any price.

Don't Miss This Grand Opportunity.

H. ROSENBLATT.

THE

FAMOUS HOTEL

AND RESTAURANT.

J. S. BAKER, Prop. Cor. 6th and Laurel.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

We pride ourselves on being the most accommodating house in the city.

M. HAGBERG,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

has a large and complete stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed, Provisions, etc.

M. HAGBERG,

Odd Fellows' Block.

CITY MEAT MARKET!

15 Sixth Street South.

C. H. PAINE & CO., Proprietors.

All kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS, FISH, BUTTER, Etc., always in stock and for sale at the very lowest prices. Try Paine's celebrated

Home Made Sausage.

The very best Sausage sold in this Market.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER,

DEALER IN

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all Kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS, ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND, 82 LAUREL STREET.

If You Wish The Finest Article

For their respective purposes, use the following.

FRISBY'S MAY CREAM, for Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, and Rougnness of the Skin."

MILES TAROLINE. As a Hair Tonic and Face Lotion it is unequalled.

SWINTON'S ENGLISH PRIMROSE TOOTH PASTE, is the best for cleansing the Teeth.

PERSIAN BOUQUET, is the finest of perfumes.

JOHNSON & BAIN, DRUGGISTS,

Keep All of the Above Named Goods.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money, at the Brainerd Loan Agency, to loan on all kinds of personal property with or without removal. All business

Strictly CONFIDENTIAL

Office with Brainerd Furniture Co., corner of Fifth and Front Streets. **A. L. HOFFMAN, Agent.**

Removed from Sleeper Block, Front Street.

33 1/3 PER CENT REDUCTION!

IN

CLOAKS AND WRAPS!

This is the deepest cut we have ever attempted, and brings many of our cloaks **BELOW ACTUAL COST** We are satisfied to let them go at cost.

We reserve Plush Cloaks from this reduction. This sale includes **CHILDRENS' CLOAKS, LADIES' WRAPS, and ULSTERS and NEW MARKETS, etc., etc.**

Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and we deduct exactly **ONE-THIRD** fron the price. Just try us if you need a cloak and want to save money.

COHEN BROS.

SEE---THE

Boys High Top Shoes at the

BIG 9 Nine

Before buying your fall shoes. Also a full line of gents' shoes. Custom work and repairing carefully done.

R. F. WALTERS.

1882. 1888.

REAL ESTATE,

Loan and Collecting Agency,

Fire Insurance a Specialty.

Real Estate bought and sold. Houses, Lots and Farm property for sale on Easy Terms. Rents collected for non-residents. Taxes paid. Investments made and interest guaranteed.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

J. L. SMITH,

Brainerd, Minn. Room 2, Sleeper Block.

Brainerd Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

MOULDINGS, ETC.

Contractors and Builders,

Stair Work, Scroll Sawing and Turning a Specialty.

Correspondence Solicited,

Office and Mill at foot of Oak Street.

L. W. BURRELL,

Can now be found at his

Blacksmith and Shoeing Shop

No. 18, Laurel Street,

Where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and many new ones. All work in our line will be warranted and we are in as good shape to do good work as before the fire. Remember the place, Laurel street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Brainerd Dispatch.

Official Paper of Crow Wing County,
Also Cass and Itasca.

N. H. Ingersoll, **F. W. Wieland,** } Editors and Proprietors.

Issued every Friday morning at Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, from rooms 5 and 7, Sleeper block. Terms $1.50 per year. Finest job printing office in the city.

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota as second class matter.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 1 arrives from the South at 9:35 p. m. Departs going West at 9:45 p. m.
No. 2 arrives from the West at 12:50 a. m. Departs going South at 1:00 p. m.

These are through trains between St. Paul and the Pacific coast, and stop only at principal stations between St. Paul and Pasco, and run daily

No. 3 arrived from the South at 1:30 a. m. Departs going West at 1:45 a. m.
No. 4 arrives from the West at 1:45 a. m. Departs going South at 1:55 a. m.

These trains run daily through to the Pacific and haul emigrant sleepers.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1.5 5 p. m. Departs going West at 2:20 p. m.
No. 6 arrives from the West at 1:35 p. m. Departs going South at 1:55 p. m.
No. 7 arrives from Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 9:05 p. m., daily.
No. 8 departs for Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 2:00 a. m daily.

Nos. 1 and 2 are through trains. Nos. 5 and 6 have emigrant sleepers, and Nos. 3 and 4 run only to Fargo.

No. 18 freight goes south 6:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 20 " " east 9:30 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 22 " " 10:00 p. m. daily.
No. 39 " " 7:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.

These freight trains carry passengers who are provided with tickets, but may not be relied upon for regularity of movement, as they are liable to be cancelled without notice.

No. 17 freight arrives from South 7:10 p. m.
No. 19 " " " east 7:00 p. m.
No. 21 " " " " 4:25 a. m.
No. 30 " " " west 4:15 p. m.

Local News Notes.

Visit Rosenblett's for bargains.

The city schools will open again on Monday.

The shops are now running nine hours a day.

G. W. Vanderslice returned from Philadelphia today.

C. N. Parker, of the N. P. foundry, has gone to Chicago.

Mrs. A. J. Halsted has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. R. B. Coffin, of Deerwood, was in the city on Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Mautor has returned from a sojourn in Iowa.

Nine prisoners are boarding at Sheriff Spalding's hostlery.

Hon. J. C. Flynn transacted business in the city on Wednesday.

The new county officers elect will take their seats on Tuesday next.

The store of G. W. Clark, at Aitkin, was closed by the sheriff Saturday.

White Cross Lodge, K. of P., installed their officers Tuesday evening.

Wm. Dake, of this city, recently drew $400 in the Louisana State Lottery.

E. W. Kaley was up from Como to spend New Years with his Brainerd friends.

Did you notice the eclipse, or were you under an eclipse yourself on New Year's day?

Pauline Bell is boarding at the city's expense five days for being captured in a bawdy house.

"Crazy John" was run in by Officer Lewis and received a seven day's sentence yesterday morning.

F. J. Smith, who has been confined to the house for nearly five weeks, was out for the first time Tuesday.

A. Mahlum will appoint R. H. Capistrant, of Mooersville, as his deputy in the register of deeds office.

Ole Lawson has returned to this city after spending two or three years on a Western division of the N. P. road.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Bergstrom are greatly elated over a nice girl baby who arrived at their house on Sunday last.

On Monday sixteen frail creatures paid $281 into the city treasury, their monthly tax for occupying houses of prostitution.

Judge Thorp and Editor Reynolds, of Wadena, were in the city Wednesday to attend the funeral of the late Judge Sleeper.

S. H. Relf left on Saturday evening for Livingston where he will be for the next two months surveying a branch line for the Northern Pacific.

By a fire at Wadena on Saturday last Mrs. R. Smithling, of East Brainerd, lost a dwelling house valued at $600. There was $250 insurance on it.

Thos. Zimmerman, of Odessa, Henry Zimmerman, of Ortionville, and Leander Laufle, of Austin, are in the city to attend the funeral of their relative, Morris Ludwig.

Mrs. Fred Parker is enjoying a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albion Emerson, of St. Paul. They came up on Monday and will spend a couple of weeks in Brainerd.

Charlie Kunow, of Smith & Cochran's tonsorial parlors, has had a smile for all his friends since Sunday morning. Mrs. Kunow presented him with a fine girl baby on that day.

A. A. Nevers brought in a large gray wolf's head on Tuesday and received his $5 bounty. He killed the animal some thirty miles north of this city while driving along the road on a tote team.

Hon. W. A. Fleming will leave for St. Paul Monday noon at which time he will file his resignation as municipal judge with the city clerk. The city council will probably name his successor at their regular session on Monday evening.

The city council will meet on Monday evening next at which time it is expected that they will elect a new city clerk to take the place of A. Mahlum, and if indications are not deceiving H. S. Totton will be selected to fill out the balance of the term.

New Year's day was as bright and balmy as a September afternoon. The usual sleigh ride was superseded by loads of young people in wagons and carriages who enjoyed the mildness of the weather and made merry during the afternoon and even-

Ft. Ripley Items.

J. L. Berg was in the Twin cities last week.

C. Estey is running a feed mill at his saw mill at the mouth of Big Nokay river.

Jim Dixon was sent to the county jail last week for stealing from Chas. Tedford's store.

Fred Hovey and family arrived from Iowa on New Years morning.

Frank Cook and Joe Adams have bought a feed mill that grinds the cob with the corn.

Will Appear in Brainerd.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's dramatization of his novel, Mr. Barnes of New York, will be a popular success. The play is strong and original in conception, swift in movement. It is the work of a man of strong dramatic instinct. The audience was enthusiastic, not to say ecstatic, and the play was launched in brief in a way to gratify the author's proudest hopes.—N. Y. Graphic, Oct. 16.

Sleeper opera house, Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th.

Lost.

A small neck chain with a gold ring and peach nut basket attached. Also a breast pin with Rhine stone set. Articles were lost between Baptist church and First Avenue, East Brainerd. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning articles to No. 92, north Ninth street, or to

ASHLEY FORD,
Brainerd, Minn.

A Thirteen Club Dined.

The Thirteen Club dined at the Hotel Delmonico on New Year's day, and as it was the first New Year's dinner the club had had the pleasure of enjoying every effort was made to add enjoyment to the occasion. The meal was served at 1:13, and all members of the club were present with the exception of two or three who were out of the city. The menu on the bill of fare read as follows:

Oyster soup, boiled Superior trout with sauce, fried oysters. Roast beef, roast chicken, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. Mashed potatoes, string beans, mashed turnips, celery. Plumb pudding, brandy sauce, mince pie, apple pie, oranges, apples. Ladies' cake, cocoanut cake, jelly tarts, wine jelly, tea, coffee. Beverages—champagne, port wine, claret wine, sherry wine. Cigars.

Speeches were made and a general good time enjoyed.

December School Report.

Report of the Brainerd schools for the month of December, 1888, by departments:

Number of teachers employed.... 20
Number of pupils enrolled.....860

[First column of figures indicates average attendance and second column number cases tardiness.]

FOURTH WARD.

High school,	A. B. Gould, Prin..	34 9
Sixth room,	Mrs. Davenport....	43 7
Fifth room,	Miss Elvira Clark..	50 12
Fourth room,	" Clara Porter..	49 14
Third room,	" Maggie Somers	48 4
Second room,	" Minnie Merritt.	46 1
First room,	" Lorane Youker.	39 4

FIRST WARD.

Fifth room,	Miss Fasching.....	35 5
Fourth room,	" Amy Lowey..	39 10
Third room,	" Veva Paine...	33 2
Second room,	" Bessie Mulrine	31 1
First room,	" Laura Walker	30 3

SECOND WARD.

No reports,

THIRD WARD.

Fourth room,	Miss E. Murphy..	34 12
Third room,	" Anna Murphy	31 6
Second room,	" Bessie Small.	32 7
First room,	" Jennie Welch.	20 6
West side,	" May Gleason.	15 5

J. A. WILSON,
Supt. City Schools.

Mr. Barnes, of New York.

To make a drama out of a novel that is familiar to the prospective audience, is always a hazardous undertaking. At the Broadway Theatre, last evening, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter submitted a dramatization of his Mr. Barnes, of New York, to the test of a public performance, and he encountered exceptional success, for the stage version was quite as peculiar and powerful as the original work.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 16.

This company will appear at Sleeper opera house Wednesday evening,

The New Year was ushered in with great ado in this city. There were some people who thought Gabriel had sounded his triumpet.

Lawyer Donaldson, who for some time has resided on his farm in Oak Lawn, has rented a house in the city and will move his family here the first of the week.

S. G. Whitman, of Verndale, to whom Bulow offered the Frank Eck team as security for money, has been in this section, looking after the $100 reward said to be offered for Bulow's arrest.—Little Falls Democrat.

Miss Sadie Clute, a 10 year old daughter of Charles Clute, of Mooersville, died yesterday of typhoid fever. We are informed that four other members of the family, the mother and three children, are also suffering from the same disease.

N. McFadden will open an insurance and real estate office in the bank block as soon as he retires from the register of deeds office. Mr. McFadden represents a large list of old line companies and will immediately enjoy a lucrative and pleasant business.

The Brainerd write-up in the Pioneer Press appeared on Saturday, together with a map showing Brainerd to be the central city of Minnesota as regards to commercial interests, railroads, etc. The article was exhaustive and will undoubtedly be of great value to our growing metropolis.

W. M. Fuller, of the Little Falls Transcript, has been granted franchises for electric lights and street railways in that bustling city. Bro. Fuller is noted for his large heart and would not refuse the earth if it was offered him. We congratulate him upon his success.

C. B Clous is an aspirant for the Ft. Ripley postmastership, and is circulating a petition for the appointment as soon as there is a vacancy, either by resignation or otherwise. Mr. Clouse is a young man of business capacity, a staunch republican, and will undoubtedly succeed in capturing the prize when a vacancy occurs.

The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Corcoran was held from the Catholic church in this city on Tuesday, the Rev. Father Watry officiating. The deceased was a highly respected Christian lady and her sudden death, which occurred in Minneapolis on Sunday, was a severe shock to her relatives and acquaintances in Brainerd. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved husband and parents.

The solar eclipse on New Year's day was a subject of much discussion and considerable interest in this city and from 3:30 until 5 p. m. people could be seen on housetops and elevated places obtaining a view of it through smoked glass, etc. It was the first time in 200 years that a solar eclipse has occurred on New Year's day and it will be 300 years before it will occur again and those who failed to witness the phenomenon missed a sight which will excite the interest of their grandchildren in generations to come.

Mr. Clark, of Brainerd, was in the village Christmas, visiting his friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Berk.—Sauk Rapids Sentenel.

Will Seelye, of Brainerd, was in the village the first of the week and looked as hale and hearty as ever.—Anoka Herald.

From the Aitkin Age.

Miss Ida McCray, who has been in Brainerd for the past few weeks, returned Thursday morning.

Mrs. Hattie Crowley, accompanied by her little daughter, went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

George Rice went to Brainerd Thursday evening.

J. M. Hartley went to Brainerd Wednesday evening.

A New Year's Wedding.

The wedding of Jerome Kelleher, of this city to Miss Mary Nelson, of Detroit, took place at the Episcopal church in this city on Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1889, the Rev. G. H. Davis officiating. The parties are well known to our citizens and since the event took place congratulations have been pouring in from all sides. J. C. Burrel and Miss Johnson assisted at the ceremony as groomsman and bridesmade. Many beautiful presents were tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher, among which was an elegant silk plush rocker from Hope Hose company, of which the groom is a member. The newly married couple went immediately to housekeeping in Mr. Kelleher's new residence on Front street over his place of business.

Slashed With an Axe.

On Saturday afternoon Ferdinand Nahring, a workman in a wood camp some six miles us the river came into town to receive medical aid for a wound he had received from an axe in the hands of Gustaf Keil, a fellow laborer. The two men were working side by side when a dispute arose over some trivial matter and Nahring pushed Keil away from him, whereupon the latter raised his double-bitted axe and struck him in the face with it, cutting him on the forehead, the edge of the axe going just through his skull, and split his face down to his nose. The only wonder is that he was not killed on the spot, but he is able to walk around and was sent out to the poor farm by the commissioners on Monday. Keil was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Gunn on Sunday afternoon at the camp. At the preliminary examination Thursday Keil was held to the grand jury in the sum of $200.

They had a Nice Time.

The people who had the pleasure of attending the dance given at Al. Kimball's on Eagle lake, last Thursday evening, enjoyed a rare treat. Mr. Kimball had arranged for quite a crowd and had taken the partition out of his house giving the dancers plenty of room. There were some fifteen couple in attendance from this city and about 40 couple in all. The dance was a complimentary affair tendered by Mr. Kimball and his wife to their friends and the entire assemblage were treated to an elaborate

DEATH OF JUDGE C. B. SLEEPER.

He Passes Into the Unknown Beyond on Tuesday Morning.

Brainerd Mourns the Loss of a Valued and Respected Citizen.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hasn't all seasons for thine own, O Death."

Judge Sleeper passed away on Tuesday morning at 12:45 surrounded by his sorrowing family. His illness had been of some three weeks duration and during the last few days his friends had almost given up hopes of his recovery although all that skilled physicians could do was done. His disease was a complication of liver and stomach troubles which had annoyed him for some two or three years, but his constitution was such that he did not succumb to the disease until it had gained such a hold on him that recovery was impossible. He was hopeful of recovery to the last and was conscious until a short time before his death.

In the death of Judge Sleeper Brainerd loses a most valued citizen, a man who was esteemed for his charitable acts and public enterprise. He came to Brainerd some sixteen years ago, early in 1872, when the city was in its infancy, and cast his lot with the early comers to this city, firmly believing that in it there was a future, and his untiring efforts were devoted to building up and advancing its interests, and as monuments to his memory today stands the Sleeper opera house, on Broadway, an elegant structure and a source of much pleasure to the people of this city; also the Sleeper block on Front street. He was instrumental in originating the Brainerd, Crookston & Northwestern railroad enterprise, now the B. & N. W. He acquired a large amount of real estate and platted Sleeper's Addition and Sleeper's Park Addition, and was connected with all enterprises which were to advance public interests. The beautiful summer resort on Long Lake, known as Lake View, some four miles from the city, was built by him. To show with what esteem he was held by his fellow citizens it may be stated that he has held various offices of public trust, having been elected county auditor, clerk of district court, county attorney and register of deeds. In March, 1887, he was elected mayor of Brainerd, but resigned the office immediately after his election to accept the appointment of judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, which was tendered him by Gov. McGill. His official career as judge expired on Dec. 31st, the day on which his death occurred. In his judicial career his record was such as to give the greatest of satisfaction, as he was a profound jurist, a close and observant student, and a learned man. He was at one time publisher of the DISPATCH, but sold out shortly after he acquired his interest to his partner.

In politics Judge Sleeper was a staunch republican and his opinion in matters pertaining to the welfare of the party in state or local matters was eagerly sought by his political friends. No man in the whole state evinced more pleasure at the announcement of the success of his party on the National ticket at the recent election than he.

During all the years that he practiced law in this place he was very successful, and his practice was extensive. He had one of the finest libraries in the state, or Northwest for that matter.

At the time of his death he was Most Eminent Commander of Ascalon Commandery No. 16, Knights Templar, and Sir Knight Captain of the U. R. K. P. The former society took charge of the remains while they laid in state at St. Paul's Episcopal church on Wednesday forencon, and also of the funeral services which occurred on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. From 2 until 5 o'clock on Wednesday all business houses in the city closed in honor of his memory. The funeral cortege formed on Eighth street, in front of the Masonic temple, and was escorted to the late residence of the deceased by the First Regiment U. R. K. P. band. In the procession were the members of Ascalon Commandery, K. T., Brainerd Bar Association, Uniform Rank K. of P., White Cross Lodge K. of P., Brainerd Board of Trade and the Fire Department. From his home the funeral procession marched to the church where the impressive ceremonies were conducted by the Rev. Geo. H. Davis. From the church nearly one thousand people followed the earthly remains to Evergreen cemetery where they were laid to rest, the Knights Templar performing the ceremonies which were as beautiful as they were impressive.

Judge Sleeper leaves a grief-stricken wife and two daughters, Mrs. Edward Hazen and Mrs. J. L. Smith, to mourn his death. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to them in their time of sorrow. He was a kind and loving husband and an indulgent father, and the sorrowing ones left behind can find solace in the fact that those who knew the deceased most intimately, placed the highest estimate upon his character as a man and citizen—his strict integrity was unquestioned.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Judge C. B. Sleeper was born at Holland, Erie county, New York, in 1838. His father came from an old New Hampshire family that sent off a branch into Vermont. Nearly all the Sleepers in the country are of New England stock. His mother was of French ancestry, the family name being originally Bonpasse. The first of the name came to New England in the brig Fortune, in the year 1621. The name shared the fate of many fine and significant French names in this country, being corrupted first into Bumpas and then into Bump. Judge Sleeper was educated in Aurora Academy, studied law in Buffalo and was admitted to the bar in New York City in 1860. He raised a company during the civil war, and served in the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Slocum. After the war he went to Minneapolis, where he practiced law for two years. In 1871 he moved to Brainerd, one year after the first establishment of the town, the place having at that time about 1,200 in-

To

Resolutions of Respect.

MEMORIAL ADOPTED BY CROW WING COUNTY BAR.

The Bar of Crow Wing County assembled for the purpose of giving expression to their sorrow at the loss of one of their members, the Honorable Chauncey B. Sleeper, the late judge of the Fifteenth judicial district, declare:

That while in common with our fellow citizens we recognize in the death of Brother Sleeper, the loss of a distinguished citizen, whose broad and liberal views and generous instincts impelled him to stake every material interest on the welfare of our city and who thus greatly contributed to its present prosperty and advancement.

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BOARD OF TRADE.

Our Divine Creator, in his infinite wisdom, having removed by death the founder and promoter and an honorable member of this board, the Honorable Chauncy B. Sleeper, be it resolved:

That while we humbly bow to the will of the omnipotent, we deplore with profound sorrow the death of Judge Sleeper and recognized that in losing him from our midst, in the days of the fulfilment of his usefullness, this board has lost a most worthy member, the comunity in which he so long resided an excellent and public spirted citizen and his family a kind and beloved husband and parent.

Resolved that the sincere sympathy of this board and of each member is tendered to the family of the deceased in their deep sorrow: That these resolutions be spread upon our records and a copy forwarded to the bereaved family.

January 2nd, 1889.

J. H. KOOP.
G. W. HOLLAND.
LYMAN P. WHITE.
G. S. FERNALD.
Committee on Resolutions.

A few cloaks left at Rosenblatt's which will be disposed off at less than cost.

Go to I. U. White's for hand sleds.

The Mason fruit jar at D. M. Clark & Co.'s.

They Must Go.

We will close out the remainder of our damaged stock to make room for new spring goods at a price to suit all customers. We can suit you. H. Rosenblatt.

For skates of all descriptions look I. U. White's assortment over.

Any man who has struck his finger nail with a hammer "knows how it is himself," and if he tries it he will know that the best thing for it is Dr. Finner's Golden Relief. It is also the best thing for diarrhœa, pain in stomach, burns, flesh cuts, neuralgia and rheumatism. Quickly cures all pains, swelling, and stomach and bowel difficulties.—Worth its weight in gold. Try it.

For sale by Johnson & Bain.

For sleds D. M. Clark & Co. are headquarters. Cutters with boxes or without, and also cutter boxes for sale separate. We cannot fail to have something in the sled line that will please all our customers.

Strayed.

Strayed into our premises known as Finley's camp, Section 18, Township 139, R. 25, in Cass county, one red cow, little white on face, about three years old. The owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. Apply to

J. J. HOWE & Co.

Go to White's for skates.

I. U. White carries a nice line of children's sleds in several styles.

Furnished rooms for rent. Enquire at 133 North 8th street.

You can find the finest line of skates in the city at I. U. White's.

That new line of crockery at D. M. Clark & Co.'s is the talk of the town. Something new in crockery lamps.

Before you want to use your cutters and sleighs get them fixed up in nice shape by having Congdon repaint and varnish them.

Guns at Cost.

If you want a gun at cost now is your time. I. U. White will sell you any gun that he has in stock at the actual cost to him. Now is your chance if you want a good gun cheap.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co. 106 Wall street, N. Y.

We still have a few

BARGAINS LEFT!

FROM THE

DAMAGE SALE.

We will close them out to make room for new goods

At Astonishingly Low Prices.

We have a few **CLOAKS** left which must go at any price.

Don't Miss This Grand Opportunity.

H. ROSENBLATT.

THE

FAMOUS HOTEL

AND RESTAURANT.

J. S. BAKER, Prop. Cor. 6th and Laurel.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

We pride ourselves on being the most accommodating house in the city.

M. HAGBERG,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

has a large and complete stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed, Provisions, etc.

M. HAGBERG,

Odd Fellows' Block.

CITY MEAT MARKET!

15 Sixth Street South.

C. H. PAINE & CO., Proprietors.

All kinds of FRESH and SALT MEATS, FISH, BUTTER, Etc., always in stock and for sale at the very lowest prices. Try Paine's celebrated

Home Made Sausage,

The very best Sausage sold in this Market.

I. U. WHITE,

Successor to White & White,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER,

DEALER IN

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and all Kinds of Builder's Hardware.

OIL, LEAD AND MIXED PAINTS, ALSO

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

AT THE OLD STAND, **82 LAUREL STREET.**

If You Wish The Finest Article

For their respective purposes, use the following.

FRISBY'S MAY CREAM, for Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, and Rougnness of the Skin."

MILES TAROLINE. As a Hair Tonic and Face Lotion it is unequalled.

SWINTON'S ENGLISH PRIMROSE TOOTH PASTE, is the best for cleansing the Teeth.

PERSIAN BOUQUET, is the finest of perfumes.

JOHNSON & BAIN, DRUGGISTS,

Keep All of the Above Named Goods.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money, at the Brainerd Loan Agency, to loan on all kinds of personal property with or without removal. All business

Strictly CONFIDENTIAL

Office with Brainerd Furniture Co., corner of Fifth and Front Streets. **A. L. HOFFMAN, Agent.**

Removed from Sleeper Block, Front Street.